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QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Special Report by the Directors to the Proprietors of Price's Patent Candle Company.* April 5, 1852.

THERE is a kind of egotism which puts on the air of sympathy and affects its speech. Men lacking pastime for their unoccupied intellects, or eager to get recognized as burning and shining lights, are apt now-a-days to take up 'the masses' as the subject-matter of their speculations, treating them with scarcely different or deeper feeling than if they were a sort of raw material from which to manufacture a book, a pamphlet, or a speech—a song or a sermon—in short, as the stalking-horse for the advancement of their own literary or political ambition. Under the attractive title of the People's Friends, they have often succeeded in embroiling master and man; in drying up the resources of the one and sending the other supperless to bed. While the capital of employers (as for example in the late engineers' strike) suffered losses not easily, if ever, to be made up, and while penury was sharpening the features of wife and child, who did not read the pamphlet or hear the speech—the mechanic's sorry compensation for weeks of family distress—such sympathisers have withdrawn from the troubled scene to their well-cooked dinners and easy chairs, convinced in all modesty that their only misfortune was being 'before their age,' for dismissing any little suggestion of self-distrust by the espousal of some fresh 'cause'—that is, capering forth again upon another equally unsound hobby.

We cannot doubt that much substantial improvement has been checked by the day-dreams and ideals with which sentimental philanthropists on the one hand and calculating demagogues on the other have warmed the fancies of the artisan. It is dull work, after being whisked by an 'express train' of Imagination far into Utopia, to return to plans which aim at less than perfection, and which do not pretend to plan down all the knots and difficulties in the social system. Having in past times looked upon mechanics as no better than live machinery, and now, after the horrors of Factory Reports, having subjected ourselves

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to Factory legislation, we are in danger of a re-action that will carry us into the profitless extreme of plausible impracticabilities.

Sober people, sickened with so many selfish or silly manifestations, or mockeries, of 'the spirit of the age,' will, we believe, enter into the pleasure with which we have read the pamphlet now before us. This Report by the Directors to the Proprietary of 'Price's Patent Candle Company' gives a sample of a different species of philanthropy. We are neither inclined nor qualified to enter deeply into the biography of this patent candle, though by no means underrating its rapid success as a sign of economic change—contemplating on the contrary with a cordial satisfaction the increase of that class who are entitled in prudence to rise above the use of tallow, although not exactly, except on state occasions, to afford themselves the lustre of aristocratic wax. It appears that, the demand for these candles having become too great to be met by the original patentees alone, there was formed some years back a joint stock company on a large scale, and that its concerns have been prosperously carried on in a now vast establishment, at Belmont, Vauxhall. It also appears that the managing director, Mr. James Wilson—(whose Letter is embodied in the pamphlet)—erg long felt that such a co-operative work had other elements to be considered beside the successful sale of a valuable article and the regular payment of wages. He looked upon such a body of men thus brought together as something more than mere profitable instruments called into existence to promote the illumination of drawing-rooms. He thought it possible, without loss or hurt to the texture of the candles, to humanise and Christianise 'the hands' that made them; and circumstances enabled him and a brother, his co-manager—both of them still young—to carry such views into practice in a manner which deserves, we think, the attention of statesmen and churchmen, as well as of our merchants and manufacturers.

According to Mr. Wilson's statement, the first step in the movement began among the young, who had almost from the outset been employed in considerable numbers at Belmont. This movement was quickly and warmly encouraged by him; nay more—we have reason to believe that he had paved the way for it by many quiet and unpretending measures—above all, by so exercising his patronage in the distribution of superior posts as to impress every observant member of the community with the importance of some educational acquirement. But he carefully avoided making himself prominent as the founder of a new system. He desired, if possible, to avail himself of the voluntary action of the minds committed to his care. His great ambition

was

was to form independent characters, in the good sense of the word, who might afterwards walk alone without leading-strings. But let us take his own simple record of the visible start in 1847:—

‘The schools,’ he says, ‘began in a very humble way by half a dozen of our boys hiding themselves behind a bench two or three times a week, after they had done their day’s work and had their tea, to practise writing on scraps of paper with worn-out pens, begged from the counting-house. The foreman of their department encouraged them, and as they persevered and were joined by other boys, he begged that some rough moveable desks might be made for them. When they had obtained these they used to clear away the candle-boxes at night, and set up the desks, and thus work more comfortably than before, although still at great disadvantages as compared with working in any ordinary school-room. My brother encouraged them with some books as prizes, and many who had been very backward improved much in reading and writing. The fact of the whole being the work of the boys themselves seemed to form so large a part of its value that we carefully abstained from interfering in it further than by these presents of books for prizes, and of copy-books, spelling-books, and Testaments, and by my being—(though not till long after the commencement, and after being much pressed, and being assured that it would cause no restraint)—*always present at the school* to give them the sanction of authority, but taking no more part than hearing the boys their spelling.’

This was the secret—this being ‘always present;’ this drudging on with dull boys at their spelling; this kindly sacrifice of leisure after a hard day’s work in the counting-house; this practical sympathy with the lads—sympathy, too, and toil, and oversight, as distinct from interference. Many a manager, or many a manufacturer, may ‘give orders’ that there shall be schools for ‘his people,’ and drive off to his villa day after day as soon as he has done whatever partners or proprietors had a title to expect from him: here and there such a gentleman may once or twice a year, or even once or twice a month, honour the school with his presence, and patronise the affair; but to reach success there must be something warmer and heartier than this. Nor should it in fairness be omitted that, even where there exists a most sincere desire to work out good in such a line, it may be in fact impossible for the individual to give the time and pains requisite for a satisfactory achievement. The *energies* of youth may not be at command: there may be the urgency of strictly domestic cares and duties—a world of other *serious* hindrances will suggest themselves on a very little reflection. But to proceed with the Belmont boys.

By and bye the half-dozen who began with the ‘worn-out pens’ in the midst of the ‘candle-boxes’ had increased to about thirty: and it was much to be desired that they should have

some better place for their school meetings, that in which they then held them being dirty, exposed on all sides, and moreover requiring every school evening considerable labour to clear it sufficiently for the putting up of the moveable desks.

‘Now, there was one part of the factory,’ says Mr. Wilson, ‘which we had long looked upon as very dangerous in case of a fire occurring. We gutted all this part of the building, clearing out enough old wood to have burnt down half a dozen factories, and making in place of the two lower store-rooms one lofty school-room, big enough for about 100. It was in the winter of 1848 that the boys got into this first schoolroom, still working entirely by themselves, so much so that the prayers with which the school closed, now that the separate rooms had set them free from the bustle of the factory, were always read by themselves.’

After this, as older boys came in, it became necessary to have the school placed more under authority, though Mr. Wilson still guided rather than governed all. The new room began to be ‘overcrowded, so much so that all the desks had to be removed from it, and the boys were obliged to write on pieces of stiff cardboard, held in their hands or on their knees.’ Soon, therefore, a second school-room was built, and, by and bye, the company having taken the business of ‘Child’s Night Lights,’ the school system, now including girls, required still further expansion. To save time, one of the railway arches of the South-Western was seized upon, and, being made water-tight, it was extemporised into a school. The progress was thenceforth rapid. At an inspection which took place in 1851, when the schools were emptiest, 512 scholars were present; and in the winter, when business would be slack, Mr. Wilson was confident of numbering 800.

It is not, however, simply of the growth of the schools—this marvellous growth of a scheme which began with ‘half a dozen boys hiding themselves behind a bench once or twice a-week’—it is not of bare cold schooling only that we have to speak. It is the tone, the spirit, the character that was given to them, the evident action they had on the whole state of the factory, the leaven which they spread—the kindly, nay, the religious sympathy which sprang up between all ranks and bodies in the establishment. We can find large Factory Schools in many parts; they are compulsory in several kinds of manufactories; but few are conducted in such a spirit as those at Vauxhall. There is often too much starch, too much drill, too much outward mechanical regularity and order; and in speaking of the tone which Mr. Wilson gave to the whole, we have to remark on the wisdom with which he effected what he desired. He was bent on producing, if possible, a Christian factory, but he did not force religion down. Nay, he

he often sought his greater object by pursuing lesser ones, though we see the greater impressed on all he did. It was the heart of the system, though, like the heart itself, it did not beat outside, to be looked at. Mr. Wilson felt that he was requiring a good deal of those who had been hard at work all day, to spend a couple of hours at the evening school, with their 'spelling-books and their Testaments'—that it was a trial under any circumstances, especially to youths whom penny theatres and all the low pleasures of low London life were beckoning away: he therefore set himself to smooth the trial.

'With this view,' he says, 'we repeatedly, in the spring and summer of 1849, asked all the school to a tea-party in the new room. The first tea was an interesting one, from the fact that very many of the boys had not been at anything of the sort before, and that many of them, not being then in the habit of going to church, had never perhaps put themselves into decent clothes at all. Those who came untidily or dirtily dressed to our first tea, feeling themselves out of keeping with the whole thing, tried hard to avoid this at the next party. I hope that to several our first tea was the occasion of their taking to neat dressing for life. I will just mention here that, so far as our experience goes, there is not with boys, as with girls, any danger whatever in leading them to think much of their dress, for the more they attend to it the nearer they get to plain black. Almost all our best boys now come to chapel in plain black, though not a word has been said to them, or required to be said, about their dress. . . . By the help of these tea-parties we made the boys who did not belong to the school feel awkward and uncomfortable about not doing so; and very many joined—several however stipulating that they were not to be asked to the next tea, lest that should be supposed to be the motive for joining.'

Such was the beginning of a system of recreation which soon took a more valuable and more permanent form.

'In following up our plan of combining as much pleasure as possible with the schools, the next step was to teach the boys cricket:—yet it was anything but a pleasant occasion which decided the time of beginning this. In the summer of 1849 the cholera came, and it was fearfully severe in Battersea Fields and the lower parts of Lambeth, where numbers of our people live. For a time, the first thing every morning was to compare notes as to the relations whom the men and boys had left dead or dying on coming to work; and in the latter part of the time no doctors could be had, as they were all knocked up. Before it got very bad, we got good medical advice as to whether any precautions against it were possible for our boys, and it was decided that fresh air and exercise out of the factory were the best preventives. We therefore closed the school entirely, and a gentleman (Mr. Symes) having most kindly let us take possession of a field which was waiting to be occupied by a builder, we set to work

work hard at learning cricket after working hours. I say learning, for cricket is not a game of London boys. I do not like to pass this part of my story without noticing how everybody's heart seemed to warm up directly towards such an object as ours, when applied to for assistance in it. Mr. Symes had never seen me before, nor I him, when I went into his office to ask him for his field; but when the case was stated, his answer was, "Certainly, for such an object I shall be delighted to let you have it until I am obliged to turn you out for building;" so I got the field, and the beginning of a most true friendship besides. Afterwards, Mr. Graham, who holds a great part of Battersea Fields, also an entire stranger to me until I called on him on a similar errand, no sooner understood it than he told me of all the land he had, and the terms on which he held the different pieces, and offered to let me pick which I chose out of the whole; and we have had very many minor instances of this readiness to help us.

'The cholera seems an odd reason for taking to cricket, but I dare say the cricket had a very happy effect on the general health of our boys, and so may have strengthened them against catching it. We lost only one (an amiable and well-conducted boy of seventeen), although many lost relations living in the same houses with them. Always, when the game was finished, they collected in the corner of the field, and took off their caps for a very short prayer for the safety from the cholera of themselves and their friends; and the tone in which they said their "Amen" to this has always made me think that, although the school was nominally given up for the time, they were really getting from their game so concluded more moral benefit than any quantity of ordinary schooling could have given them. They also met me every morning in the school-room at six o'clock, before beginning work, just for a few minutes to give thanks for having been safely brought to the beginning of the day, and to pray to be defended in it.'

We need not point to the lights of this picture; the short prayer that closed the hour of harmless, healthful sport—the manager's interest in the scene—are things which speak for themselves. In 1850 they played in the same field three nights a week, working in the school the other three nights. Bricks and mortar, however, soon drove them out of that field—and they got another of above six acres, the edges of which were allotted to gardens. Many now took to gardening—and, though perhaps they at first 'just barely knew which end of the spade went downwards,' the novel pursuit by degrees inspired in not a few 'feelings and tastes they had no idea of before, and of a nature to have a most softening influence upon them.' We now begin to see the men drawn into the circle of Mr. Wilson's influence, and the 'cricket' seems the attractive power. The three nights when the *boys* were schooling, the *men* were got to play—and then at last boys and men were brought together.

'What gave the game the greatest start was, that some of the boys took

took it into their heads to send a challenge that twenty-two of them would stand the eleven of a cricket club, formed by a few of our ~~men~~, who, having been cricketers before coming to the factory, had joined themselves together to keep up their practice of the game, as they best could, on Kennington Common or elsewhere. Some of this eleven, being pretty good players, and knowing what novices our boys were, treated the challenge with great contempt, their captain saying he would play the twenty-two himself. But the boys practised very hard till the day of the match, and when it came, to the great astonishment of themselves as well as of all the rest of the factory, they beat the men in one innings. Later in the year they beat again in a return match of sixteen to eleven, and in the coming summer they mean to try eleven to eleven. They are looking eagerly forward to the 1st of May, on which day we propose to begin the cricket again, and they will, I hope, have a happy summer of it.'

It is truly a comfortable thing to hear the boys and men of a factory thus spoken of—to see them treated by their employer with all this heartiness. Imagine the change from the stifling toils of a candle-factory to a breezy field and a good game of cricket, with their master himself looking on their sports and joining in their prayers. The grand difficulty in factory work and in all co-operative labour on a large scale is that the people are together without knowing or caring for each other; it is community without communion, co-operation without concord; all goes round like a mere machine; this set of men quietly do this thing, another set do another thing, and the whole system, active, orderly, skilful, bearing part on part, carrying out one work, is all the while, as a *living* system, utterly fragmentary, disjointed, unsympathetic, cold, without any link whatever between part and part. We must get them away from the calico or the candles and bring them together in some unbusiness-like way, if we hope to give the business portion of their life a proper tone. Hear Mr. Wilson again:—

'I think the mixing of the boys and myself with the men in the cricket and gardening produced much good and kindly feeling among us all, and has made many work together in the factory during winter as friends who felt almost as strangers before. I can answer for myself, that I got to know well and to like many of the men whom I had scarcely known at all before, and I believe they got to know and like me. Everybody is ready to preach about the necessity of this knowledge of each other by masters and men, but I suppose only ~~mas-~~ters can know the extreme difficulty of getting to be on a footing, at all, deserving the name of personal friendship, with the men of a factory, when the number is large, however anxious they may be to get on such a footing. In business hours both master and men are too busy to have time for gossiping, and directly business is over the best of the men go, and ought to go, straight to their families. . . . With the boys and

and young men the case is different, for there is no need of their going straight home to their families when work is over, so the masters can keep them in the school-room or elsewhere, and gain their affections and get great influence over them. With many of our young men we are, I trust, upon terms of true and deep personal friendship such as will last for life. Of course when they in their turn become masters of families there will be the same want of much intercourse as with our present men; but when you once know a man thoroughly, and he you, the mere moving about in the same work with a kindly word or look when you happen to be thrown together, quite keeps up the cordiality of feeling. In speaking of not knowing the men generally, I should however say there are many exceptions, at least as true and as happy as with the boys; and anything tending to increase the number of exceptions, as our cricket and gardens were found in practice to do last year, is of very great value. You catch the men one by one as circumstances bring them within your reach, the boys a whole net-full together, but with both of them it seems to be of comparatively very little consequence what it is with which you first get a real hold over them—gardens, or cricket, or schooling, or some trouble which they come to consult you about.’

A life of severe toil, at least of monotonous drudgery, wants some breaks of amusement, some gleams of light, to prevent its utterly depressing both the physical and the moral health; and as the recreations which artisans, especially young ones, are capable of entering into are almost exclusively of a bodily kind, they need control and superintendence. If left wholly to their own devices they will almost infallibly plunge into gross sensual indulgence; much that is open to the wealthier orders in the way of enjoyment is a sealed book, an unknown language to them; though they may in time be trained to appreciate higher kinds of pleasure, they are not as yet capable of doing so; and after all they want pleasure connected with fresh air. We are not wishing to have the Maypoles back, or to play at the manners of by-gone times; but the existence of the ‘fustian jacket’ order needs to be brightened by some out-of-door exercise; and we know no medium so effectual for the cure of moral acidity or the jaundices of dissatisfaction and discontent. A yellow, bilious troop cooped up in hot work-rooms day after day, and only trudging home to their murky dreary ‘row,’ run great risks of being disaffected. There is a close connexion between the liver and the heart. Many Cascas grow up in factory life purely because that nether organism has nothing like *fair play*. That, be sure, will never feed the temper on which not a few of our politicians live, and some thrive apace.

Mr. Wilson soon found that these games of cricket had great influence in softening down the hardships and dreariness of factory

factory life, especially as regards night labour, which begins at Belmont at six in the evening and ends at six in the morning:—

‘The boys who are on night work do not go to bed directly their work is over, being generally unable to sleep if they do so. They used to dawdle about, or to take a walk, or in some other way get rid of the time till a little later in the day, when they went to bed just time enough to get as much sleep as they needed before getting up for work again. The same boys are not always at night-work, but there are two gangs which take it in turns. Now all last summer the night-gang of boys, on leaving work at six o’clock in the morning, went straight to the field, and there they thoroughly enjoyed themselves in gardening and cricket until about a quarter past eight; they then collected in a shed which we have on the ground to hear a verse or two of the New Testament read to them, and to say the Lord’s Prayer together before going home to sleep; and the way in which they joined in this little religious service, coming as it did just as a part of their enjoyment, could make one hope for very happy effects from it. I think, had the factory and its profits belonged to me, and had the cricket and garden cost double what I have stated, I should have thought it but a sort of conscience-money, well spent in strengthening the physical and moral health of these boys, obliged by the necessity of the work to keep such unnatural hours. On four mornings a week they went out in this way; on the other two they attended school from six till eight, to prevent their falling behind through missing the evening school, which of course they must do when on night-work.’

Having adopted this system of recreation to sweeten toil, mixing with it other ingredients to make it promote yet higher purposes, Mr. Wilson’s next movement was to have a ‘day of it,’ and to whirl his charge far from cauldrons, candles, smoke, and smut, from the close streets of a crowded neighbourhood, among the fine hills that overlook Guildford. Here they strolled about, played a cricket match—the apprentices against the rest of the people—and in the middle of the day, by way of rest and refreshment, all gathered together in a small church at the top of one of the hills, and, having obtained the willing services of the clergyman of the place, chanted their part of the service. It must have been a striking and touching scene—that first, we fancy, of the sort—the holiday workers of a London factory, chanting the Psalms in the old Norman chapel, in that fresh region remote and clear from the din and dinginess of their accustomed atmosphere. Mr. Wilson had some doubt how far divine service would chime in with the other proceedings of the day; it answered perfectly. The country itself seems to have made its impression; ‘it was,’ as he says,

‘so absolute a contrast in its quietness and extreme beauty to all the common

common life of these boys, that one felt what a world of new ideas and feelings they were being introduced to. From the way they looked at and spoke of the country to each other when they were there, and spoke of it after returning, I am sure many of them, if they live till ninety, will remember that one day, and with a feeling more beneficial to their minds than any which months of ordinary schooling would be likely to produce.'

The next year an equally successful expedition was made to Herne Bay. This last season they received an invitation to Farnham Castle from the Bishop of Winchester, in whose diocese the factories are placed, and who seems to have taken a more apostolic view of episcopal 'hospitality' than has been much in vogue of late. A wiser act could not have been done. The day was 'a day' indeed; all went off most admirably. The Bishop and his household threw themselves heart and soul into the work of entertaining their new guests—the guests, whose only notions of Bishops, probably, had been derived from the penny literature and caricatures of Lambeth Cut, were carried away into something like enthusiasm by the humane and Christian attention with which they were received; when they found the proud, purpled, spiritual Dives of their imaginations changed into a mild, affable, generous host, a rapid revolution of early ideas was effected on the spot. They were suffered to ramble at will over the stately old palace and its picturesque grounds; they were treated and trusted as friends, and they felt the treatment. No high-born company could have behaved more decorously than those five hundred artisans, young and old, thus let loose for a summer's day. Divine service, it may be supposed, was part of the refreshment thought of in such a place; and when, in a beautiful little church near the castle, the Psalms broke forth from the whole company of the mechanics with hearty harmony, the Bishop was visibly affected, and had need thank God for witnessing such a scene. A few such days would turn the tide of Radicalism and infidelity and the worse forms of dissent which leaven the lower districts of our large towns. Let the higher clergy mix with the poor, meet them, show personal interest in their welfare, treat them with personal kindness, instead of being only seen through carriage windows as they drive along the streets, or on Confirmation days as they cross the pavement amid a blaze of beads, and the good they may effect is untold.

The cricket and the excursion, let us remember, were used as a sort of reward-tickets for those who had stuck well to the winter evening school, and the manager is quite ready to defend his use of such sugar-plums:—

'When it is considered how very much you are asking of a boy,

in asking him, after working hard in the factory from six in the morning till half-past five or six in the evening, to come into it again at half-past six for schooling till eight, and this for three or four days a week, during eight months together—and that this is asked not only of the best boys, and those naturally eager for improvement, but of all the very mixed set which such a factory as ours necessarily contains—you will not be surprised that, while always holding out the improvement as the grand inducement to belong to the school, we are glad with the general run of them to avail ourselves of other inducements also. The matter might be settled very simply by authority:—but with boys beyond a certain age any such attendance as that would do them harm instead of good; while any attendance which is entirely the result of their own free will must do good—first, in the mere amount of useful knowledge gained, and secondly (but first in point of importance) in the effects of their being brought under the whole of our system; for once under that it is no matter of choice with them whether they are affected or not—they cannot avoid being so, whether they like it or not. Occasionally, in the beginning of the busy time in autumn, when we have had to take on a few elder lads, strangers, and they have been admitted at once to the school and cricket, it has been quite interesting to watch the rapid change, in external manners at least, produced in them, quite involuntarily on their part. The rough ones among them would, on the first evening of the cricket, be rude and selfish in their behaviour; and the first evening in the school they would take into their hands, with an air of mixed insolence and shame, the book for the hymn with which the school closes, and then kneel down for the prayer with the same manner—a look of “I won’t refuse to do this, but I feel quite above it.” But a very few evenings in the cricket and school bring them almost unconsciously to the same habit of civility and reverence as the rest; and we may hope that the change, external no doubt at first, must by degrees work inwards more or less.

With a wise and kindly feeling for the health and physical refreshment of the fellow-creatures placed under his governance—itsself a part of Christian feeling and Christian prudence, though often under-rated ‘by the religious world’—the young manager, we must see, was watching for and catching at every opportunity to engraft Christian principles and habits. Having felt his way, and succeeded in getting among his men and boys—in breaking the ice between the employer and the employed, and in effecting a considerable moral change—he next proceeded to act more directly upon the religious character of the factory. We have been told, and we hope there is no indelicacy in repeating, that the impressions from which the whole of the Belmont movement in fact arose may be traced to his perusal, about the same time, of the *Lives of Dr. Arnold and Mrs. Godolphin*; but that after repeated perusals of the latter charming book, his reflections had rested especially

on

In the Law Commission, as originally constituted, two members were named from the Madras and Bombay presidencies; it would, in our opinion, be desirable that a similar practice should obtain in the composition of the Supreme Council; for as all legislative and financial powers are vested in that body, immediate and correct information as to the interests and condition of our southern and western territories are as necessary at the Council Board as similar knowledge respecting those comprised in the Bengal presidency. Moreover, there is much injustice in confining these and other great prizes of official life to the Bengal Civil Service. The sole and direct superintendence of the political department is very properly attributed to the Governor-General, but it is his duty to look for persons qualified for usefulness in that department to the general service, and not exclusively to the section in his immediate neighbourhood.

While we admit that it would be most unwise to restrict the Governor-General in his choice of diplomatic agents to the civil service, it cannot be denied that civilians have *primâ facie* a preferable claim to such offices; of late, however, there has been a strong disposition to choose young military men almost to the exclusion of civilians. The absence of the individuals so chosen from their regimental duty is in itself an evil, and there can be no assignable reason why persons who, generally speaking, have received a more finished education before their arrival in India, and who have become thoroughly acquainted with the native languages, should be held to be almost disqualified, because they have not commanded a company of infantry or a troop of cavalry.

Our empire has, from the annexation of Scinde and the Sikh provinces, acquired such extent and continuity, that the question has been seriously stirred whether the present division into three presidencies, having separate armies and separate civil services, should be maintained?—whether increased unity of action and diminution of charge would not be promoted by a different arrangement? Lieutenant-Governors over large provincial divisions, exceeding in number the existing presidencies, might advantageously, as many think, be substituted for the governors of Madras and Bombay. The salaries of those Lieutenant-Governors might be the same as that of the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces. The Secretariat offices might be greatly reduced, if not abolished; and although Courts of Appeal would probably still be found necessary, the scale of them would be different from that of the existing Sudder Udowluts. Under consolidated revenue-laws separate boards would

the men of the factory were afraid of each other, not with reference to the being seen attending religion, but to the fear of being suspected of doing so in order to curry favour. This and other circumstances made the service have a most unpromising beginning—but after much perseverance the thing grew; at last the little room was very inconveniently crowded; the service was then removed to the school-room, and it is now, I trust, a permanent part of the factory arrangements. The other matter, having a mournful origin, is the counting-house service at half-past eight. It arose like the cricket, in the cholera. Seven of us had been in the habit of going to the early daily service at Lambeth church, but when the cholera became very bad, as the way to and from the church was through a low part of Lambeth, in which it most raged, and passed the two churchyards in which cholera burials were going on at the rate of from forty to fifty a day, we got frightened, being all of us more or less unwell. We then, with the assistance of one of the neighbouring clergy, began the school-room service, and have continued it since the cholera has passed away, because some are able to attend there whose duties will not allow them going outside the factory.'

The engagement of a Chaplain led naturally to the provision of a Chapel, with Sunday Services for the more especial use of the workpeople with their families. Mr. Wilson found that the majority of the boys and of the parents attended no place of worship whatever, dawdled about the streets, went up the river, had their games of 'rounders' in Battersea-fields, or listened to some infidel 'spouter' on Kennington Common. Week-days of toil were succeeded by Sabbaths of sloth or profligacy. The Factory Chapel arrested this tide of evil; and a congregation has been formed of the men, the boys, the girls, the wives and mothers of those connected with the works, who take their part in the service of the Church with a reverence that might put to the blush many lounging, listless congregations that have had Christian privileges all their lives.

And how—many will ask—how did all this sort of operation affect the shareholders of the Candle Company? We gather that to this question a very satisfactory answer may be given. The good name of the Factory made it an object in the neighbourhood to get employment within it, and hence the managers had a choice of the labour in the market; the very games added to the skill and manual dexterity of the people; cricket exercised its influence on candles; the good cricketers acquired a fineness of hand which gave them increased facility in their work. But, moreover, the sympathy and confidence bestowed upon them inspired many a heart with an interest in the Factory distinct from and above what mere wages can create; and, above all, by degrees the manager found himself in possession of a set of
intelligent

intelligent assistants, older or younger, on whom he could depend ~~for~~ a zealous participation in his views and plans towards the general amelioration of thoughts, sentiments, and habits. We do not wish to speak of that work as perfected which Mr. Wilson himself never alludes to as more than fairly begun and of good promise; but his own guarded statement may well encourage hope as to his people, while it must confirm and deepen our respect for himself.

‘One can only generally say that the whole spirit of a Factory such as I trust ours is now in the prospect of becoming, will be different from one in which the giving and taking of wages is the only connexion between the proprietors and their people. One feels intuitively the moment the idea of two such different factories is presented to one’s mind that the difference does by the very laws of human nature and religion ensure to the one much greater prosperity than to the other, although it may be impossible to trace out the details of this, and say such a hundred pounds spent upon the boys at such a time has brought back two hundred pounds before such a date afterwards. If I were forced to come to some particular proved instances of benefit to the business, I should take first the one which you witnessed the other night in coming down from the schools to the factory—a number of boys working so steadily and well at what a few years ago we should not have thought of trusting to any but men, it being work requiring much greater care and attention than can be reckoned upon from ordinary untrained factory boys. Yet even here the exact pecuniary benefit cannot be stated, for the boys whom you saw at work are not substitutes for men, but for machinery. It is the fact of our having at command cheap boy-labour which we dare trust, that enables us to make now by hand the better sort of candles which we used to make, like the other sorts, in the machines, and which, on account of the hardness of the material, when so made were never free from imperfection. The benefit will come to us, not in saving of wages (for had the choice been only between the men’s dear labour and the machines, we should have stuck to the machines), but in increased trade, through the imperfection of the candles alluded to being removed.’

It is of no slight importance to see, as in this instance, the profitableness of taking a high view of duty and of acting up to it. The outlay, indeed, involved in the scheme we have described, and which was incurred simply as a matter of duty without reference to any temporal return, was large. From the period when the half-dozen boys studied their spelling-books amid the candle-boxes to the full development of the system, with the boys’ schools, the girls’ schools, the cricket-ground, the excursions, the chaplain, the chapel and chapel services, no less a sum than 3289*l.* was spent. And this outlay, be it observed, came wholly from the pocket of the acting-manager, Mr. James Wilson, who had a salary

salary of 1000*l.* a year. The expense of his own experiment was wholly his own. The Company received their dividends, dispersed their candles, took in stock, did all the business of a thriving firm, but had no hand, until very recently, in the noble work set on foot within their walls.

When at length the extent, the influence, and the success of Mr. Wilson's schemes began to be known to the company, there was displayed a genuine appreciation of the conduct of the manager. Drawn together originally, of course, by the mere prospect of goodly returns for capital invested, they found cause to acknowledge that there were other things worthy of their care. The Directors began by nominating a Committee for full inquiry, and having received a Report warmly commending all that had been done, they called a meeting which opens out a new and noble scene in commercial life. The Directors now resolved with cordial unanimity to adapt the whole system introduced by Mr. Wilson, to reimburse him the money which he had laid out without any thought or idea of repayment, and to take upon themselves for the future the charge of the various schemes at the cost of some 1200*l.* a year. Let us hope that the spirit with which the resolutions were proposed may be caught by other companies, and that, without intending any facetious allusion to the article manufactured by the firm, it may light, in Latimer's words, such a fire in England as shall never be quenched. Mr. Conybeare (a member of the inquiring Committee), in proposing that 900*l.* a year should be expended on the schools, expressed himself as follows:—

'It seems to me as if by having done so I had already in some measure relieved myself of a burden which has long been weighing upon me. I will explain how this is. Some eighteen months since a gentleman who has given good evidence of his earnest wish to better and raise the working classes, was talking to me of the various schools existing in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall; after speaking of some others he mentioned those connected with our Factory as among the best-managed in the neighbourhood, and spoke in terms of the highest commendation of our Company for the great attention we paid to the education and moral welfare of our workpeople. He said our Company had achieved great success, but that we had deserved success, and any further success that might attend an undertaking so conducted. Of course, I immediately disclaimed, on behalf of the Company, all credit for what was no work of ours, and at the same time explained who it was that had organised and supported those schools. Need I tell you that it pained me to make such an explanation, and that it was with feelings of shame that I admitted that as a Company we did not as yet morally merit the success we had attained?'

'Speaking as a Director, I would impress upon you my own firm conviction

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conviction that the school system which we, as Directors, recommend is highly conducive to the pecuniary success of our business. The good effects of that system permeate and pervade the entire working of the factories. Not long since I took a friend, himself a manufacturer on the largest scale, over our factories. The candle-making machinery, ingenious as it is, did not so much elicit his admiration. But I shall not soon forget his words and looks on entering our Night-light factory, where the large proportion of our child-labour is employed: as he looked on the healthy and happy faces and clean and tidy dress of our girls, and watched their intelligent and smiling faces as (evidently amused at our inspection of their work) they looked up from the tasks which busied their rapid-glancing fingers, he exclaimed, "I never even imagined that factory labour could present a scene so cheerful and so pleasing." . . . But suppose that the pecuniary advantage to which I have alluded as attending our moral training is purely visionary, and that the measures I recommend involve a sheer outlay, an actual deduction of your annual gains. What then? Shall it be told in this Christian land, at a time too when social questions, and particularly the relation of capital and labour, are attracting among all nations an attention hitherto unprecedented—shall it, I ask, be told at such a time of the shareholders of a great and successful English Company, that they grudged to spare a few drops from their brimming chalice for the maintenance of a system such as your Managing Director has energetically carried out ready to your hand? . . . Which of us does not know too well the great evil and intense temptations to which the uncared-for children of our English factories are necessarily exposed when herded together in hot contaminating crowds? Shall we not in our factories obviate this evil by increasing, so far as we may by education, the average moral strength of those by whose toils we profit? Shall we not strive earnestly to purify the atmosphere in which they work by shutting out, or at least mitigating, the temptations and occasions of evil which the average moral strength of factory children is found incapable of resisting? It is said—you must have frequently heard it—that Joint Stock Companies have no conscience. Let this Company prove itself an exception to any such rule, by acting towards its factory "hands," as 'not forgetting that those "hands" have human hearts and immortal souls.'

In a similar strain Mr. Blackmore, in proposing that all the previous expenses incurred in providing the schools and religious advantages for the workpeople should be repaid, declared that the dividends which flowed into their pockets depended on their having a well-cared-for set of operatives.

"But," he added, 'we have also a far higher motive than this held out to us. We have the prospect of really carrying out in practice what is so much spoken of in theory,—the raising of the social condition of the working classes, and the effecting of a happy union between the employer and the employed. With such motives before us, let us
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not dole out our money in a grudging or niggardly manner. Let us give the whole amount, and along with it our hearty thanks and the expression of our deep obligation.'

In such a spirit did the Company propose to act. It only remains for us to say that Mr. Wilson, though prepared to let future expenses be undertaken by the Company, at once declined receiving back into his own pocket one farthing that he had laid out; and when the money was pressed upon him anew by an unanimous meeting of the Proprietary, he only received it on the distinct condition that the whole sum should be expended on the erection of a suitable chapel within the walls of the factory, in lieu of that which he had rented hitherto without.

We shall be borne out in saying that such scenes as these ennoble trade. They make our merchants 'princes' in a double sense; nor can we quit them without adding one more quotation from Mr. Wilson's letter.

'In nine cases out of ten,' he says, 'a manufacturer attending to other things instead of his factory, seems to be giving up a very high position, for in reality a less high, though it may be a more showy one. The best that a clever and energetic man can expect from going into "society," or from getting into Parliament, is a certain amount of usefulness and happiness; but he has already under his feet, in his factory, a mine of untold usefulness and happiness to others and to himself—difficult enough to open, no doubt, and requiring perhaps a good deal of apparently profitless digging at first, but containing veins of such richness as, when once struck, to repay ten times over any exertions it may cost to reach them. In "society" and in Parliament a man has to deal with minds as much formed, as little pliable as his own; so that, without extraordinary power, it is not much that he can hope to do in the way of influencing them. But in the factory he needs no such powers. His mere position disposes every mind in it to form itself upon his, and the extent of his influence is bounded only by the limit he may himself choose to put to the trouble he will take to acquire it. I think manufacturers getting into Parliament, and then asking for education bills, are acting as if fathers of families were to devote themselves to parish business, and use the power thus acquired to procure the creation of a lot of additional beadles to go and manage their families for them in their absence.'

We need not, we believe, inform any person interested in the progress of Practical Chemistry that sundry great recent improvements in the *Stereac Candle*, as it is called, are due to the diligent labours of the Belmont co-managers in the Laboratory attached to that establishment. True is the saying, that they who have most work find most time at their command. There can be little doubt that these young managers' success in

the attempt to elevate and purify the moral habits of their artisans will lead to similar efforts elsewhere, and how reasonable will be the joy and gratitude of the Nation should such examples indeed spread largely—but especially if they could be followed out amidst the great provincial conglomerations of factory labour—in such Babylons of glass and gas as Manchester, Glasgow, and Leeds!* It is, we must repeat, certain that many master-manufacturers, however wisely and benevolently disposed, could not in their own persons do for their people what the Messrs. Wilson have undertaken at Belmont—but one thing they can do—and that no trifle. In the cost of any great establishment of this class, the addition of a chaplain can be no serious item: and indeed we are quite satisfied that the services of such a functionary would always be, as at Belmont, speedily and abundantly overpaid in the increased order, decorum, and honest diligence of the workers.

ART. II.—*Life and Letters of Joseph Story, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Dane Professor of Law at Harvard University.* Edited by his Son, W. W. Story. 8vo., 2 vols. Boston, 1852.

TWO thick and tall closely printed volumes are somewhat too much for the *Life and Letters of Mr. Justice Story*. He was not a good letter-writer:—indeed it seems strange that a man so light of heart and so fluent in speech, of feelings so warm and yet so gentle—with so much learning, and seeing so many men and things within his own, perhaps not very extensive, circle—should have produced letters so little interesting in matter or manner. He had no romance in his character, and no adventure in his life—happily, no doubt, for himself. From school to college—from college to a lawyer's office—from the office to the Bar—and thence in succession to the State-Legislature, to Congress, to the Bench, and last, not least, to the Lecture-room—he passed without break, check, or reverse—beloved, admired, latterly venerated—to a peaceful end. One tour to the Falls is recorded—one voyage to England contemplated, sighed for, and aban-

* It is understood that Price's Candle Company themselves are about to form in Lancashire a new establishment still more extensive than that at Vauxhall. Whether one of the Wilson family is to be at the head of it we have not heard—but if that should be the case, we are pretty sure the 'experiment' will be tried over again, in spite of many difficulties unknown to Belmont. We shall wait the result with anxiety—not without hope.

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done: a less locomotive man in such a station has hardly ever come under our notice. Such a life leaves little for narrative; but we have no doubt the story might have contained more details of real interest, if the author had ventured on more inward and personal topics, and the book certainly might have been improved by vigorous excision. More than half the letters—those merely of compliment or on formal occasions; all the dedicatory addresses of his numerous works, to be found of course in them; long extracts from addresses and reports which are printed in his *Miscellaneous Writings*, and nearly all his poetry should have been omitted; and we might well have been spared the perpetually recurring accounts of what were the most important cases argued before him in Court in this or that Term; to lawyers these afford but insufficient information, and to the general reader they are absolutely useless.

But we must not be misunderstood. We do not impute to the author mere clumsy book-making—he has been misled by filial affection—by professional and patriotic feelings; but in all three respects he had indeed much to be proud of. His father was an honest and a most amiable man, a very accomplished lawyer, an excellent judge, a remarkably successful teacher of the law, and he ranks very high amongst the jurists of this, perhaps we may say, of any age.

Our readers will not be surprised at our allotting some pages to one whom we thus characterise, and a sketch of the distinguished American's career will give us an opportunity of saying a few words on some questions of present interest to ourselves.

Joseph Story was born in 1779 at Marblehead, in the county of Essex, Massachusetts, a lonely and rather dismal fishing village breasting the Atlantic. He was one of a numerous family, the children of a physician—one who had figured as an Indian in the noted tea-raid at Boston, who served under Washington as an army surgeon, a very decided republican in politics, and who, in the party divisions which succeeded Washington's administration, sided with Jefferson against John Adams. His will contains a clause, which dying, as he did, in somewhat narrow circumstances, his grandson cites with becoming pride:—

‘I request my executrix (his wife) not to distress the poor, who may owe me at my decease—but to receive their debts as they may be able to pay, in ever so small a sum.’

At an early age Joseph was sent to the Marblehead Academy—which had, we presume, nearly a monopoly of the education of the future hopes of this retired hamlet, for girls and boys were educated there together—and remaining there till he was fifteen,

when his powers of observation were of course opening—he noticed that the girls kept even pace with the boys in their common studies, and went beyond them in quickness of perception and delicacy of feeling. If the sexes become unequal intellectually in after life—which we will not assume, as he does somewhat unceremoniously—he attributes it only to this—that the education of females generally ends where with the men it may be said effectively to begin.

Story's studies here, however, closed abruptly; his master, a harsh and passionate man, punished him on one occasion with injustice and with excessive severity. He quitted the Academy at once, and at a moment when he was preparing to fit himself for Harvard in the following year—'having mastered the usual preparatory studies in Latin, and that most discouraging book, the Westminster Greek Grammar'—and when he was beginning to study the Gospel of St. John, 'with a view to make an easy transition into Greek.' As Story was a clever and industrious lad, he was probably in the first rank among the young academicians of Marblehead—and certainly this proficiency at fifteen does not tell much for the labours of their Orbilius:—we are not surprised that the daughters of the place were able to keep up with the sons.

But two months remained before it was requisite for him to pass his preliminary examination, with a view to commencing residence in the ensuing term at Harvard. By great labour and such assistance as the common town schoolmaster could afford him, he believed he had prepared himself, and was taken by his uncle to Cambridge accordingly. Here, however, to his great disappointment he was informed by the President that in addition to what he had prepared he must be examined 'in all the studies which the freshmen class had been pursuing during the last six months.' Considering his slender stock of knowledge at this time, it certainly argues not only great ability, but even more of that undaunted resolution and industry with that just self-confidence, which are essential to success in the Law, to attempt and accomplish in six weeks what he reports of himself in the following passage:—

'My task was now before me. I have a distinct recollection of the main parts. Sallust was to be read through; the Odes of Horace; two books of Livy; three books, I think, of Xenophon's Anabasis—and two books of Homer's Iliad; besides English grammar and rhetoric, and, I think, logic and some other studies. I sat down boldly to the task, reciting every morning five lessons which I mastered during the preceding evening, and five or six more in the course of the day. It was intense labour; but I found no great difficulty, except in Homer.

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The dialects puzzled me exceedingly, and my treacherous memory failed in preserving them accurately, so that I was often obliged to go over the same ground. For my first lesson in Homer I got five lines well; for my second, ten; for my third, fifteen; and then the mystery dissolved apace. In the course of the first three weeks I had gone through all the requisite studies. I could look back on my past labours with the silent consciousness of victory. There is nothing to a young mind unaccustomed to the exercise of its powers so gratifying as this. . . . At the end of the vacation I was again offered for examination, and without difficulty obtained my matriculation.'—vol. i. p. 41.

There is a little vagueness in this statement of what was to be done; and the examination at the close was probably not very severe. Some allowance, too, may not uncharitably be made for the medium through which the successful lawyer in after life would look back on this earliest triumph of the powers to which he had afterwards owed so much. Yet, with every allowance made, this was just such an effort in youth as would warrant bright anticipations of his manhood. In passing, we may remark that our preparatory teachers would do well to imitate Story's example as to Homer in every transition with their pupils to a new book. We remember well in our own case precisely the same rule was adopted, and in regard to the same book. The lesson was extremely short, but for the first 200 or 300 lines every word, literally and without exception, was parsed, and the mystery *did* dissolve apace.

He joined his class in January, 1795. An English youth from a public school starting in the far more brilliant and large worlds of Oxford or Cambridge could scarcely be so excited as Story, coming from his secluded fishing village and its academy, was upon being launched at Harvard. The impressions of Marblehead, scenery as well as society, were severe and sombre; and they had nourished, in a somewhat sentimental nature, gloom and retiredness. The tone of his religious education concurred to produce this effect. His uncle was a rigid Calvinist, and imported his theology into his ordinary talk and feelings. The new world in which the nephew now moved was surrounded by a lighter and a more genial atmosphere. His nature put forth its inborn buoyancy and elasticity; he delighted in the studies of the place—in the competition with his class-fellows—in the intimacy of a few friends, among whom was one of European fame in the sequel, Channing; and in the shaking of his mind his religious opinions underwent a change—he renounced Calvinism, and embraced unhappily the creed, if so it may be called, of the Unitarians, to which through all his life he adhered.

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At nineteen he quitted college and, returning to Marblehead, entered 'the office' of Mr. Samuel Sewell; then a distinguished practitioner of the Essex bar, and a member of Congress. It is called an office, for the barristers of the United States, except in the Supreme Court at Washington, may be, and commonly are, admitted and act as attorneys also—a union of characters happily, as we think, unknown as yet in England, which, though it may frequently give to the barrister a more practical and intimate knowledge of the details of procedure, tends to lower the tone, and with conscientious minds even to fetter the freedom in the discharge of their duties. It is not good for the advocate to be immediately in contact with the hopes and fears, the strong unreasonable likings and hates of his clients—to be admitted to all their secrets; still less to have to search for witnesses, to humour their waywardness, to guard them against tampering; and to go through all that preliminary contention in a cause, which must bring the mind heated and embittered to what ought to be the open, measured, free, and yet courteous contention of the trial.

The course for a legal student was then very disheartening, very difficult, good only for the youth who to more than common ability united strength of body, ardent hope, undaunted courage and perseverance. Nearly half the year Mr. Sewell was absent in Congress—he was on his circuit during another portion; he had no clerk, or elder pupil, to assist the new comer, and Story was left alone to work his own way as best he might. These were common difficulties, and no doubt many a youth sank under them—either gave up the pursuit in despair, or contented himself with a superficial knowledge. To the few, however, this rough mode has its advantages—what we acquire for ourselves, through many struggles, we make our own completely; by the strenuous effort and deliberate labour we gain power, our muscles are developed; we can, when we please, at any time make a great exertion, and we acquire a well-grounded self-possession.

So it was with Story, yet the trial was hard:—

'I shall never forget the time,' he says, 'when having read through Blackstone's Commentaries, Mr. Sewell, on his departure for Washington, directed me next to read Coke on Littleton. It was a very large folio, with Hargrave's and Butler's notes, which I was required to read also. Soon after his departure I took it up, and after trying it day after day with very little success, I sat myself down and wept bitterly. My tears dropped on the book and stained its pages. It was but a momentary irresolution—I went on and on—and began at last to see daylight, aye, and to feel that I could comprehend and reason upon the text and the comments. When I had completed the reading of this most formidable work, I felt *that I breathed a purer air*, and that I had acquired a new power. The critical period was passed—I no longer

longer hesitated—I pressed on to the severe study of special pleading, and by repeated perusals of Saunders's Reports, acquired such a decided relish for this branch of my profession, that it became for several years afterwards my favourite pursuit. Even at *this day I look back upon it with a lingering fondness.*'—i. 74.

Et nos in Arcadiâ. We cannot indeed quite sympathise with the learned judge in his fond and faithful doating on the ill-savoured pleader, of whom Roger North gives so racy an account, and whom Hale chides for being so naughty in his pleading—a circumstance which the naughty Brother evidently chuckles over in recounting; nor do we recollect that the Temple atmosphere seemed to clear up and our respiration to be freer when we had completed Coke on Littleton; but long ago, alas! as it is, we have a lively recollection of the difficulty of the work; often we had need to be consoled with the great commentator's own kind assurance—

'albeit the reader shall not at any one day (do what he can) reach to the meaning of our author, or of our commentaries, yet let him no way discourage himself, but proceed; for on some other day, in some other place, that doubt will be cleared.'

Students of the last generation, yet taking a lively interest in those of the present, we are sorry to hear that the study of this book is not so much a matter of course in the Temple as it used to be; undoubtedly it lies open to the charge of being undigested, unscientific, often redundant, sometimes even foolish; and utilitarians may urge that much of it has no direct application to the law in its altered state; but after all, the best authorities will agree that a thorough mastering of it will tend more than any other to give the practising lawyer that depth of legal principle and familiarity with legal analogies without which he cannot be accomplished in his art.

Upon the death of Washington in 1800, Congress and the General Court of Massachusetts having recommended that eulogies should be delivered in all the towns, young Story was nominated for that purpose at Marblehead. This occasion was a worthy one; but we have been struck with the passion for eulogies, addresses, and public speeches of every sort, which seems to pervade the Union; for a calculating, busy, go-ahead race, it is quite wonderful to what a childish extent the Americans (will they forgive us?) indulge in the fondness for these displays. Story, we conclude, was a successful performer, for throughout life he was very frequently called on for orations of this kind; he often spoke feelingly and forcibly—he appears to have sympathised with the national predilection.

After little more than a year of such teaching as Mr. Sewell had

had been able to give him, that gentleman was made a judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Story therefore migrated to Salem, and entered the office of Mr. Putnam, who also occupied afterwards a seat on the same bench. He had in this short space fitted himself to be a useful pupil; one or more of such may usually be found in the chambers of our special pleaders and conveyancers, young men who can really do work for their professed teacher—whose drafts and opinions on cases require little correction—who can usefully talk with his clients and discuss matters suggestively with himself.

‘Although he read much, yet we talked more,’ says Mr. Putnam, ‘and I believe in my heart, that he even then did the greater part of my business. I had a pretty full practice, and his regular course of reading was frequently interrupted by the examination of the books touching the cases which were offered for my consideration, and I have no doubt that my clients were greatly benefited by his labours in my service.’—vol. i. p. 84.

We believe the late Mr. Justice Littledale could have said as much for the late (we grieve to say) Mr. Justice Patteson.

Salem was an enlarged sphere when compared to Marblehead—there was much more society; Mr. Story entered into it with zest, and was received with favour. Small clubs or associations existed among the young people, rejoicing in such names as the Moscheto Fleet, the Antediluvians, the Sans Souci, the Social Group; of these he was a member, and a spirited defender when they were slandered as immodest and immoral meetings. Yet he must have been somewhat stern and out spoken. It is a lady, ingenuous at least, one of the belles of those societies, who tells the following anecdote of him and herself:—

‘One evening while we were playing whist at a small party, *I took up a card to which I had no right.* He saw it, and said, L——, that card does not belong to you; you must lay it down, or I leave the table. On our return home I said to him, Why were you so particular that I should lay down that card? Because, he answered, you had no right to it, and I will never countenance injustice or unfairness in the smallest matter. I shall never see you do anything in the least improper, without expressing my disapprobation.’—i. 88.

In July, 1801, at the age of twenty-two, Story was called to the Essex Bar, and ‘opened his office’ at Salem; he had nothing but his merits to depend on; he was without legal connexion, and his political and his religious views, at a time when party heats ran very high, were much against him; he was known to have dropped the Calvinism of his fathers, but to be steady in their democratic opinions; he found the Judges and the Bar strong Federalists, and he was looked on with coldness. Ere long, nevertheless, business flowed in upon him, and when at the end

end of ten years he was raised to the Bench, he says 'his practice was probably as extensive and lucrative as that of any gentleman *in the county*' (i. 97). His occupation, however, was not so absorbing but that he found time for a good deal of love and verse making; after many transient attachments, if they amounted to so much, he settled his affections on Mary Lynde Oliver, whom he married in December, 1804, and buried in June, 1805. She is described as 'a refined and accomplished woman, of a romantic and gifted intellect;' but she married in delicate health, the seeds of disease very speedily developed themselves, and the six months of his married life had throughout been darkened by anxieties and forebodings. Her death left him in the deepest distress; business and society were for a time equally distasteful, but he was a man of strong mind and purpose, and we do not mean to disparage the tenderness of his feelings, when we say that a love for his profession, a deep resolve to be a great lawyer, ambition to shine as a jurist and judge, were predominant over all other impressions. He returned to his work at first from a sense of duty, and his work soon recompensed him for his sacrifice; he became insensibly as much interested in it as ever, and in society regained, to all appearance at least, his usual spirits.

We spoke of his verse making—we had written the word poetry, but altered the phrase. He says something on one occasion of Blackstone's Farewell to his Muse. He never bid a farewell to his own; but in his lifelong intercourse with her, he never approached the ease and elegance of those well-known stanzas—to which, therefore, his allusion was an unlucky one. On the other hand, we wish he had handed down, or that his son could have collected, some more details of his life at the Bar; the particulars, we suppose, would have been common enough on the other side of the Atlantic, but here the humours of a Yankee Court might have presented much that was new and racy; nor needed Mr. Story to fear the smile of lawyers in England—the American Bar has so much real talent and learning to rest on, that it can afford a good-tempered laugh from across the water at any of its past or continued peculiarities. We think their Circuits must be very original; even in the Supreme Court at Washington, Story thus describes Mr. Pinkney's entry after his return from a mission to England, when ladies and gentlemen crowded the hall to hear him:—

'His personal appearance was as polished as if he had been taken right from the drawer: his coat of the finest blue was nicely brushed, his boots shone with the highest polish, his waistcoat of perfect whiteness glittered with gold buttons, he played in his hand with a light cane;

cane ; in short he seemed perfectly satisfied with himself, and walked through the Court-house with an air of ease and *abandon* arising from perfect self-confidence.'—ii. 491.

This little specimen suggests the good sense of a professional costume ; it would be difficult, if we had now to frame one, to say a word in favour of the wig ; it is at all times a dirty article of dress, and in summer very oppressive—yet even with this unlucky addition the gown and band are full of convenience ; it is not so much that they adorn or dignify the few on whom Nature has conferred her own unmatched grace or dignity—though scarcely any thing more tasteful for the orator can well be conceived than the lawyer's silk gown—as that they raise the low and mean, separate all from the crowd around, attract respect from the multitude, and impose a wholesome restraint on him who wears them. Mr. Pinkney's weakness could not have exhibited itself so absurdly in Westminster Hall ; he might perhaps have displayed his bands of more exact proportion, his gown more ample or better fitting than his neighbour's—but all must in spite of himself have been within the limits of sense and propriety.

It was while Story was rising at the Bar in 1805, in his twenty-sixth year, that he became the representative of Salem in the legislature of Massachusetts. Here again we could have wished that our author had borne in mind that he was writing for England as well as for America, and, in place of a good deal which can interest no one, had given us a succinct account of the members and ordinary composition and importance of the Assembly. We collect enough, however, to see how efficient the State Legislative Assemblies must be in the training of debaters for the National Congress ; we read of divisions in the Massachusetts House of 219 to 198 and 272 to 158, showing numbers large enough to excite all the powers of an orator ; and as by the Constitution many of the rights of independent Governments are retained by each Member of the Union, and the tendency of a very strong if not the dominant party throughout it is for the extension of those rights to the narrowing of the national Sovereignty, it may well be believed that the subjects of debate must often be of very grave moment. It is true these numerous local parliaments must help to nourish the spirit of local party and prejudice, which too often hampers the progress and distorts the course of the National councils—and so far they tend to contract the views of statesmen in Congress ; still it must remain a great advantage to the debater there to have become familiar in his youth with all the forms and accidents of debate, by his training in the local legislature.

Story

Story entered the House, as we see, very young; but the condition of the Democratic party to which he belonged, and his gift in ready speaking, joined to his good sense and industry, forced him at once into the position of a leader. His course appears to have been both honourable and successful; he was on most of the important committees, and often the chairman to frame the report. One very serious question occurred, in which he took a leading and very useful part against his own friends. It is not creditable to the Democracy of the United States that wherever it most prevails will be found the greatest jealousy of the judicial power; evidenced not merely by a desire to lower the remuneration of judges, but to keep them dependent, both even as to the permanence of their salary and the tenure of their office, on the popular will. By the Constitution of the Union the Judges both of the Supreme and Inferior Courts ‘hold their offices during good behaviour, and receive at stated times for their services a compensation *which cannot be diminished during their continuance in office.*’ This is as it should be; and in Massachusetts the original Constitution had provided that ‘*permanent and honourable salaries*’ should be established by law for the Judges. Chancellor Kent (*Commentaries*, i. 295) gives a melancholy account of the downward progress of several of the States in this matter. In Tennessee the Judges of the Supreme Courts hold for twelve, of the Inferior for eight years; in New Jersey for seven years; in Ohio and Indiana they have been reduced from seven years to one; in Alabama the Constitution of 1819 established the tenure to be during good behaviour, but that has been altered to six years; in Mississippi, under the Constitution of 1807, the Judges held during good behaviour or until sixty-five years of age, and were appointed by the joint-vote of the two Houses of Legislature, given *vivâ voce* and recorded; but by the Constitution reordained in 1833, every officer—legislative, executive, and judicial—is elected by universal suffrage:—that is, by every *free white* male of twenty-one, who has resided within the State for one year preceding, and for the last four months within the county, city, or town for which he offers to vote. In this way the Judges of the Supreme Court and the Chancellor are elected for six years; the Judges of Inferior Courts for a shorter term. In many States the salaries are fixed and cannot be diminished during the tenure of office:—in some both the amount and its duration rest entirely on the discretion of legislative assemblies themselves, eternally fluctuating in their composition, and often, of course, in their style of thought and feeling.

The ‘permanent and honourable’ salary of the Chief Justice of Massachusetts was 1200 dollars per annum, and, clearly in violation

violation of the Constitution, an addition of 500 or 600 dollars was usually made by an annual vote. A vacancy occurred, and the person admitted to be the most fit for the office, Mr. Parsons, whose professional income amounted to 10,000 dollars, was ready to accept the office, but only if the whole salary were made permanent as the Constitution required. Story on this broke from his party, moved for a committee, and was appointed chairman; he drew up a very able and judicious report, and finally succeeded in securing a permanent salary of 2500 dollars for the Chief Justice and 2400 for the Assistant Judges. Three years afterwards Parsons found the salary even thus raised so inadequate for his support that he sent for Story, and told him he should resign and return to the bar unless it was raised. Again Story undertook the cause in the House; he was not chairman of the committee, but he drew the Bill, and succeeded in carrying a salary for the Chief Justice of 3500 dollars, and for the Assistants of 3000. The report we mentioned speaks of the great and increasing labours of the Judges:—

‘For six months every year they are travelling the circuits of the Commonwealth, and their expenses on this account are great. The other six months are absorbed in pursuits not less fatiguing to themselves nor less important to the people. In the vacations they are necessarily engaged in forming and digesting opinions (judgments) on special verdicts, or reserved cases, cases on demurrer, and other questions of law referred solely to the Court for decision, which are too intricate for judgment on the circuits, and require deep and minute investigation in the closet. Their whole time, therefore, both for their own reputation and for the despatch of justice, must be devoted to the public.’
—i. 134.

The cause was an unpopular one. Story incurred much odium for the honest part he took in its support, and was denounced in the republican newspapers. Miserable as this salary would seem to be, we find that the Assistant Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States received but 3500 dollars during nearly all the long period for which Story held the office. Not the least evil resulting is this—that the position of the man on the bench is so very much below that of the man at the bar in point of income, as to interfere with their relative positions in society. The labours of the one imply a great demand for the services of the other; and although the popular mind is blindly niggard in its remuneration of the Judge, the selfishness of individual litigants will be profuse in securing, each for himself, the services of the Advocate. Thus the most distinguished lawyers are frequently induced—one might almost say compelled—to decline the bench, and the ablest who have
accepted

accepted that elevation lie under a constant temptation to relinquish it and return to the bar. Story records of himself that when he had been a few years on the bench, Mr. Pinkney was about to go to Russia, as Minister for the States, and proposed to him to resign, and commence the practice of an advocate at Baltimore:—

‘He promises to give me the whole of his business, and to *introduce and support me* exclusively among his friends. He states that his profits are now 21,000 dollars per annum, and that I may safely calculate on 10,000. He is the retained counsel of all the Insurance Companies at Baltimore, and will immediately place me in his situation with regard to them.’—i. 278.

This whole anecdote is very illustrative, and nothing will strike an English lawyer as more extraordinary than that a counsel should offer to transfer his business, and that a Judge should see nothing in it to disapprove of. It does not appear that Pinkney was doing anything which an American lawyer would have thought unfitting for the most scrupulous man to do: he meant to honour and benefit a Judge whom he highly esteemed. Story thought himself honoured: with his moderate means and increasing family the offer was a great temptation, and he declined it only because he was sincerely ambitious of the reputation of a great Judge and distinguished jurist. Such an arrangement as this could never have been contemplated by honourable members of any branch of the legal profession here. With us attorneys and clients are far too independent of their counsel to allow themselves to be thus transferred; a retiring barrister has no ‘goodwill’ in his connexion, and there is—at least in our days there was—nothing which the bar, as a body, would more unanimously resent, or high-minded members more shrink from in practice, than any attempt to influence the course of general business by recommendation or favouritism. It would much afflict us to hear it said that feelings of this sort are chimerical, and should be allowed to pass as out of date; we should lament deeply to be told that the barrister does but trade with a venal tongue and intellect, and that his trade must be driven as other trades are. It cannot be denied that the spirit of the age, the course of legislation, and the great increase of the members of the bar all tend this way; but we appeal to common observation whether the character of the bar or its estimation with the public has been raised thereby. We fear that it is matter of mournful certainty for barristers that, as a class, they are neither so popular nor so respected and treated as they were only half a century since—and we think this is matter of just regret to more than lawyers;—*interest republicans*—for we venture to predict that,

that, if the practices and opinions to which we allude should become influential, it will be in vain to expect from the ranks of the bar that ready supply, on which we formerly counted, of gentlemen, scholars, jurists, and orators—apt materials for statesmen—unflinching defenders of the prerogative when unjustly assailed—more ardent and no less bold, enduring, and independent champions of the constitution or the liberty of the subject when endangered.

In the spring of 1808 Story married a second time, and in the autumn, after three years' service in the provincial Legislature, he was elected a Member of Congress. He took an active part in some of the important debates of the Session of 1809, and at the close of it declined to be re-elected. His course was an independent one, and he gave offence on one or two occasions to the President Jefferson, to whose party he was originally supposed to belong. He opposed the establishment of the Embargo as a permanent system of policy, and he favoured the extension of the American Navy. It is fortunate for his lasting fame that he quitted Congress so early, for he was evidently acquiring a considerable position there, and politics must soon have absorbed him. Jefferson, writing in 1810, says bitterly:—

‘The Federalists, during their short-lived ascendancy, have nevertheless, by forcing from us the Embargo, inflicted a wound on our interests which can never be cured, and on our affections which it will require time to cicatrize. *I ascribe all this to one pseudo-Republican, Story.* He stayed only a few days: long enough, however, to get complete hold of Bacon, who communicated his panic to his colleagues, and they to a majority of the sound members of Congress.’—i. 186.

Returning to Massachusetts, Story was re-elected to the House of Representatives, and resumed his influential position there; in January 1811 he was chosen Speaker, but in November of the same year he necessarily quitted the House on accepting (from President Madison) the appointment of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Though he had filled the chair for so short a time, he is described by a member ‘as a most efficient and business-despatching presiding officer.’ A sentence or two from his addresses to the House may be interesting on this side of the Atlantic. In the first of them he says:—

‘The discretion confided to your Speaker is necessarily extensive, and may sometimes in its exercise be a source of jealousy or misapprehension. It is therefore always desirable, where it is practicable, to limit it by settled principles. With this view I shall with your good pleasure, in all cases where your rules are silent, govern myself invariably by those *Parliamentary usages* which, on account of their wisdom and propriety, have received the sanction of ages. Thus, gentlemen, you will have in your hands a text by which to correct my errors,

errors, and test those decisions the principles of which may not immediately suggest themselves to the candid mind.'—i. 199.

In his parting address, he says : —

'Cheered by your kindness, I have been able, in controversies marked with peculiar political zeal, to appreciate the excellence of those established rules which invite liberal discussion, but define the boundary of right and check the intemperance of debate. I have learned that the rigid enforcement of these rules, while it enables the majority to mature their measures with wisdom and dignity, is the only barrier of the rights of the minority against the encroachments of power and ambition. If any thing can restrain the impetuosity of triumph or the vehemence of opposition—if anything can awaken the glow of oratory and the spirit of virtue—if anything can preserve the courtesy of generous minds amidst the rivalries and jealousies of contending parties—it will be found in the protection with which these rules encircle and shield every member of the Legislative body. Permit me therefore, with the sincerity of a parting friend, earnestly to recommend to your attention a steady adherence to these venerable usages.'—i. 202.

Story was elevated to the bench at thirty-two, and took his seat as Assistant to Chief Justice Marshall: his son delights to compare the two to Buller and Lord Mansfield—the former appointed at the same early age; and considered as Judges and Jurists, our trans-Atlantic brethren may perhaps make the comparison without presumption. If Marshall wants the genius, the grace, and literature of Mansfield, Story had more varied learning, a greater range and more vigorous grasp of intellect than Buller, with his perspicuous and neat and well-ordered but somewhat contracted acquirements and faculties. Story was earning at the time of his appointment between five and six thousand dollars per annum—his income had been steadily increasing, and he could not but feel confident in his own powers that it must increase; he was beginning to be called to argue great cases at Washington—his reputation was spreading widely and rapidly; but he felt his vocation was judicial, and he wisely accepted an opportunity of following it in the most dignified and important sphere which his country opened to him, although—reducing his present income by nearly one-half—it involved a sacrifice of his certain prospects of future *wealth*.

The Supreme Court then held one term in every year, commencing early in January, and lasting about three months; but independently of this, the whole territory with some few exceptions being divided into circuits, one is allotted to each Judge, who holds for the most part two terms annually in each State comprised within it, with the district Judge respectively of each district. Of these the first circuit was allotted

allotted to Story, including the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, and extending along a very large portion of the sea-board of New England. Even an uninitiated reader will form some conception of what a judge of the Supreme Court, with his circuit duties, undertakes, when we state that his jurisdiction embraces not only what we commonly understand by Common law, Criminal and Civil, but also the administration of Equity and the trial of all Admiralty and Prize questions. But even this will give but an imperfect notion of the extremely important and delicate jurisdiction with which the Supreme Court is intrusted by the Constitution. That Constitution being a written compact between a number of States which, in forming it, consented only to a qualified amalgamation into one Sovereign State—and the Senate and Congress with the President being the exponents only of the will of that limited sovereignty—it was necessary that there should be some power to determine whether in any particular case the sovereign power had transgressed its constitutional limits—in other words whether an act of the Congress, Senate, and President was a constitutional law to be obeyed, or merely an unconstitutional resolution to be disregarded. This might arise between the Nation and any one or more of the States, or even between the nation and an individual: and, on the other hand, a question might sometimes arise, whether any State by its act had encroached on the limited sovereignty conceded to the united nation, or the reserved independent sovereignty of another State of the Union. The power of decision in all such cases is lodged in the Supreme Court: it may say that the Act of Congress transcends its powers; that the law which it has passed does not bind; it may decide individually between conflicting members of the Union; it may uphold the subject against the judicial determination or even the legislative power of any State.

It is obvious how vast a power this is to be lodged in any Court of Law, and how wisely and tenderly it requires to be handled, in order to survive the shock of parties, and resist the encroachments of a dominant executive. It is obvious too that in dealing with questions between State and State, or the subject of one State and the subject of another, or with that State itself, a conflict of laws and the nicest questions of international jurisprudence may frequently arise. But even these do not exhaust the subject: there is behind a question of very delicate consideration—What, namely, was the character of the several members of the Union before the compact made which united them—were they each and all, and in what sense, independent Sovereign States—and what is the aggregate body which they
now

now form ;—what attributes of a Nation has it—what attributes has it consented to forego? These latter questions, which go to the root of the American Constitution, and which, whether consciously or not to the individual, colour all distinctions of party, cannot but force themselves on the minds of the Supreme Judges; the conclusion which any one of these has been led to form in regard to them must on many occasions necessarily influence his judgment as to the case before him. Should any judge in England ever permit himself to be biassed by party recollections or associations, there could be no excuse whatever—for on the fundamental questions of constitutional law all are agreed. In America, thoughtful and honest judges may be of different schools as to the Constitution. Will his tendency be to merge the States in the Nation, or to enlarge the independent power of the States at the expense of the Nation?—must be a question which the President may properly ask himself, as of the last importance, before he raises a man to the bench. One cannot read Story's biography, or the judgments of Marshall, or the excellent Commentaries of Kent, or those of Story himself on the Constitution, without being sensible of this.

Such was the difficult and responsible position which Story was called on to fill at thirty-two. Where duties are so various, it is probable that in many cases the functionaries will discharge them in a superficial manner; but it cannot be denied, that where the duties, though various, are cognate, and all require the same general preparation of the intellectual powers, the variety of the employment is in itself strengthening and enlarging:—one pursuit throws light on the other—analogies are furnished, and principles ascertained. We should expect that, although an indifferently good judge in America would be inferior to an ordinary judge in England, yet the really able and learned one there would take a not less deep and correct, but also a more philosophic and scientific view of legal questions than one of equal ability and learning here.

We suspect however that—sufficiently employed as the American judges may be—they have not been so *oppressed* with business as the English judges till of late were. The hours of sitting seem to be fewer—eleven to three or four—and the methods of procedure such as would be really impossible if very many causes were pressing for decision. We do not forget that large numbers are mentioned in different pages of these volumes as crowding what is called the docket of the Court—but mere numbers are deceptive: of these causes a vast proportion must be of the kind which melt away when you touch them, or we could not see

so frequent accounts of causes lasting weeks, and speeches several days, and this stated not as matter of surprise or novelty. English barristers have no great credit for brevity, but they are most abstinent when compared with their Transatlantic brethren. It would seem, too, that in the tedium of fashionable life at Washington the ladies are fain to resort to the courts for the sake of pleasurable excitement; we rather collect that the great advocates delight in such an audience, and perhaps prolong their speeches for the sake of them; nay, if it be not contempt of Court, we must own to a suspicion that Story himself took a pride in the 'bevy of fair women' that thronged the hall on such occasions. In his familiar letters certainly he ever and anon records the fact with apparent self-gratulation.

In these duties, year by year, for more than thirty, was he employed, unvaryingly, unweariedly, with a reputation for unsullied integrity, the most careful industry, most widely-ranging learning, great ability. The habits of judicial life in America differ much from those in England: greater men in the State and far more important, their social position is evidently much lower. In the depth of winter Story left his home; in the early part of his career, while railways were as yet unknown, a fatiguing journey of twelve days brought him to Washington—partly by packet-boats, partly in stage-coaches over miserable roads:—then a lodging or a boarding-house received him. The Judges of the court were seven in number. They seem to have lived much together, as bachelors, and of course were absolved from all the duties of hospitality. We are glad to see that, like other old bachelor lawyers, they could be considerable boys together. Story tells his wife—

'Two of the judges are widowers, and, of course, objects of considerable attraction among the ladies of the city. We have fine sport at their expense, and amuse our leisure with some touches at match-making. We have already ensnared one, and he is now at the age of forty-seven violently affected with the tender passion. Being myself a veteran in the service, I take great pleasure in administering to his relief, and I feel no small pride in remarking that the wisdom of years does not add anything of discretion to the impatience, jealousies, or doubts of a lover.'—i. 219.

* Pleasant fooling this, no doubt, between Justice Todd and Justice Story during the repetitions of a prosy argument.

The Washington term ended, Story's circuit would begin: we have mentioned how large an extent of sea-board was comprised within it. Soon after his appointment began the war between England and the United States. The miserable system of licences,

licences, collusive captures, and the more miserable system of privateering came into vogue. These necessarily created endless questions in Admiralty and Prize law, and he found that law unclear and unmethodized in his own country—the most complicated and important questions, of frequent occurrence, still undecided. To this country, and to our most distinguished jurist, Sir W. Scott, was he to look for guidance, and he had the good sense to propose him for his model, and to follow him wherever he had the means. In later years occasional intercourse took place between them by letter, and courteous interchange of each other's publications. As Story approached the veteran jurist with something of veneration, so the latter evidently regarded Story with unfeigned respect for his ability and very varied acquirements. But at the time we speak of, the war itself, which, from the peculiar turn it gave to commerce, created peculiar difficulties, prevented also the intercourse which might have smoothed them, and he had to build up a system for his own court with but little help. Scott's approbation of his labours is testimony enough.

Several years passed in an uninterrupted routine of judicial duties; in 1828 he was pressed to become the Royall Law Professor at Harvard University—but declined it, with reluctance, because it involved a change of residence to Cambridge, and he feared that his health would suffer under the additional labour:—

‘If I were there,’ said he, ‘I should be obliged to devote all my leisure time to drilling and lectures, and judicial conversations. The school cannot flourish except by such constant efforts, and I should not willingly see it wither under my hands. *The delivery of public lectures alone might not be oppressive, but success in a law school must be obtained by private lectures.*’—i. 537.

In spite of this determination, when, in 1829, Mr. Dane, the Viner of the United States, proposed from the profits of his Abridgment to found a Law Professorship in the same University, Story entered earnestly into the scheme, and consented to become the first Professor—which, indeed, Mr. Dane insisted on as a condition of the foundation. Of course all the same personal objections existed, but it was his vocation to teach law from the chair as well as declare it from the bench. The statutes of the new foundation, however, required more than this—it was to be the duty of the Professor not only to prepare and deliver, but to publish, lectures on the law of nature, the law of nations, commercial and maritime law, federal law, and federal equity. In England we should smile at the notion of a judge undertaking such a task; to what extent and in what manner Story redeemed his pledge, we shall presently see.

To the duties of the lecture-room he devoted himself without delay, and with characteristic earnestness and assiduity. The average number of law-students in the University had for some years previously been about eight; the year before he commenced, the number had dwindled to one: his name, however, attracted students, and before the end of his first season it rose to 30. In the course of sixteen years above 1100 attended his lectures; and in the last of those years the room was crowded with 140 pupils.

Legal education occupies at present much of the public attention, and deservedly. We do not think it a difficult question. In theory, nothing can be worse than the present system; in practice, it cannot be denied that lawyers, profoundly learned in our municipal law, have, we will not say been formed by it, but formed themselves under it. And not only this, but, speaking generally of the higher department of the profession, a want of due acquaintance with the municipal law is not to be imputed to them. But still, speaking of the few as well as of the many, we should say they bear the traces of their imperfect education as lawyers—and in proportion as the alterations by the legislature and the general spirit of the age have weakened the feudalism, and blunted the narrow precision of the law, these traces naturally become more apparent; the consequences, too, become more serious—because, in proportion as we become more broad and liberal, we require judges and practitioners whose minds are prepared by training and study to regulate and systematize, on scientific principles, those broad and liberal views the tendency of which, unchecked, is to run into vague uncertainty. Bad as it is to hold too fast to narrow and technical rules, it is worse to have no rule at all:—nothing so tends to practical injustice as the spirit of bending the rule of decision in each case in order to reach the supposed justice of it:—we say supposed—for, after all, the most experienced know this, that in the greater proportion of cases those who decide are but imperfectly informed as to the real merits.

Some amendment is, therefore, very desirable in our legal education: and this must be not by the entire abandonment of the present system, but by the addition of lectures, public and private—not merely in municipal law, but in the civil and canon—as well as the law of Nations. We quite agree with Story, that public lectures alone will never make an accomplished lawyer; private lectures, small classes, and catechetical examinations are indispensable: and these lectures should not be, as the public, compositions or discourses by the professor—but some first-rate author should be read with the class at the time, and made the basis of them. Beyond these there must be general examinations
at

at stated periods, and probably honours bestowed. In all these respects we see very much to commend in the rules for the guidance of the Readers in the delivery of their public and private lectures, which have recently been printed by the Inns of Court—and we desire to bear our testimony to the readiness and liberality with which those bodies have answered the call made on them, and the great ability and discretion with which their measures have been framed. Still let it not be supposed that by lectures however good, examinations however searching, or reading however diligent, alone, great advocates can at once be made. Students should see and handle actual business in chambers—and after having traced it, ripening there to the issue in law or fact, they should follow it into Court, and attend the argument or the trial there. Students and young lawyers must sit in the Courts, if they wish to see what should be avoided or imitated, and familiarise themselves with the adroit management of a cause; in the quiet and apparently artless movements of great advocates they should learn to detect the real skill, to watch the results of an unlucky question or unexpected answer, and to mark how they are repaired.

Story, as a lecturer, seems to have been excellent; his style conversational, his matter sound, relieved by much apposite and amusing story-telling, his manner lively—the whole animated by his zealous concern in the topics handled and his affectionate anxiety for the advancement and well-doing of his pupils. To his lectures and examinations he added moot-courts, at which fictitious cases were argued before him. In these cases he took the greatest interest; he prepared them himself while at Washington or on his circuits with much thought, and, we dare say, with much pleasure, while a two or three days' argument dragged on before him. Twice a year he had jury trials, conducted by the students before a jury of undergraduates; he summing up and giving judgment with his usual care. We are not sure that we should recommend the adoption of these moot-courts in our own Inns of Court—certainly, we should dissuade any imitation of these mock jury trials. There is a mischief for young lawyers in too great facility and fluency of speaking, which more than counterbalances any good resulting from them; where there is real learning and ability, these, with care, will come soon enough; considering who they are that are the real arbiters between advocate and advocate, the less of these flashy advantages the better. We do not see how the jury trials could be managed so as to give really any training in the examination of witnesses; and this, after all, is the great test of a young barrister's skill in the real forum.

Before

Before we part from Story as a teacher, it is but justice to give our readers an extract from a letter to his son, written by the author of 'Two Years before the Mast':—

'His pupils in all parts of America, whatever may be their occupation or residence, will rise up as one man and call him blessed. He combined in a remarkable manner the two great faculties of creating enthusiasm in study and establishing relations of confidence and affection with his pupils. We felt that he was our father in the law—our elder brother—the patriarch of a common family.—We felt as if we were a privileged class—privileged to pursue the study of a great science, to practise in time in the cause and courts of justice before men, where success must follow labour and merit; where we had only to deserve and put forth the hand and pluck the fruit. The pettifogging, the chicanery of the law, were scandals or delusions or accidents of other times. The meanest spirit was elevated for the time, and the most sluggish and indifferent caught something of the fervour of the atmosphere which surrounded him. If he did not, it was a case in which inoculation would not take.

'You remember the importance that we attached to the argument of moot-court cases; yet no ambitious youth on his first appearance showed more interest in the causes than your father, who, as you know, had usually heard them argued before at Washington, or on his circuit, by the most eminent counsel. Saturday, you remember, is a *dies non juridicus* at Cambridge. To compel a recitation on Saturday afternoon among the undergraduates would have caused a rebellion. If a moot-court had been forced on the law-school, no one would have attended. At the close of a term there was one more case than there was an afternoon to hear it in, unless we took Saturday. The counsel were anxious to argue it, but unwilling to resort to that extreme measure. Your father said: "Gentlemen, the only time we can hear this case is Saturday afternoon; this is *dies non*, and no one is obliged to attend. I am to hold court in Boston till two o'clock; I will ride directly out, take a hasty dinner, and be here by half past three o'clock, and hear the case *if you are willing*." He looked round the school for a reply. We felt ashamed in our own business, where we were alone interested, to be outdone in zeal and labour by this aged and distinguished man, to whom the case was but child's play—a tale twice told—and who was himself pressed down by almost incredible labours. The proposal was unanimously accepted. Your father was on the spot at the hour; the school was never more full, and he sat until late in the evening, hardly a man leaving the room.

'Do you remember the scene that was always enacted on his return from his winter session at Washington? The school was the first place he visited, after his own fireside; his return, always looked for and known, filled the Library; his reception was that of a returned father; he shook all by the hand, even the most obscure and indifferent; and an hour or two was spent in the most exciting, instructive, and entertaining descriptions and anecdotes of the events of the term. Inquiries were

were put by students from different States, as to leading counsel or interesting causes from their section of the country; and he told us—as one would have described to a company of squires and pages a tournament of monarchs and nobles on fields of cloth of gold—how Webster spoke in this case, Legaré, or Clay, or Crittenden, General Jones, Choate or Spenser in that, with anecdotes of the cases and points, and “all the currents of the heady fight.”—ii. 319.

It is no wonder that the pupil-room of such a professor was crowded, but, as we have stated, more was required of him than merely oral teaching—he was to revise and publish his lectures; and, no sooner had he entered on his new function, than he set himself deliberately to work on this part of its duties. We do not know whether anything in his life and character is so astonishing as the industry which he displayed in this respect; loaded as he was with official engagements of his time, and adding to his occupations as he did by miscellaneous writings, contributions to Reviews, assistance on a large scale to brother-authors—all which, within our narrow limits, we have been compelled to pass over—he now began to pour forth in rapid succession the following works: Commentaries on the Law of Bailments, on the Constitution of the United States—followed by an abridgment for younger readers—on the Conflict of Laws, on Equity Jurisprudence, on Equity Pleadings, on the Law of Agency, on Partnership, on Bills of Exchange, on Promissory Notes. Of this long list on themes so varied, and some of them embracing so wide a range of inquiry, it would be too much to expect that all should be of equal merit; but we believe we do not overstate the opinion of the legal profession here when we say of the merely legal treatises that all are respectable—many of them constantly cited by English Judges with approbation and confidence; while of the two which treat of more extended or higher subjects—the Commentaries on the Constitution and on the Conflict of Laws—and which therefore invite a wider class of readers, the settled judgment of the most competent critics is entirely favourable. To an uninitiated reader it would be appalling to look only at the references in any page of the Conflict of Laws opened at hazard—to see the various works in how many languages to which he has had recourse. We know how deceptive a criterion this may often be; but though Story made many books, he was not, in a bad sense, a book-maker. But the Commentaries on the Constitution is a work of universal interest; whoever desires to trace the progress, to mark the workings, to speculate on the destinies of that most remarkable problem in the world's history, the Constitution of the United States, should give these volumes an attentive perusal; they

they are written in a most patriotic spirit, but calm, dispassionate, and unprejudiced—by one who loved England, and venerated ancient wisdom, and the literature and glories of bygone days—by one who did not merely see things through the medium of books, but had entered with ardour in his youth and manhood into the political conflicts of his countrymen, and taken an active and distinguished part in them ; and who, although he renounced politics in the narrow sense from the moment he ascended the bench, still retained, as his letters testify, the liveliest interest respecting all the great questions of the time ; one, lastly, whose very position as a judge, in the way we have before explained, made it a part of his duty to inform himself thoroughly in all the bearings and workings of the American Constitution.

We have hardly afforded our readers any specimen of Story's own writing ; they will not regret our selecting for them the concluding paragraphs of this treatise :—

‘ The slightest attention to the history of the national Constitution must satisfy every reflecting mind how many difficulties attended its formation and adoption, from real or imaginary differences of interest, sectional feelings, and local institutions. It is an attempt to create a National Sovereignty, and yet to preserve the State Sovereignty, though it is impossible to assign definite boundaries in every case to the powers of each. The disturbing causes, which more than once in the Convention were on the point of breaking up the Union, have since immeasurably increased in vigour. The very inequalities of a Government confessedly founded in compromise were then felt with a strong sensibility ; and every new source of discontent, whether accidental or permanent, has added to the painful sense of these inequalities. The North cannot but perceive that it has yielded to the South a superiority of representatives, already amounting to twenty-five beyond its due proportion ; and the South imagines that, with all this preponderance in representation, the other parts of the Union enjoy a more perfect protection of their interests than her own. The West feels her growing power and weight in the Union, and the Atlantic States begin to learn that the sceptre must one day depart from them. If, under these circumstances, the Union should once be broken up, it is impossible that a new Constitution should ever be formed embracing the whole territory. We shall be divided into several nations or confederacies, rivals in power and interest, too proud to brook injury, and too close to make retaliation distant or ineffectual. Our very animosities will, like those of all other kindred nations, become more deadly because our lineage, laws, and language are the same. Let the history of the Grecian and Italian republics warn us of our dangers. The National Constitution is our best and our only security. United, we stand—divided, we fall.

‘ If these Commentaries shall but inspire in the rising generation a
more

more ardent love of their country, an unquenchable thirst for liberty, and a profound reverence for the Constitution and the Union, then they will have accomplished all that their author ought to desire. Let the American youth never forget that they possess a noble inheritance, bought by the toils and sufferings and blood of their ancestors, and capable, if wisely improved and faithfully guarded, of transmitting to their latest posterity all the substantial blessings of life, the peaceful enjoyment of liberty, property, religion, and independence. The structure has been erected by architects of consummate skill and fidelity; its foundations are solid, its compartments are beautiful as well as useful, its arrangements are full of wisdom and order, and its defences are impregnable *from without*. It has been reared for immortality, if the work of men may justly aspire to such a title. It may nevertheless perish in an hour by the folly, or corruption, or negligence of its only keepers, the *People*. Republics are created by the virtue, public spirit, and intelligence of the citizens. They fall when the wise are banished from the public councils because they dare to be honest, and the profligate are rewarded because they flatter the people in order to betray them.'

Labours such as had long been habitual with Story began to tell even on his strong constitution. In November, 1842, he had a very serious illness, and was obliged to give up his attendance in Court for the session of that winter—the only occasion on which he was absent for the thirty-three years during which he held his office; he was also compelled to intermit his lectures; and though he recovered, it became clear to him that he must soon elect between the two offices, for both of which together his strength would be insufficient. He was not slow in deciding for the Lecture-room: the Bench was no longer what it had been to him; all the colleagues with whom he had commenced his judicial course had passed away—among them the great Chief with whom he had lived in the most entire sympathy of opinions, public and private, and on terms of mutual love and admiration; the new race treated him indeed with respect and regard, but they were of a different age; they did not sympathize with him in his constitutional opinions; differences occurred more frequently than he had been accustomed to, and, in numberless small particulars, more easily felt than described, his situation in the Supreme Court was less agreeable to him than it had been. On the death of Marshall he had been passed over, and not placed at the head of the Court, as he might reasonably think without due consideration of his great claims; and, though he made no complaint, not the less it may have operated on his feelings. On the other hand, the duties of the law school were of undiminished interest, and they did not involve the long periodical absences from home which

which of late, in the decline of health and vigour, had become more and more irksome.

Before he resigned, however, he determined to clear 'the docket of his Circuit Court,' that his successor might enter on his duties without any arrear. At the beginning of September, 1845, he had heard all the cases, and drawn up the judgment of the Court in all but one, which he had nearly completed. But this involved very severe and continuous labour in a very hot season; he took a slight cold, which was followed by more alarming symptoms—and, the relief from these leaving him under a hopeless general prostration of the bodily powers, in a very few days he died. He had anticipated this termination of the illness: he waited it with a calm expectation, was surrounded by an affectionate wife and family, and breathed his last in pious hope and in peace.

It need not be mentioned that the end of such a man in the United States was attended by demonstrations of regret and honour, public and private; addresses and orations, processions and meetings, were sure to be bestowed on his memory; but what his son justly dwells on with mournful pride, was the affectionate anxiety of friends and neighbours during his illness:—

'The alternations of his condition were the engrossing subjects of interest in Cambridge and Boston, and most touching instances of the affectionate feelings which his kindly nature had created were manifested among the townsfolk. Many of them thronged the gate, lingering round it, or returning from hour to hour, to learn the tidings of his health, and cautiously refraining from noise. Tears stood in the eyes of the roughest while they asked of him. All felt that they were about to lose a friend, or, as one of them expressed it to me, that a part of the sunlight of the town would pass away with him. Everywhere a cloud hung over the village, business stopped in the streets, and even over the busy stir of the city his illness seemed to cast a shadow.'—ii. 548.

Our sketch already covers more space than we had designed—but we feel that it would be very imperfect if we omitted some account of his personal habits, and some explanation how he accomplished so much; it was, at least, not by a slovenly discharge of his duties. Writing to Chancellor Kent, he says—

'I am sadly overworked, and yet I can scarcely avoid it; so important, so pressing, and so intricate are the cases flowing constantly in upon me. My health, however, is not broken down by the labour, although I live in constant dread that it may be. I know not how some judges get over or round their judicial duties; they are either much quicker and clearer and stronger than I am, or they are more easily satisfied by giving their first off-hand opinions. This I cannot do; I feel bound to do my best, and to examine and, as far as I may, exhaust

exhaust the learning of the books, before I venture on my judgments.'—ii. 469.

This was in 1844, when he had already received one warning.

His son, however, describes the daily course of his life at home, and in justice to the original part of this work, from which we have extracted little or nothing, we will give the passage:—

‘The secrets by which he was enabled to accomplish so much in so short a space of time, were systematic industry, variation of labour, and concentration of mind. He was never idle. He knew the value of those odds and ends of time which are so often thrown away. There was always something ready for the waste time to be expended upon. He varied his labour; never overworking himself on one subject—never straining his faculties too long in one direction. “*Le changement d’étude est toujours relâchement pour moi*,” said D’Aguesseau; and so my father found it. He never suffered himself to become nervous or excited in his studies—but the moment that one employment began to irritate him he abandoned it for another which should exercise different faculties. When he worked it was with his whole mind, and with a concentration of all his powers upon the subject in hand. Listlessness and half attention bring little to pass. What was worth doing at all he thought worth doing well.

‘He arose at seven in summer and at half-past seven in winter—never earlier. If breakfast was not ready, he went at once to his library and occupied the interval, whether it was five minutes or fifty, in writing. When the family assembled he was called and breakfasted with them. After breakfast he sat in the drawing-room and spent from a half to three quarters of an hour in reading the newspapers of the day. He then returned to his study, and wrote until the bell sounded for his lecture at the law-school. After lecturing for two and sometimes three hours he returned to his study, and worked until two o’clock, when he was called to dinner. To his dinner he gave an hour, and then again betook himself to his study, where in the winter time he worked as long as the daylight lasted, unless called away by a visitor, or obliged to attend a moot-court. Then he came down and joined the family—and work for the day was over. Tea came in about seven o’clock, and how lively and gay was he then, chatting over the most familiar topics of the day, or entering into deeper currents of conversation with equal ease! All of his law he left up stairs in the library—he was here the domestic man in his home. During the evening he received his friends, and he was rarely without company, but if alone he read some new publication of the day—the reviews, a novel, an English newspaper—sometimes corrected a proof-sheet, listened to music, or talked with the family, or what was very common, played a game of backgammon with my mother. This was the only game of the kind he liked—cards and chess he never played. In the summer afternoon he left his library towards twilight, and might always be seen by the passer-by sitting

sitting with his family under the portico, talking, or reading some light pamphlet or newspaper, often surrounded by his friends, and making the air ring with his gay laugh. This, with the interval occupied by tea, would last until nine o'clock. At about ten he retired for the night, never varying half an hour from that time.

‘His diet was exceedingly simple—not because he did not enjoy the luxuries of the table, not from asceticism or whim, but from necessity. Yet though debarred from them himself, he enjoyed the satisfaction which others derived from them with a peculiar gusto.

‘He had great bodily activity, and the energy shown in everything he did, expressed itself in his motions, which were sudden and impulsive. He walked very rapidly, taking short quick steps and never sauntering. The exercise he took was almost entirely incidental to his duties, and consisted in driving to Boston to hold his court or attend to other business, and in walking to and from the law school. In the summer he used to drive about the surrounding country in the late afternoon, and sometimes to stroll for half an hour in the garden. But *his real exercise was in talking*. Conversation was his gymnasium: and his earnestness and volubility of speech, and vivacious gesticulation, afforded the necessary stimulant to his system. Scarcely anything more rouses the internal organs to activity or gives more movement to the blood than talking or singing. To talk was natural and necessary to my father; but he was never more out of his element than when he set forth to take a walk for exercise, and he used to join in our laugh when we jested him upon it—admitting that he could not bring his mind to it seriously. Yet he never seemed to feel the want of it; and I am fully persuaded that the constant activity of his body and mind, and especially the excitement of conversation, stood him instead of the exercise which is necessary to taciturn and phlegmatic persons.’—ii. 152.

In reviewing the life of an American jurist of so much celebrity, an English journal ought not to pass over in silence his generous admiration and ardent love of England—they break out again and again in his correspondence and elsewhere; as he watched our proceedings both in the courts of justice and Parliament with intense interest, so it was among the highest objects of his ambition to have an English reputation; that his works should be known and cited as authority by English lawyers was very dear to him; he cultivated a friendly intercourse by letter with several of the English judges; at one time he had intended to visit us, and was so fully expected that Mr. Everett had announced his arrival for a certain day: and invitations had been sent for him from Lord Brougham and Lord Denman. His disappointment when compelled to give up the voyage was extreme; he was moved even to tears when he read of the kindly and distinguished companies who were prepared to greet him: ‘Would to God,’ said he, ‘that I could see Westminster Hall, and the Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament—

Parliament—a cluster of recollections belongs to them almost unexampled in the history of the world.’ In a letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge he speaks of England and America as ‘the admirable parent and advancing child;’ and, writing to Mr. Everett, he says, ‘I look upon England as the great European support of the cause of free government, and law, and order, and well-regulated liberty.’

These are feelings pleasant to record, honourable to him who entertains them, honourable as well as gratifying to those for whose country they are entertained. We are delighted to believe that they are not uncommon; nothing has appeared to us of late years more marked and unequivocal than the kindly and respectful feeling which the most distinguished Americans visiting this country express towards our institutions, our society, and our population; it is creditable to them that no unworthy jealousy restrains them from expressing this, and we think we may assure them that reciprocal feelings are spreading and strengthening among ourselves. England and the United States can afford to bestow love and honour on all that is lovely and honourable in each other. Great as they are, the world is wide enough for both; where there are so much activity and enterprise, such intimate intercourse, and so many points of contact, it cannot be but that questions will from time to time arise between them, and there will never be wanting selfish or inconsiderate spirits to blow the flame and make arrangement less easy; but wise governments will surely find the means of solving such questions with safety to the real dignity, advantage to the real interests of their people. In the truest sense, harmony between the two is the interest of both; it is also the condition on which depends the due discharge of their most honourable mission. For it should always be borne in mind that the common origin, the common language, the common law, and the common faith should bind both together in one common cause—the advancement of the happiness of mankind and the development of well-ordered freedom: and here the contest for precedence has this remarkable happiness attending it, that if it be indeed pre-eminently glorious to win the first honours of the race, to stand second is not inglorious. *Sunt et sua præmia victis.*

- ART. III.—1. *British Colonial Library—East India Company's Possessions.* By R. Montgomery Martin, F.R.S. 1844.
 2. *History of British India.* By Charles Mac Farlane. 1852.
 3. *Modern India and its Government.* By George Campbell, Bengal Civil Service. 1852.
 4. *Remarks on the Affairs of India.* By The Friend of India. London. 1852.

WE are so familiar with the connexion between Britain and India, that we are apt to overlook the wonderful political and social phenomenon which that connexion presents. Whether we regard our Indian Empire in its origin, progress, or actual extent, there is no analogous fact in the History of the World. A region including — according to Mr. Campbell, (p. 231) — 626,176 square miles, with a population of 101,062,916, has been gradually acquired and administered by a company of English merchants, without imposing any charge on the national treasury. Until some twenty years ago, when the commercial functions of the Company were suspended by Act of Parliament, the costs had been defrayed from the profits of the India and China trade, and from the territorial revenues of India; but since 1833 the whole charge of the connexion with this country has been borne by India.

During the period that embraces the commercial and territorial advance of the Company, England gained extensive possessions in other parts of Asia, and in America, by means of colonization and conquest, pursued and achieved through the direct agency of the Crown and Parliament. What has been the result? Within the years in question she lost by her own mismanagement provinces in North America that now form one of the greatest States in the civilized world. The maintenance, if not the acquisition, of those territories had always been attended with heavy charges on the National Treasury, and their abandonment was preceded by a long war, which has left a permanent burthen on the mother-country. This chapter of her history, it is true, affords no other case of such signal and complete disaster:—but as a whole, the upshot is, that our administration of colonial dependencies had, in spite of many warnings, continued to exhibit folly and feebleness as its main characteristic—until at last, under the severest pressure of alarm, the principle of *self-government* was adopted, as the only means of protecting the National Treasury from intolerable charges, and yet avoiding—or deferring—a total breach with the outlying communities of our own blood.

This comparison is no doubt favourable to the system of Indian Government, home and local. Here we find, even now,
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no active elements of separation ; there has been no strain on the hawser that keeps India in the wake of England ; and, although the form and rigging of these imperial vessels be different, the conjoint progress has been steady and uninterrupted.

The commercial monopoly of the Company was necessarily opposed to the free admission of European colonists ; for, advanced as the natives were, such colonists could only have been agents for importation and exportation, and the Company very naturally reserved the agencies to its own servants. The population of India was not composed of shepherds and hunters ; the soil was assiduously cultivated in minute subdivisions, and the native sovereigns derived their principal revenue, as the British Government does still, from a large share of the produce. In the numerous and crowded cities were to be found bankers and merchants possessing great capital ; nor were there wanting manufactures upon which that capital could be advantageously employed, whether for domestic consumption or for exportation. The only obstacle to the development of the agricultural wealth and the commerce of India was, in fact, the administrative decomposition of the native governments. There was, consequently, no necessity nor space for colonization ; there was indeed a large opening for increased production and for foreign trade, and had India been free from civil war and under a settled government, there was no reason why the commercial intercourse with England should not have been as disconnected with territorial dominion as that with China has hitherto been. In process of time, the insecurity of person and property within the English factories led to the erection of forts, and the defence of forts required disciplined troops : still there was no colonization, for the reasons against it subsisted in full force ; and although the commercial agency was gradually merged in the necessity of military occupation and political government, the number of Europeans employed did not exhibit an increase at all proportionate to our successive additions of territory. The Greeks under Alexander, and the Persians under Nadir Shah, successfully invaded India, but made no permanent settlements. The Tartars and Afghans, on the contrary, at periods distant from each other, not merely overran and subdued the peninsula, but established there an empire almost coextensive with that now subject to Britain. In both cases the intruders were sufficiently numerous to overawe the Hindoos, and to occupy large portions of the country, where to this day their descendants, of mixed races, constitute no inconsiderable part of the population. In a word, those Mahomedan hosts had come with the firm intention of remaining :—but the English, strange to say, have never entertained such a design.

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Civil servants, military officers, merchants, mechanics, go there now, as they did in the earliest days of intercourse, with the purpose of returning to Europe as soon as their pecuniary necessities or requirements are satisfied. Their number has never reached 50,000 ; at present it includes 31,000 soldiers, exclusive of commissioned officers :—the latter, together with civil servants, may amount to 7000.

Many writers still dispute whether this system of continual immigration without settlement has, on the whole, been advantageous to the security of our empire? We, however, are not among the adverse critics of a system from which, in the first place, it has arisen that the British master caste has never degenerated : while another result equally merits reflection—namely, that as we have but slightly interfered with the occupation of the soil, the natives, undisturbed upon the fields of their fathers, have been more tolerant of the dominion of strangers. Our rule has already exceeded in duration that of dynasties, and yet the fluctuating instrumentality seems to take from it the character of permanency, and thereby diminishes jealousy. The people of India look at it as the peasant at the stream :—

Rusticis expectat dum defluat amnis : at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

The history of the Company, and of the progress of the British dominion, is, however, so generally known, that we need not enter more largely on the subject. It is sufficient that we recommend to such as lack information the neat summary of events by Mr. Macfarlane, and the comprehensive view of statistics by Mr. Martin. From the volume entitled ‘Modern India and its Government,’ for which the public is much indebted to Mr. Campbell of the Bengal civil service, we shall have to make various citations as we proceed.

This able writer says :—

‘The year 1720 is the date from which the governments now existing in India may be most conveniently traced. It was our fortune that the Mahomedan and Hindoo powers broke their forces against one another ; for when the Mahrattas had broken the Moghuls, and the Afghans had again broken the Mahrattas, there was among the natives of India somewhat of a *balance of power*.’—p. 113.

We should rather say an absence of all concentrated power and regular government. But in the same year, 1720, as he goes on to say :—

‘The French also appeared in India—and a private French company established themselves for trade at stations near Madras and Calcutta.
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For trade they showed little aptitude; but in politics they found a field much more suited to their genius; and though much more recently established, and with greatly inferior resources, they first led the way in brilliant political success, and, had their efforts been backed by the same resources, and by the same support from the mother country, it seems highly probable that they and not we might have been the present masters of India.'

We believe that the existence of our present empire in India is to be traced to the successes of Lord Clive in Bengal. We from that period made the productive provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa the base of our military operations, as they were the support of our finances. We found there a population industrious but unwarlike, and we had to contend against weak, debauched, and at the same time tyrannical native princes. We probably never should have been able to force our way to empire either from the South or the West; and it was therefore from the North-Eastern coast that we directed our advance to the Mahomedan capital of India.

Our next extract will indicate much of the author's opinions and purposes:—

'We have then at last reached the limit, and become supreme in India. We have seen how and with what obligations we acquired our present territory. We have noted the origin of the native States, and may judge how far they are in the possession of nationalities, how far they have any right better than those who may conquer and succeed them.—It appears that hardly one of the native princes had so ancient and legitimate an origin as ourselves; that many of them were in fact established by us—and especially that many of those nominal princes who draw the largest political stipends from our treasuries are not ancient, national, or rightful rulers, but mere creatures of our peculiar policy.'—*Campbell*, pp. 148, 149.

There is truth in this description, but the statements are too general and the conclusions too absolute. No doubt, if we assume the Emperor of Delhi to have been the sole rightful sovereign of India, the Nabobs of the Carnatic, the Chiefs of Mysore, the Nizams of the Deccan, the Viziers of Oude, the Nabobs of Bengal, and the Mahratta Chiefs had no more right to independent sway than the Christian merchants who subdued them. But we are precluded from the absolute application of this description by the fact, that we have throughout our progress of conquest dealt with these usurping and rebel chieftains as if they were legitimate rulers; and while the East India Company was officially styled the 'slave' of the Emperor of Delhi, that 'slave' did not hesitate to accept the cession of large territories in entire sovereignty from other imperial vassals, who had no authority to confer it.

We derive our title from the sword, but it is undeniable that our conquering sword has almost invariably been forced from the scabbard either by hostile intrigues, or by the positive aggression of the native princes, who, on their part, it must be confessed, followed a very natural course. They could never shake off the feeling that our continuance in India as sovereigns of any considerable part of it was incompatible with their independence; and no wonder—for it is indeed as inevitable that barbarian states must succumb in the contiguity of regular governments, as it is for hunter-tribes to be gradually extinguished by the proximity of civilized and agricultural immigrants.

We now come to the latest and perhaps the most important of these publications—a skilful and condensed argument, by, as we understand, a gentleman who lately held the high position of Member of Council at Madras, against the whole system of our Indian administration, at home and abroad. Such a production, published at such a moment by such a person, must attract many readers, and seems to demand our best attention.

This ‘Friend of India,’ in his opening pages, says ‘*it is the interest*’ of his own countrymen in the East, ‘*of all classes,—*

‘that establishments should be kept at the maximum; that as large a revenue as possible should be drawn from India; that our territory should be extended to its utmost limits, in order that the field for the employment of Europeans should be co-extensively enlarged. It is the interest of the native millions, on the other hand, that the Government of India should be administered with the greatest economy, that the smallest amount of revenue should be drawn from their pockets, that our territory should be rather abridged than extended, because the extension of territory is the creation of a field of employment and emolument for Europeans at the expense of the natives.’—p. 3.

‘If India is hereafter to be governed for her own sake, we shall require to make some change in our arrangements; but if it is still to be treated as no other than a carcase for a certain number of English to prey upon, to be considered as a patronage preserve for a President of the Board of Control and twenty-four East India Directors, then we need no change, for the existing system is admirably adapted for that object.’*—p. 7.

If the foregoing allegations were supported by facts, it is not *some change* in our arrangements that should be made, but an entire change, if not the abandonment of India altogether by Great Britain. The system of administration would not merely

* In M. Thiers’s book on the Consulate and the Empire there is the following passage:—‘India, in fact, under the sceptre of England, is only a conquest ruined by the progress of European industry, and made use of to support some officers, some clerks, and some magistrates belonging to the metropolis.’ It will be, no doubt, gratifying to ‘The Friend of India’ to find this agreement in opinion between himself and so sincere a ‘Friend of England.’

be what it is called in a subsequent paragraph, a 'great sham,' but a monstrous wrong, sufficient to consign the perpetrators to eternal infamy. Can the author, with an utter forgetfulness of the despatches from the Court of Directors which he has himself read—which he was bound officially to act upon—and which enjoined reduction of posts and salaries, and the strictest economy in every branch of the administration—persist in affirming that the governing bodies at home encourage wasteful expenditure—including even the frequent creation of utterly needless places—for the benefit of the Company's servants, civil and military? As to the actual scale of official emoluments in the author's own walk, may we venture to ask whether he considers himself to have been extravagantly paid?—does he feel that the competency which he has acquired was not well earned by thirty years of zealous and laborious service? We will go even further, and ask whether he believes that the important duties intrusted to him in the highest offices of revenue administration would have been as well and as uprightly performed by native officers, who, we readily admit, would have thought themselves well off with much lower salaries?

He tells us—•

'The Slave kings ruled a mighty empire. About the year 1300 Alaodeen completed the conquest of the Deccan, and he and his successor, Mahommed Toglak, appear to have been emperors of all India, the Hindoo chiefs of the south being at least tributary. Their empire was great and prosperous, and there yet remain great public works to testify their magnificence and munificence.'—*ib.* p. 14.

A similar description applies to India under the reign of Akbar and his immediate successors, that is, during a period of 150 years, employed by them in extending their rule over the whole of India. Why, then, we ask, should our intelligent native subjects, reasoning from these historical epochs, deplore the extension of the British territories? Where objections to this extension exist, it is not from any fear—far less experience—of misgovernment or extravagant expenditure, but because of the inevitable substitution of European for native agency in many departments: it is not, accordingly, from the inhabitants of our old dominions that the murmur of discontent is heard—the feeling exists only among the official class in the new acquisition. It is quite true that, as extension of empire has been the consequence of success in war, great expense has been incurred in the first instance; but, as the territory acquired has brought large increases of revenue, no augmented burthen has really fallen upon our earlier possessions; the public debt has been increased, but so have the funds for the payment of it,

The author indignantly demands (p. 7), 'Shall we then continue to legislate sordidly and hypocritically for class and caste objects, or shall we begin to legislate for humane and national objects?' Parliament, it is to be hoped, will continue to legislate for the maintenance of the British rule, which implies a sedulous anxiety for the security of life and property among 100 millions of British subjects, and every possible exertion for the development of the resources furnished by a fertile soil to an industrious population. But—however 'The Friend of India' may vituperate our bigotry—we make bold to add that it is impossible for us to retain India without what he calls caste legislation by a British Parliament. The English are the master caste in India, and we cannot weaken this position without incurring the risk of losing it altogether. The Home Administration of our Indian empire, in whatever hands it may be placed—whether divided, as at present, between two executive bodies, or confined to one—must be exclusively European; even the 'Friend' indeed does not propose that the Board of Control and the Court of Directors should have a large infusion of Asiatic blood. With respect to his recommendation of a much more extensive employment of natives in the civil administration of our Eastern dominion itself, we may observe that even at present, according to what seems a fair calculation, 97 per cent. of the business is done by them, leaving 3 per cent. to European agency. We should, however, feel more distrust than we actually do in differing from such great authorities as the 'Friend' quotes in support of his view on this subject, were we not convinced that their arguments, if admitted, must lead directly to the conclusion that the civil administration of the country, except in a very few high offices, should be given up to the natives: a conclusion as much opposed, in the present condition of the Indian people, to good government as to British supremacy.

Sir Thomas Munro, it seems, has written thus:—

'It certainly would be more desirable that we should be expelled from the country altogether than that the result of our system of government should be such an abasement of a whole people. If we make a summary comparison of the advantages and disadvantages which have occurred to the natives from our government, the result, I fear, will hardly be as much in its favour as it ought to have been. They are more secure from the calamities both of foreign war and internal commotions; their persons and property are more secure from violence; they cannot be wantonly punished, or their property seized, by persons in power; and their taxation is on the whole lighter. But, on the other hand, they have no share in making laws for themselves, little in administering them, except in very subordinate offices; they can rise to no high station, civil or military: they are everywhere regarded

regarded as an inferior race, and often rather as vassals or servants than as the ancient owners and masters of the country.'

We willingly accept the description given by Sir Thomas Munro of the advantages that have accrued to the people of India from our government, and perhaps the majority of readers will think with us that in them are comprised the most essential objects of all government. Under the old princes the *people* had no share in making laws for themselves : our native subjects have not, therefore, been losers in that respect ; and as the laws are, by Sir Thomas Munro's own admission, better administered by us than they were before, the people at large have no reason to regret the change of agency. The native sovereigns were certainly the ancient masters and considered themselves the owners of the country, but we do not really see by what process, short of leaving India altogether, we can replace them in that paramount situation. Although the actual Government is unavoidably absolute in its form, the great interests of society are guarded by laws that are regularly and impartially administered ; there is neither tyranny nor caprice, for the spirit of British justice has passed over the waters, and is scarcely less prevailing at Calcutta than in London.

Lord Metcalfe is also quoted ; and Mr. Elphinstone has said—

'Men who, under a native government, would have held the first dignities of the State—who, but for us, might have been governors of provinces,—are regarded as menial servants, are often no better paid, and scarcely permitted to sit in our presence.'

The venerated person here appealed to can hardly on this point be accepted for a sufficient witness as regards the present practice : we believe, on the contrary, that no civil or military officer would now treat a native of high rank and ancient family as a menial servant, but would naturally, were it only with a view to his own interest, follow the example given by the English representatives of sovereign power in their behaviour to native noblemen and gentlemen. The passages adduced by 'The Friend of India,' from Munro, Metcalfe, and Elphinstone, reflect the chivalrous generosity of the writers, who, brought into official and social intercourse with the immediate representatives of houses recently powerful, were disposed to feel that the superior stations which they themselves held partook of the nature of an usurpation ; and thus the exigencies of a changed policy and of altered circumstances were overlooked in sympathy for reverse of fortune. But we remain assured that all these enlightened administrators would, in practice, on any occasion when an European officer, civil or military, was conversant with the language in which im-
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portant business was to be transacted, have preferred *him* to any native as the depositary of confidence ; nor would this preference have depended merely upon comparative probity, but upon the conviction of superior fitness.

Has history preserved the names of any eminent and virtuous native statesmen, in the service of the Nabobs of Bengal, of the Carnatic, and of the Soobahdars of the Deccan, when we first came into contact with them ? Had the chiefs or their ministers so acted as to acquire the affections of the people ? Were their cazees, pundits, and officers of revenue more efficient and honest than the well-educated English gentlemen by whom the laws are now administered and the revenues collected ? On the contrary, was not the whole internal government, from the prince to the lowest public servant, stained with corruption, oppression, and profligacy ?

The late Runjeet Singh, the old Lion of Lahore, may be taken as a fair specimen of a native prince. He governed his dominions with energy and vigilance, and there was ample scope under his sceptre for the display of those great talents for administration that are attributed to the natives of India while as yet undebased by habitual subordination to Europeans. Let us consider, for one example, Dhyan Singh, Prime Minister to the Maha-rajah. On the accession of Khurruck Singh to the throne he was dismissed from his office, and what was the conduct of the Sikh statesman ? ‘The dismissed’ Vizier lost his habitual moderation ; he entered the Durbar, and slew the new Prime Minister before his master’s eyes ; the treasurer and some others shared the same fate.’ (*Mac Furlane*, p. 581.) Dhyan Singh fell afterwards by the hands of the mutinous soldiery. Is this the description of man that would have been deserving of high office under a civilized government ? A Member of Council of that temperament would, no doubt, be a very useful and agreeable colleague for an English Governor-General ! Such of our readers as are the least conversant even with the most recent events in India will be aware that we might multiply illustrations of the same stamp, *usque ad nauseam*. We utterly deny the debasement of the natives under the British Government. That under our power and influence they have already been both morally and intellectually improved is our firm belief—though we do not believe that, putting aside imperative considerations of policy, they are as yet fit for the higher offices of administration.

As regards the departments with which another of our authors must be best acquainted, let us request attention to the following passage :—

‘It is, I think, a remarkable distinction between the manners of the natives

natives and ours, and one which affects our dealings with them, that there does not exist that difference between the higher and lower classes, the distinction, in fact, of a gentleman. The lower class are to the full as good and as intelligent as with us ; indeed, they are much more versed in the affairs of life, plead their causes better, make more intelligent witnesses, and have many virtues : but these good qualities are not in the same proportion in the higher classes ; they cannot bear prosperity ; it causes them to degenerate, especially if born to greatness. The only efficient men, with of course a few exceptions, are those who have risen to greatness. The lowest of the people, if fate raised him to be an Emperor, makes himself at home in his new situation, and shows an aptitude of manner and conduct unknown to Europeans similarly situated. But his son is altogether degenerate ; hence the impossibility of adapting to anything useful most of the higher classes found by us, and for all fresh requirements it is necessary to create a fresh class.'—*Campbell*, p. 63.

We have already stated the common calculation, that 97 per cent. of the civil business is actually transacted by natives : we must add our conviction that, if this be the case, the individuals so employed belong, with few exceptions, to a class that has grown up under English superintendence and instruction.

Our Government, as locally administered in India, has gradually raised the standard of qualification amongst the European public servants. The knowledge of the vernacular languages has rendered them, as a body, independent of native assistance in the duty of superintendence, while well-directed vigilance has checked the natives holding subordinate posts in their tendencies to corruption and oppression. The lower courts of justice may be safely intrusted to the Presidency of native judges as long as an immediate appeal can be made, and an immediate inquiry into complaints of wrong inflicted can be obtained from an European gentleman—but no longer ; nor is strict superintendence less indispensable in the affairs of the revenue, to be collected chiefly in many parts from cultivators who possess little capital beyond their cattle and implements, and often require abatements to meet the vicissitudes of the climate. To satisfy such exigencies great discretion must be allowed to those with whom the final decision rests. We recommend an attentive perusal of the description given by Mr. Campbell in his sixth chapter of the duties performed by the civil servants in the judicial and revenue departments, and we think most who do study it will come to the conclusion that the European gentlemen so employed, instead of being numerous beyond just demands, are too few for the weight and variety of the tasks imposed upon them.

The 'Friend of India,' while he extols the Mahomedan emperors for the confidence reposed by them in their Hindoo subjects as governors

governors of provinces and commanders of armies, does not push his recommendation of their practice as respects the latter class of trust. Military command, he well knows, must be reserved to European skill and energy, and he is even compelled to admit that we could not exclusively rely upon the courage and fidelity of an Asiatic soldiery. Perhaps, indeed, no man who has spent half of thirty years in India would venture to dispute these points. In war the native troops must be led by the example of English gentlemen, and in peace they must be held in obedience by the presence and undoubted devotion of English battalions. The Mahomedan soldiery did not hesitate to obey a Hindoo general; they were both children of the same soil, and did not differ essentially in physical or moral qualities; but no European would submit to the command of an Indian, and it has therefore been found impossible to give native commissioned officers authority over English non-commissioned officers and privates. In the early times the number of European officers in native regiments was much smaller than at present, and yet good service was rendered by them. But, nevertheless, we believe there is no military authority who would recommend that the increased proportion of our own countrymen now attached to every corps should be diminished. On the contrary, all such authorities are well aware that great inconvenience has been felt on service in the field, and even during peace, from the paucity of European officers. Our native army has necessarily increased with the extension of our dominions; and as we have strode on towards uninterrupted territorial empire, a cautious and long-sighted policy has dictated the augmentation of European superintendence in the native regiments; and we believe that in accordance with the same policy it would be desirable to increase the proportion of European regiments also.—Assuming, however, that no great change can be made in the system of the native army without danger to discipline, and admitting at the same time that our empire there mainly depends upon the good feeling and steadiness of that army, we will ask those who recommend that the highest civil offices should be open to natives, whether it is likely that our native soldiers, seeing their fellow-countrymen raised in one career, would continue to acquiesce in their own exclusion from all the higher professional functions? Is the soldier to be the Helot and the penman the Citizen? Under the present system the command in both branches of the service rests with the master caste, the sojourning European; and the various Asiatic castes will be satisfied with their condition until they are stimulated into a conflict, first for equality, and next for superiority in military as well as civil position, by the

the declamatory statements of possibly sincere, but, at all events, of irresponsible philanthropy.

The 'Friend of India' complains grievously that clause 87 in the Act of 1833 has remained a dead letter. It declared

'That no native of the said territories, nor any natural-born subject of her Majesty resident therein, shall, by reason only of his religion, place of birth, descent, colour, or any of them, be disabled from holding any place, office, or employment, under the said company.'—

But whatever the 'Friend' may think, we have no sort of belief that the framers of this clause intended to alter materially the existing system of nomination from England to the civil service; in fact, a directly contrary inference may be drawn from the enactments respecting the number of persons to be nominated to that service, and the regulations of the College of Haileybury. The sole real object of the clause was to give the local governments a greater latitude in the choice of their humbler instruments—taking away, *pro tanto*, the exclusive eligibility of the covenanted servants of the Company. It would, in practice, be scarcely less difficult to mix Europeans and natives on an equal footing in the civil than in the military service. The former would feel degraded even more than the latter would feel elevated. If the employment of the natives in civil offices is to be extended, it can only be as colleagues to functionaries of the master-caste. In Courts of Appeal and at Boards of Revenue their local knowledge might be useful, while the effects of prejudice and risks of corruption might, perhaps, be nullified by the presence of English colleagues. We have, however, already stated our general objections to any serious alteration in the distribution of administrative authority, and we will not, therefore, stop to discuss the details of any measure directed to that purpose.

Of late years public opinion in England has, on one important point of Indian administration, undergone a very great change. We allude to the relations between the British Government and the Native States. Few are now found to raise their voices in favour of the treaty-rights of those native princes who stand to us in the relation of allies: a sweeping charge of mismanagement is preferred against them:—we are, it is said, responsible for the welfare of all India, and, as the paramount State, should on no account allow any of her population to be oppressed by rulers whose existence depends on our protection.

We fear but few of our readers would accompany us through a full examination of the system of subsidiary alliances established by Lord Wellesley: we must content ourselves with expressing our belief that, if it had been administered in its original spirit, the allied princes might have continued to govern
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at home as well as they had done before, although their external relations would have been under control; but the fact is, that there has been at times too much interference with the internal affairs of such States, and on other occasions too little. Too much has depended on the personal character of the British Resident at the native Court. Lord Wellesley intended that officer to have been the *amicus curiæ* of the Prince, and not the Proconsul of the Province; but, besides other obvious temptations, the part of Proconsul was much the easiest to play.

There can be no difficulty in admitting that the absence of all relations with foreign powers took away one great legitimate interest from the functions of sovereignty; while at the same time the security afforded by British protection from the consequences of internal revolt may have increased that indifference to the feelings of the people which is a very general defect with Asiatic rulers; but we are most reluctantly compelled to add the confession, that there seems to have been little hesitation about straining the language of the subsidiary treaties to our own ends. As we have already said, the extremity of war has generally been forced upon us by the perfidy and folly of native princes, and in *annexing* portions of their dominions we have only exercised the just rights of the victor; but treaties concluded with them ought to have been interpreted in their favour, and not litigiously used as titles for confiscation or further encroachment. One remarkable case is the assumption of the Mysore territory upon the flimsy pretext that a defective revenue-administration had endangered the regularity of the annual payments due to the British Government. The same fate probably awaits the King of Oude and the Nizam, and we regret to think that neither of these princes, with whom we have concluded treaties in their capacity of independent sovereigns, would, if hardly used, find any effective sympathy in Parliament. The deposition of the young Rajah of Lahore, a minor, the ward of the British Government, and not even suspected of any act of disaffection towards it, has been justified upon the plea of political necessity. We are inclined not only to question very much the alleged necessity in that case, but, in general, to reject the policy of deposing the native princes. Their existence as the administrators of their remaining territories does not endanger our supremacy; on the contrary, by presenting the tranquil prosperity of our provinces in contrast with the daily experience of those under native rule, the attachment of our subjects is confirmed, and a certain feeling of pride from belonging to a great and well-governed state is generated in their minds. We have to add another not perhaps unimportant consideration. The condition of our sepoy is, as
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to pay and personal treatment, greatly superior to what it would be in the army of any Hindoo or Mussulman prince, and, moreover, he certainly does look down upon all other military service—because such could only be found among the vanquished, while the banner over his own head is that of the conqueror. Good pay and the *esprit de corps* are the surest guarantees for military fidelity; the first might be kept up—but could we answer for the continuance of the other influence where there were no troops of native powers to form a standard of comparison?

Many doubt—and we confess to be of that number—whether the extension of our direct dominion beyond the Sutlege has added to our security. We have now in immediate contact with our frontier the Afghans, a warlike, marauding, and treacherous race, backed by populations of a similar character, with whom we can maintain no lasting relations of amity. Judging from the course of recent events, and from the policy as much suggested from home as conceived in India, we apprehend future wars and further extension of territory; but sure we are, that if we are to engage in regular war, directed to the destruction of all semi-barbarous states on our frontier that give us just cause for arming against them, we can never be at peace; even an empire extending from the Indus to the Oxus would not secure it. We must protect our own subjects and chastise plunderers, whether they appear in bands or armies, but we ought to rest satisfied with driving them back within their proper bounds, and not advance our own.

The two regulating statutes of 1813 and 1833, by taking away the commercial privileges of the Company and restricting that body to the territorial government of India, have given all requisite facilities for the employment of British capital and industry in developing the productive resources of the country; and it cannot be said that the well-administered, though absolute, Government existing there presents an obstacle. There is indeed no Legislative Assembly at Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay to vote the annual taxes and to control the Executive; but the local authorities are responsible to the Imperial Parliament, and no wrong can be inflicted that is beyond the ready means of redress. We are not, therefore, disposed to think that the condition of home-born British subjects, not in the civil and military service of the Company, requires any further legislative enactment.

The 39th clause of the Act of 1833 declares—

‘That the superintendence, direction, and control of the whole civil and military government of all the said territories and revenues in India shall be and is hereby vested in a Governor-General and Counsellors, to be styled *the Governor-General of India in Council*.’

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The Governor-General's Council consists of four ordinary members • three taken from the East India Company's service, and a fourth from the legal profession in England, who, however, is only summoned to attend on deliberations for making laws and regulations. The Commander-in-chief in India, or in the Bengal Presidency alone, is *ex officio* an *extraordinary* member of Council. It was clearly the intention of the Legislature that these great powers should be exercised by the Governor-General *sitting in Council*, and assisted by the members of that Council. The authority given by the 49th clause to the Governor-General to act upon his own responsibility in opposition to the Council, and the further licence given him by the 70th clause to visit any part of India unaccompanied by any member of Council, when such visit should be deemed expedient by *the Governor-General in Council*, were legalized exceptions to the general practice; but, of late years, the absence of the Governor-General from the capital and from the Council-board has been more usual than his presence there: and thus the only Councillors actually near him have been the Secretaries to Government, irresponsible for their counsel, and too subordinate in office to give effect to or to record any difference of opinion on their parts. The excuse—we will not employ the invidious term pretext—has been, within the last few years, the Afghan, Marhatta, and Sikh wars; but the practice had begun to prevail during peace; for the European climate of Simla is indeed a powerful attraction, and perhaps it would have been too much to expect either that Governor-Generals, especially if married men, should resist it firmly, or that Members of Council, ordinary or extraordinary, should refuse their consent to the health-fraught retreats of their noble presidents. The visits of those personages to distant parts of the empire, when the journeys are by land, bring no trifling charge upon the treasury; and we believe that the necessity for such expeditions must be of very rare occurrence: indeed, we might almost say that the only real exigency is when the offices of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief are united in the same person. An appearance of the direct representative of the Crown at one of the minor presidencies may indeed again, as before, be found useful; but there is little likelihood that this plea will be hastily made use of.

One instance will indeed recur to every memory, when the Governor-General's absence from the seat of Government was of incalculable advantage; but Lord Hardinge's services on the great days of Moodkee, Feerozeshah, and Soobraon were those of an accomplished general, and not of the head of the Supreme Government

Government of India. We admire the chivalrous spirit that carried Lord Ellenborough to the battle of Maharajpoor; but the noble Earl might have settled the future relations of Gwalior to the British Government from his council-chamber at Calcutta quite as well as at the head-quarters of the army. Let it be borne in mind that Lord Wellesley was seldom absent from the capital during his eventful administration—distinguished as it was for the triumphant conduct of wars that involved the very existence of our Indian empire.

Mr. Campbell, writing with the reserve that belongs to a member of the civil service, tells us :—

‘ All recent Governors-General have been more away from than with their Councils, because all the most important transactions have for a long time been those of Northern India, very far removed from Calcutta, and the *climate of the northern hills* is much more favourable to European life, energy, and efficiency than that of the plains of Bengal. The Governor-General, therefore, marches about (wherever he is most needed) in the cold weather, and spends the hot season at Simlah, in the Himalaya. About seven out of the last ten years have been thus spent, and the remaining three at Calcutta. From this frequent separation, the Governor-General becomes practically the whole executive Government, and the Council but his legislative advisers and assistants in matters of detail.’—p. 218.

Assuming this description to be correct, 38,400*l.*, the amount of salaries paid to the ordinary members of Council, must be considered a very extravagant expenditure for such partial assistance as they have of late given in the business of Government; but let the blame rest on the right shoulders—the vast powers delegated by the Crown and Parliament to the Governor-General are intrusted to the Governor-General *in Council*, and not to a perambulating Viceroy. In our humble opinion, in short, the existing practice is a great abuse, and ought to be put an end to without delay.

In various respects, no doubt, the extension of our territories towards the north may have rendered Calcutta an inconvenient place for the seat of the Supreme Government, and one of the old residencies of the Moghul empire, Delhi or Agra, might be considered preferable; on the other hand, there are many objections, financial and political, to a removal from Calcutta; and as the absence of the Governor-General ought to be a very rare occurrence, that of itself does not present a sufficient reason for the change of capital. At all events, if the Governor-General move to the far north, let some members of the Supreme Council accompany him; the additional expense, as those high functionaries

tionaries have no staff attached to them and would require only their personal servants, must be trifling, and would be amply compensated by the fulfilment of the intentions of Parliament. Whether is it of most expediency that great questions, involving the commencement of war and the conclusion of peace, should be determined with the assistance of responsible counsellors—gentlemen meant and chosen to be the regular assessors of the Civil Chief of British India—or that they should only be employed on the internal administration of the southern provinces of the Bengal Presidency, where all is order and prosperity?

We cannot see that any advantage arises from confining the functions of the legal member of the Supreme Council to questions of legislation—for, assuming that a proper selection for the office be made by the home authorities from the legal profession, there can be no doubt that the salary is such as to procure men fully qualified to act, not only as lawyers, but as generally efficient members of the Indian Cabinet.

A Law Commission was created by the 53rd clause of the Act of 1833. At the head of it was placed the then newly appointed legal Member of Council, Mr. Macaulay, and there was therefore every ground for expecting that within a few years codes of law, civil, criminal, and commercial, for British India, would be ably compiled. It is however the melancholy fact that this task remains unexecuted. We find it very difficult to account for the failure. The work was not one demanding any very strenuous exertion of great faculties. The grand desideratum was the authoritative announcement of such a body of laws as might be applicable to the whole of our Indian territory, producing uniformity of administration, and restricting to the utmost the influence of caprice or crotchet on the part of individual functionaries. It was necessary to consolidate the laws and regulations of the East India Company, which constitute a system of administration judicial and fiscal. As respects the ordinary relations of social life—under the advice of Mahomedan and Hindoo lawyers codes of Mahomedan and Hindoo law might have been compiled and declared to be the laws of British India; and the commercial code, to be in like manner framed and declared, need not have differed materially from that regulating mercantile transactions in other parts of our Sovereign's dominions. An uninterrupted application of five years would have been sufficient for all that either the English or the Anglo-Indian public required or expected; and we heartily wish that the title of Law-giver had been added to Mr. Macaulay's many claims upon the respect and admiration of his contemporaries.

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In the Law Commission, as originally constituted, two members were named from the Madras and Bombay presidencies; it would, in our opinion, be desirable that a similar practice should obtain in the composition of the Supreme Council; for as all legislative and financial powers are vested in that body, immediate and correct information as to the interests and condition of our southern and western territories are as necessary at the Council Board as similar knowledge respecting those comprised in the Bengal presidency. Moreover, there is much injustice in confining these and other great prizes of official life to the Bengal Civil Service. The sole and direct superintendence of the political department is very properly attributed to the Governor-General, but it is his duty to look for persons qualified for usefulness in that department to the general service, and not exclusively to the section in his immediate neighbourhood.

While we admit that it would be most unwise to restrict the Governor-General in his choice of diplomatic agents to the civil service, it cannot be denied that civilians have *primâ facie* a preferable claim to such offices; of late, however, there has been a strong disposition to choose young military men almost to the exclusion of civilians. The absence of the individuals so chosen from their regimental duty is in itself an evil, and there can be no assignable reason why persons who, generally speaking, have received a more finished education before their arrival in India, and who have become thoroughly acquainted with the native languages, should be held to be almost disqualified, because they have not commanded a company of infantry or a troop of cavalry.

Our empire has, from the annexation of Scinde and the Sikh provinces, acquired such extent and continuity, that the question has been seriously stirred whether the present division into three presidencies, having separate armies and separate civil services, should be maintained?—whether increased unity of action and diminution of charge would not be promoted by a different arrangement? Lieutenant-Governors over large provincial divisions, exceeding in number the existing presidencies, might advantageously, as many think, be substituted for the governors of Madras and Bombay. The salaries of those Lieutenant-Governors might be the same as that of the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces. The Secretariat offices might be greatly reduced, if not abolished; and although Courts of Appeal would probably still be found necessary, the scale of them would be different from that of the existing Sudder Udowluts. Under consolidated revenue-laws separate boards would

would not be required in these provincial divisions. On the more important subjects of administration, the governments of Madras and Bombay are entirely subordinate to the Supreme Government—and yet the official machinery at these presidencies is adapted to the supposed exigencies of independent authority. Boards of Council cannot be required to advise and control Governors who refer every weighty affair to a superior executive. The civilians would under this new system receive their appointments to one service, and would on arrival in India be locally distributed according to the wants of the different branches of the administration; the preference now given to the Bengal civil service would cease; no locality would be crowded with gentlemen hopeless of promotion, while elsewhere advancement was disproportionately rapid; and thus a general equality of official advantages would be established: but, above all, the details of administration would be, with few exceptions, the same throughout the empire, and the duties of general superintendence would be simplified, to the great relief of the authorities in England. The division of British India into large provinces for the purposes of judicial and revenue administration, the consolidation of the three Civil Services into one, and the establishment of Lieutenant-Governors instead of Governors in Council, must, however, of necessity be accompanied by a consolidation of the armies of the three Presidencies into one Indian army, enlisted for general service, and similarly constituted in every respect. Great territorial divisions for military occupation could without difficulty be fixed upon, each under the command of a general officer, with one Commander-in-Chief for the whole. Reduction of charge would be thus effected—for the two Commanders-in-Chief at Madras and Bombay, with their respective staffs, would be suppressed:—we might count, moreover, on such an uniformity in internal organization as cannot possibly prevail in distinct military establishments; professional advantages too would be equalized and local jealousies extinguished.—All this is said, and let us for the moment grant it to be all true; but is it clear that, on the other hand, the spirit of emulation now existing in the three armies might not be lost, and any tendency to disaffection be more formidable? Certainly, the history of the past shows that serious discontent, and even mutiny, may exist in one army, while the others remain satisfied and obedient.

It seems to be agreed that the Home Government of this remote Empire could not safely be left to a 'Secretary of State for the Indian Department,' with a couple of under-secretaries and some clerks. We concur in this opinion; but the danger of throwing
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a great additional patronage into the hands of Ministers, usually ranked as the chief objection—though by no means to be treated lightly even in these days of publicity and consequent caution—is not what most weighs with ourselves. We believe that the peculiarity of our connexion with India requires that the Home administration should not be subjected altogether to the vicissitudes of Parliamentary parties; and that a Council or Agency, having in some measure an independent, and certainly a permanent existence, is on the highest grounds of policy indispensable. The utility of an electoral body for the nomination of the persons exercising the Home executive authority has been recognized even by the opponents of the present system; and, if such a body be necessary, some means must be found of connecting the interests of those composing it with India. Property is the great principle of the parliamentary franchise: the analogy has prevailed throughout our municipal and commercial corporations—and therefore it very naturally found its place in the East India Company. The Court of Proprietors has been the body by which the Directors have been chosen, and to which their conduct has been subjected for animadversion or approval. This Court of Proprietors is as independent of the influence of the Crown as any constituency in the United Kingdom; and in it are to be found persons not merely possessing the qualification of property, but of experienced knowledge in every branch of Indian affairs. The existence of such a body in its political capacity, now that the Company has ceased to be connected with the trade to India, is certainly an accident; but one so eminently useful, that an equivalent, even apparently sound in theory, is very difficult to be found. These propositions seem to form a strong and cumulative argument in favour of the continuance in its present functions of the Court of Proprietors; but, property connected with India being the qualification, we can discover no reason why the public creditors of the Indian Government should not be added to the Court, on the same terms and with the same privileges as the holders of India Stock. Those creditors would generally be persons who had resided in India, and who would bring to the exercise of their privileges habitual interest in the conduct of the Indian administration, both at home and abroad. On the other hand, we think the right of voting now conceded to lady-holders of Stock ought to be abolished, for, although of little real disadvantage, the practice has a tendency to throw ridicule on the qualification itself.

The ‘*Friend of India*’ says,—

‘The mere privilege of expressing an opinion is valuable; and if to this was added the power of reporting those opinions in the form of

resolutions to be submitted to Parliament, the Court of Proprietors might become, if freed from the baleful influence which now weighs it down, possibly a wholesome instrument in the Government of India.' —p. 39.

We do not see that any advantage, not now existing, would be gained by submitting formally to Parliament resolutions passed by the Court of Proprietors. The requisitions to that Court by a regulated number of proprietors, for a distinct discussion of any act of the local governments in India, or of the Home authority, are announced by advertisement; the ensuing debates are duly reported in the newspapers; attention is thus very sufficiently directed to the arguments and the decisions; and, in fact, questions of any consequence once mooted in the Court of Proprietors do find their way into Parliament.

Colonel Tod, as quoted by the 'Friend,' speaks thus:—

'The Court is useless for any purpose save that decreed by the Directors, to whom it is utterly subservient. It is notorious that no subject at all unpalatable may be initiated there with any prospect of being carried; but, to use a vulgar phrase, whatever the proposition, it can always be swamped by the snap of a finger. As long as patronage shall be distributed as at present, so long will this preponderating influence crush every other.'

This is the language, *mutatis mutandis*, of every opposition in the House of Commons when defeated on any motion of censure against a Government; yet defeat has not prevented the renewal of similar motions, nor has it been held to establish the uselessness of the deliberative body before which the inquiry was instituted. The very recent case of the Rajah of Sattarah was as unpalatable to the President of the Board of Control as to the Court of Directors, for he was equally answerable,—yet it was discussed in the House of Commons as thoroughly as in the Court of Proprietors, and with the same result: surely the former assembly could not be said to be weighed down by the same baneful influence that, as we are told, presses upon the latter. We could easily refer to many other cases of no ancient date: and with them in our recollection, we feel justified in affirming that the present system gives sufficient publicity to all transactions connected with Indian administration, and furnishes ample means of inquisition and censure, when such may be needful.

While the Company possessed the monopoly of trade with India and China, the leading influence in the Court of Directors was mercantile, and was mostly in the hands of the representatives of the great commercial banking firms of the City of London; but since the Acts of 1813 and 1833 a great change has taken place: the Court now contains a large proportion of
civil

civil and military servants returned from India—gentlemen possessing precisely the qualifications most insisted upon by those who demand a reform in the composition of the Court. Not satisfied with this, the ‘Friend of India’ insists—

‘That members of banking and mercantile houses and of insurance companies should be expelled from that body. Other avocations manifestly preclude them from taking any real interest in the business of India, except in the distribution of the annual patronage.’

He seems to forget that such persons are considered ^{*}very competent, as Members of Parliament, to deliberate on all the great interests of the nation—and to overlook especially the fact that, with the consent of all parties, an eminent banker, Mr. Thomas Baring, presided over the Committee appointed by the late House of Commons to report on the past and future administration of our Eastern empire. Although we attach great importance to the presence in the Court of Directors of individuals who have been employed in India, we think the infusion of purely European views and sentiments no less desirable; long residence abroad may very naturally conduce to the formation of dogmatic opinions, requiring to be counteracted by such considerations of national policy as are likely to have superior influence among subjects who have not left Britain.

‘The correspondence between the Court of Directors and the governments of India is conducted,’ says Mr. Martin, ‘with a comprehensiveness and in a detail quite unexampled. Every the minutest proceeding of the local governments, including the whole correspondence between them and their subordinate functionaries, is placed on record, and complete copies of the Indian records are sent to England. The knowledge on the part of the local governments that their proceedings will always undergo this revision operates as a salutary check on their conduct, and the practice of replying to letters from India paragraph by paragraph is a security against remissness or oversight at home.’—*Martin*, ii. pp. 14-21.

Objections are made to the minuteness of detail here described—and no doubt the correspondence is formidably voluminous—but that inconvenience is amply compensated by the complete information thus concentrated in England; indeed, without it we do not see how a sufficient control could be exercised over the local governments, more especially as regards the interests of individuals employed in the public service. The general result of the system is, that those functionaries in Leadenhall Street, whose peculiar business it is to examine the correspondence, are scarcely less conversant with persons and proceedings in India than the secretaries at the Presidencies, and any attempt to mislead the home authorities by one-sided statements would be utterly hopeless.

For the despatch of business

‘The Directors are divided into three committees:—finance and home, eight Directors; political and military, seven; revenue, judicial, and legislative, seven. The duty of each is partly defined by the title: but there is a Committee of Seereey forming the Cabinet Council of the Court, and consisting of the Chairman, Deputy Chairman, and Senior Director; its functions are defined by Parliament.’—*Martin*, ii. p. 5.

The distribution of business amongst the Directors—liable as it is, with the exception of the Secret Committee, to alterations as circumstances may require—does not call for much observation. This is not the case as regards the number of Directors. If the patronage be left to them, the share of each would, under any considerable reduction of their number, be greater than would be tolerated by public opinion, and really might throw too much influence into the hands of individuals. There is, as respects business to be done, no disadvantage in the number of Directors now on each committee, for the correspondence with India affords ample occupation for them all—and, as to the economy of the matter, the salary of a Director being but 300*l.* per annum, the difference of charge between twelve or fifteen and twenty-four of them can hardly be regarded as of serious consequence. The patronage annually exercised in England by the Directors, extending over the civil, military, medical, and marine services, is in pecuniary value, were the nominations susceptible of sale, considerable, and certainly constitutes a public trust of great importance. Parliament has a right to ask—how has that trust been performed? But we have no doubt at all that, on candid inquiry, the answer would be creditable to the Court. It must be that, emanating from their nomination, there exists a body of public servants, than which none more distinguished for probity, zeal, and capacity, could be pointed out in any dominion or in any age known to history. In India there are no sinecures. As the conditions of promotion are much less affected by favour or party than in the dependencies of the Crown, public servants of whatever order, feeling confident of obtaining the just measure of recompence, are laborious in habits as well as independent in spirit. Finally, no individuals are brought into high and responsible office without having had previous training; and thus there is hardly a chance that the real work may be done by subordinates, while the larger emoluments go to indolent or incapable chiefs.

If this general description be accurate—and it would be easy to support it by details—the patronage could not, for the welfare of India, be better placed than it is: nor when we look at this disposition of a vast patronage, in reference to domestic interests,
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do we find that the influence of the Company has any disturbing effect on the course of public administration. There is no great East Indian party in either House of Parliament; the patronage is noiselessly exercised, and never affects the acquisition or the loss of ministerial power. Many are the schemes that have been devised for the exercise of this patronage, in the event of Parliament thinking fit to create another machinery for the government of India; in no one of these, however, do the propounders themselves seem to have any great confidence. Some have suggested the sale of appointments; others, that a larger share of them should be assigned to the Universities; others, that they should be divided among the proprietors of India stock, or given to the sons of persons who have served in India. We will not go so far as to say that all these schemes, or parts of them, are utterly impracticable—but we do not see in any of them the same individual responsibility that attaches to the Directors—and we are quite convinced that none of them would produce a result more beneficial than that which is now obtained.

Mr. Campbell thus sums up his observations on the Indian civil servants:—

‘I should say that in all administrative duties they succeed, generally speaking, exceedingly well, but that the judicial part of the work is very indifferently performed. It has long been remarked that they are not *juris periti*; and they are not likely to become so, unless we have, first, good, clear, intelligible codes—and secondly, a good judicial training.’—p. 281.

We agree with the writer, and are convinced that the training should begin in England. Special nominations should be made to the judicial department, and a certain amount of legal knowledge required. If the establishment at Haileybury be maintained, that line of study might well be pursued there, but it would be necessary to provide the means of instruction in the laws of British India, whether originated or adopted by British authority. Two years (the period of residence in college at present) would not be sufficient for this; and on arrival in India, some increase of salary might be given as a compensation for the postponement of actual service.

While none deny that the fitness of candidates ought to be tested by a searching examination, great doubts have of late been expressed as to the necessity for a special collegiate establishment here at the expense of India. It is argued that the preliminary education might be safely left to the families or friends directly interested in the final success of young aspirants, and the public charge altogether avoided. We must refer our readers to Mr. Campbell's work (p. 264, &c.) for the details of the

the course of education at Hailcybury. Our own conclusion is that the college has fairly answered the objects of its foundation; and that on the whole—more especially as still further benefits may be anticipated from it—the expense is not sufficiently heavy to justify the risks of its abolition.

As the sovereignty of the Indian territories has never passed from the Crown, although the administration of them has, by successive acts of the Legislature, been intrusted to the Company, the Crown has always reserved to itself the right of controlling the Trustees, and has practically exercised that right through a board entitled ‘The Commissioners for the Affairs of India.’ This arrangement finds no favour with the ‘Friend.’ He says:—

‘By the Act of 1833 the territory of India is placed under the government of the East India Company, in trust for the Crown; but hardly is the ink dry of this enactment than another body is created, with such powers as completely to override the so-called Trustees, and to make them a positive encumbrance on the estate. This body is a Board of Commissioners, composed entirely of Her Majesty’s Ministers, who are invested with full power and authority to superintend, direct, and control all acts, operations, and concerns of the said Company which in anywise relate to, or concern the government or revenues of the said territories. And by the same statute the Directors of the Company are prohibited from issuing any orders, instructions, official letters, or communications whatever relating to the territories or governments of India, until the same shall have been submitted for the consideration of, and approved by, the Board of Commissioners.’—*Friend*, p. 8.

The Directors are moreover required to elect from amongst themselves a Secret Committee, through which the Board of Commissioners may, in all matters wherein Indian or other States are concerned, and which, in their opinion, require secrecy, transmit orders to the Governments and Presidencies, by whom such orders shall be obeyed as if they had been sent by the Court of Directors. The members of this Committee—namely, as we have seen, the Chairman, the Deputy-Chairman, and the senior member of the Court—are bound by oath not to disclose these communications. The ‘Friend’ observes, and he is, to a certain degree, borne out by the words of this particular clause, ‘that it is impossible Ministers could have been armed with more perfect powers if the Act had, in express terms, made them the Trustees instead of the Company.’ The force of the conclusion at which he arrives will, however, be much shaken by the consideration that this absolute power in the Board of Commissioners is exceptional. In no department of affairs excepting the political, does the Board of Control originate any communications or orders to India, unless the Court of Directors shall

shall have omitted to prepare and submit the necessary despatches for consideration; and in the event of despatches submitted to the ministerial Commissioners not being approved of by them, they are bound to give their reasons in writing for the dissent, which reasons receive the attention of the full Court of Directors, and are subject to remonstrance from that quarter before the matter is finally disposed of. This proceeding takes place, not as between superior and inferior, but as between co-ordinate authorities. The decision is indeed with the Commissioners; for, in administration, action cannot be indefinitely delayed, nor consultation pushed beyond a certain limit. Still the Commissioners are responsible to Parliament for the exercise of the powers of control, and the result, in practice, is, that the official intercourse between them and the Court of Directors is generally harmonious, and such as ought to exist between two bodies so constituted and for such an object.

A provision, first made in the Act of 1833, is as follows:—

‘If the Court of Directors deem the orders of the Board contrary to law, a case, agreed upon between them and the Commissioners, shall be submitted to the Judges of the King’s Bench for their opinion, which opinion, when duly certified, is to be conclusive.’

This provision seems greatly preferable to the former remedy—that of suing for a mandamus, which exposed a conflict between authorities whom the Legislature meant to be jointly consulting and executive.

It would be hazardous to assert that the exceptional authority given to the Board of Control as to the political department may not, on some occasions, have been pushed beyond the actual necessity, and almost in contravention of the deliberately expressed purpose of the Legislature that British India should remain under the government of the Company. We do not, indeed, apprehend that the 36th clause of the Act of Parliament, granting this secret and peremptory authority, is often enforced without some modification. The Chairman and Deputy-Chairman are in constant and confidential communication with the President of the Board; and as they are cognizant of the events respecting which secret instructions are to be issued, some—at least verbal—discussion must take place on the purport of them, and differences of opinion then expressed may not be without influence on the measures finally adopted. But we cannot pretend to be quite satisfied with this state of arrangements. If the Company is to exercise, even under control, the government of India, the great questions of peace and war, and of political relations with the native princes, should never, we must

must think, be decided without the knowledge of the Court of Directors, or, at least, of an official committee chosen from among them. It would, we must add, be highly expedient, were the latter method favoured by Parliament, to modify and strengthen the actual Secret Committee of Directors. In the supposed case, its number ought not to be less than five—including of course the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman, while the three others should be chosen annually by the whole Court, without reference to seniority.

Our belief being that, in the words of the Preamble of the Act of 1833, 'It is expedient that the territories now under the Government of the Company be continued under such Government,' we would increase rather than diminish the weight and efficiency of the Court of Directors, and therefore we should regret to see the power of recalling the Governor-General withdrawn from them. The Directors, as a body, are free from the influence of political party. With very few exceptions, the Court has been found ready to accept the individual recommended for the high office of Governor-General by the Ministers of the Crown, and to conduct the official intercourse with him on terms of courtesy and consideration. A determination to remove the Governor-General can seldom, on the part of the Directors, be the result of prejudice or personal resentment; it must, in all probability, arise from a painful conviction of an imperative necessity; and as "a power of removal is vested in Ministers, we do not see any principle of policy or analogy upon which it can be withheld from the co-ordinate authority.

An alteration was made by the 23rd clause of the Act of 1833 in the composition of the active part of the Board of Control. The two paid Parliamentary Commissioners were abolished, and two paid secretaries, capable of sitting in Parliament, were established instead of one chief secretary. Unless as reducing in some small degree the Parliamentary patronage of the Ministry, we do not understand what advantage any one could discover in the new arrangement. The ex-officio Commissioners, with the exception of the Prime Minister, take no part in the transaction of the business, and he only on those few occasions when important nominations are to be made, or when serious differences of opinion have arisen between the President, who is practically the Board, and the Court of Directors. In general, when Downing Street receives a new set of masters, both the President and Parliamentary secretaries of the Board of Commissioners labour under such a deficiency of information as would be almost fatal to the exercise of control, if the first part of the
business

business were not so perfectly executed at the India House, and if the senior clerks of the establishment in Westminster were not well competent to furnish their in-coming superiors with instruction. In this way—but in this way alone—an admirable brief is put into the hands of the newly appointed President, and he, from parliamentary habits, is enabled to discuss questions as they arise with the Chairman and Deputy Chairman of the Court of Directors. It may be said that something analogous occurs in most other great departments of the State. Let us not, however, overlook the fact that the affairs of India very seldom occupy the attention of Parliament—whereas the time of both Houses is so taken up in debates on the domestic, colonial, and foreign policy of the Empire, that the leading members are conversant not only with the general principles but with the details of administration in any office to which Parliamentary conflicts may raise them. There is usually found, we must repeat, in a newly appointed Board of Control, utter ignorance as to the judicial and revenue systems of India. Nor is this all: much of the composition and organization of the native army* is peculiar—and, were it only with a view to military questions, it surely would be desirable to introduce Indian experience into the Board itself. A Board composed of a president, vice-president, and chief secretary, having seats in Parliament, together with two paid and permanent commissioners selected by the Crown from among the experienced servants of the Company, and not sitting in Parliament, would certainly be more efficient than the present Board. As there would be only one parliamentary secretary, supposing the salaries of the permanent commissioners to be 1500*l.* each, and that of the vice-president 2000*l.*, the increase of charge would amount to 3100*l.* A Board such as this would present the foundation of a system that might hereafter replace the East India Company in the government of India:—it is in fact clear enough that a further addition of five commissioners not in Parliament, with one other non-parliamentary secretary, would complete the requisite machinery. This speculation does not include the distribution of the Indian patronage, for which some arrangement, almost entirely disconnected with the administering authority might—and indeed in the supposed case *must*—be made: but, well satisfied as we are to leave the great Indian trust, as it now is, with the Company, we are not called upon to discuss eventualities which, it is to be hoped, will not arise.

We have not space for a detailed examination of the financial position of British India; but we must not wholly omit it. In his tenth chapter Mr. Campbell estimates the gross revenue of all

all India at about 48 millions sterling, which he distributes as follows :—

Native States, but the revenue probably exceeds the estimate	£13,000,000
Alienations in our own territories, inferior states, rent-free lands, &c. &c.	5,000,000
Sacrificed by permanent settlement at Bengal	2,000,000
Political pensions and assignments, Bombay hereditary officers, &c. &c.	2,468,969
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Total	£22,468,969
In our own hands	£25,288,884

From this he says—‘It appears we possess little more than half the revenues of India; whereas, if we appropriated the whole, we should undoubtedly always have a large surplus, and India might be more lightly taxed than any country in the world.’ But here we cannot believe the writer to have weighed his words with his usual care. They certainly suggest something too like an anticipatory apology for wholesale spoliation.

According to the latest accounts of Indian territorial revenues and disbursements submitted to Parliament,

The net revenues amount, for 1850 and 1851, partly estimated, to	£19,906,502
The total charges for 1850 and 1851, partly estimated, to	20,537,675
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Leaving a deficiency of	631,173

This deficiency admits of easy explanation. Mr. Campbell is quite justified in saying that ‘our ordinary revenue has defrayed our ordinary expenditure. Our debts are, almost without exception, the result of extraordinary expenditure in war.’ Large cash balances are kept in the Indian treasuries to meet extraordinary expenditure; and the last stated amount of these balances was, in round numbers, eleven millions sterling: but at next reckoning this amount will be found diminished by the Burmese war, and no portion of the Treasury balances will be applicable to the reduction of debt.

In the year 1835-36, under Lord William Bentinck’s government, the surplus income amounted to 1,466,848*l.*; and in 1837, the last year of surplus revenue, the Indian debt was 30,446,249*l.* It stands now, after the wars in China, Afghanistan, Scinde, and the Punjaub, at 46,908,064*l.*, bearing an interest of 2,236,140*l.*—about a ninth part of the ordinary net revenue. The debt itself does not exceed the net revenue of two years and

and a half. To this debt, indeed, must be added the bond debt at home, amounting to nearly four millions; but even with this addition the whole public debt is under the revenue of three years. We do not consider the capital stock of the Company a charge upon India, for the Act of 1833 provided a security fund of two millions, destined to accumulate for the redemption of it.

Such a financial condition would, in any powerful European monarchy, be considered highly satisfactory; but in the case before us the same conclusion cannot be come to without some reservation; for in India the great branch of permanent revenue derived directly from the land does not admit of increase according to the varying necessities of the State; and the next considerable receipt, that from opium, fluctuates with the demand in China, and, were the moral habits of that extraordinary region improved, might greatly fall off, if not altogether cease. The salt monopoly is another most important branch of revenue; but it is one that, from the universal demand for the article, and its pressure upon the indigent multitude, must at all times be considered a grievous burthen, and cannot, under any circumstances, admit of augmentation. It may be hoped, that with the full development of the resources of the soil, and more especially with an increased production of cotton and sugar, and an amelioration in the quality of both, the condition of the community may be so improved as to allow of more variety in the objects of taxation, by which the poor industrious cultivators of the soil may be relieved, and wealthier classes compelled to contribute in a larger proportion. Peace is the great desideratum in India—peace, that will bring with it a reduction of charge, and restore a surplus revenue.

Where the form of government is absolute, the people have a right to expect that great works of public utility shall be undertaken by the Sovereign Power, and not left altogether to the enterprise and association of individuals. Few perhaps in Britain are at all aware of the extent to which such duties have, during a lengthened period, and signally within our own times, been encountered under the administration of the India Company. The whole world may be challenged to show anything comparable with what that government has already done for the improvement of internal communications of every sort—but above all, with what has been achieved by the skill of British Engineers in the extension of canals for drainage and irrigation in many districts of India. On this last subject—at least on the most important part of it, the wonderful operations in the sub-Himalayan region—our readers will find most ample and most interesting information in a work lately published by
Captain

Captain Baird Smith, of the Bengal Engineers—a work which every candid Englishman will peruse with pride ; * and assuredly whenever a surplus revenue exists in India, the best employment of it, even in preference to the reduction of debt, will be found in a still wider application of the methods thus successfully exemplified.

Before we close our observations on one of the greatest questions awaiting the decision of Parliament, we are anxious to guard ourselves against the charge of indifference to the welfare of the Asiatic millions intrusted by Providence to the Crown of England, and of making their best interests a question entirely subordinate to the maintenance of her Eastern supremacy. It is true that we have presumed to differ in opinion from some very considerable authorities in regard to the introduction of natives into the higher ranks of office—on the ground that such an innovation would be dangerous to the connexion subsisting between Britain and India. Policy commands, we think, the avoidance of this danger—but philanthropy equally recommends it; for the internal tranquillity and prosperity of all India itself are at stake. Were the rule of the sojourning strangers to be subverted or weakened, there are now no elements amongst the natives for constructing either a general government or independent sovereignties; and the inevitable result must be anarchy and civil war, even to a greater extent than when a Company of merchants laid the foundations of our marvellous dominion.

The preceding article was in the press before the Evidence taken by the late Committees of both Houses had been published. It is satisfactory to find that in most of our views we concur with Lord Hardinge, Lord Elphinstone, Sir George Clerk, Mr. Shepherd, and Mr. Melville. We have not been so fortunate as regards Lord Ellenborough, more especially as respects the expediency of intrusting the future government of India to the old Company. However, Lord Ellenborough can scarcely be considered an unprejudiced witness on this point.—

*Manet altâ mente repostum
Judicium Paridis, spreteque injuria formæ.*

* 'Italian Irrigation—a Report to the Court of East India Directors.' 2 vols. 8vo. 1852. See the Appendices to vol. i.

- ART. IV—1. *Recherches sur les Etoiles Filantes*. Par MM. Coulvier-Gravier et Saigey. Introduction Historique. Paris. 1847.
2. *Catalogue of Observations of Luminous Meteors*. By the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford. *In Reports of British Association*, for 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851.
3. *Humboldt's Cosmos*. Translated under the superintendence of Lieut.-Col. Sabine. Vol. I. Section on Aerolites.

IN former articles of this Journal we have dwelt at some length on those peculiar characters which designate the physical science of our own time, and which have mainly contributed to its astonishing progress during the last half-century. Such are, first, the higher principles of inquiry into nature; involving in the case of each particular science the action of elements heretofore unknown, and the establishment of laws more general and profound than any before recognized:—secondly, the infinite increase of exactness required and obtained in all the methods of research, whether by observation or experiment:—and, thirdly, the intimate connexion established amongst different sciences—affording new illustrations to each—and tending towards those great generalizations which it is the object of all philosophy to obtain, not solely for the perfection of theory, but also for the most various and valuable application to the uses of man. We now revert to these characteristic distinctions because they are, all and each, strikingly illustrated by the subject before us—one of the most recent departments of physical knowledge, and hitherto very slenderly provided with facts fitted for the establishment of general laws; but gradually moulding itself into the forms of a science, and acquiring connexions with other branches of general physics, which every day tends to make closer and of higher interest.

In every age of the world, and in every region of it, there have been witnessed, amidst the more constant aspects and phenomena of the heavens, those strangely irregular and vagrant lights, those ‘fiery shapes and burning cressets,’ which suddenly kindle into brightness above us, and as suddenly are lost again in darkness. Sometimes seen as globes of light in rapid movement—much more frequently under the aspect and name of *falling* or *shooting* stars, and these occasionally even crowding certain parts of the sky by their number—such appearances in former times were regarded either with dull amazement, or with superstitious awe as the omens of approaching events. Throughout all ages, moreover, reports have existed of masses of stone of various size falling from the sky, preceded by vivid light and explosion; and these occurrences,

rences, as might be supposed, have in all former times, and by every people, been similarly made the subject of superstitious belief. The Ancyle or sacred shield of Numa, the holy Kaaba of Mecca, the sword of the Mongolian Emperor, and the great stone of the pyramid at Cholula in Mexico, have all the same history annexed to them. They fell from heaven, and were venerated in their presumed divine origin. These falling stones, however, though more wonderful in many respects, were much less frequent than the meteoric lights which blazed before the eyes of nations ; and they were for the most part very vaguely recorded. As we shall see afterwards, it is only within the last half-century that science has fully admitted them within her pale—reluctantly, it may almost be said, as well as tardily ; and resting even more on proofs furnished by the physical characters of the falling bodies, than on the historical evidence of their descent.

Nevertheless, it is chiefly to the recognition of these Aerolites, or falling stones, that we owe the zealous scientific research which has since been given to the subject of meteors. However wonderful these phenomena might be in themselves, their aspects and periods were seemingly so irregular as to render them insusceptible of that classification of facts which is the basis of all true science. The untutored gaze of the multitude was for ages as productive of results as the observation of the naturalist ; and until very recently the theories of the latter scarcely went beyond certain vague notions of inflammable gases or electrical actions in the atmosphere. The bog-vapour kindled above the earth, instead of on its surface—and, yet more, the phenomenon of lightning in its various forms—offered explanations just plausible enough to check further investigation ; and when Franklin (now exactly one hundred years ago) first drew electrical sparks from a thunder-cloud, it seemed as if a sufficient cause for meteoric appearances had been fully obtained. Yet, though the dominion of this great element of Electricity has been extending itself to our knowledge ever since, we shall presently see that other causes are here concerned ; and that we must carry our speculations still higher, before we can compass all the facts which modern observation has placed before us.

It will be readily conceived how much the admission of the fact, that Meteors are sometimes accompanied by the precipitation of stones or earthy and metallic matters from the sky, affected every part of this inquiry. And when Chemistry intervened, disclosing the singular and very similar composition of the bodies thus strangely conveyed to us, it became obvious that new elements were concerned, of which science was required to take larger cognizance. About the same period, research was more
exactly

exactly applied to determine the height, velocity, and direction of meteors, and especially of falling stars, while luminous to the eye; the results of which inquiry, though embarrassed by various difficulties, tended yet further to remove their physical causes beyond the region of our globe, by showing their elevation above the atmosphere, their vast rapidity of passage through space, and lines of movement involving other forces than that of simple gravitation towards the earth. And when to such researches were added, more recently, certain remarkable facts as to the periodicity of falling stars, the inquiry assumed at once a *cosmical* character, associating itself with some of the movements and higher laws of the planetary system.

We have sketched this preliminary outline of the subject, from a feeling of the interest which ever attaches to the successive stages of a new science—those steps by which we ascend from the rude, doubtful, or superstitious record of isolated facts, to the absolute proof, the classification of phenomena, and the determination of the physical laws which govern them. Such notices are not more instructive as to the philosophy of the material world than in relation to the history of man himself, thus advancing in knowledge and power amidst the elements which surround him.*

Though the subject of Meteors was thus brought within the domain of science, the difficulty remained of giving any classification to the phenomena, on which to base inquiry into their causes and physical connexions. On what principle was it possible to arrange appearances so vague and various in time, place, magnitude, and brilliancy? The simplest division is the only one yet admissible; expressing little more than those external aspects to which we have already alluded, without reference to the physical causes which are doubtless concerned in their varieties. First in order we have the globes or balls of light (*bolides*), appearing suddenly, and having certain physical characters, to which we shall afterwards advert. Secondly, falling or shooting stars (*étoiles filantes*), seen at all times and in all countries, but more numerous at certain periods, and more frequently under the clear skies of tropical regions. Thirdly, Aerolites, or meteoric stones, differing greatly in size and form, but with various characters showing a common origin, and this wholly alien to the planet on which they fall.

The spirit of inquiry awakened on the subject of Meteors, and the objects thus far defined, it was natural to recur to history and

* It has been well said by Laplace, 'La connaissance de la méthode qui a guidé l'homme de génie n'est pas moins utile au progrès de la science, et même à sa propre gloire, que ses découvertes.'

tradition for evidences of similar phenomena in prior ages. This research, as we have already intimated, was fertile of curious results—derived as well from the classical writers of Greece and Rome, as from the records of the dark ages and of every intervening century to our own time. The most remote regions, as well as periods, contributed to this testimony—the facts sometimes coloured by superstition, sometimes obscured by imperfect report; but numerous and exact enough for comparison with our own observations, and giving full proof of the uniformity of the phenomena throughout. Poetry naturally busied itself with these vagrant lights of heaven, and we might cite various passages from the Greek and Latin poets, which, though in some part ambiguous from the association of lightning with meteoric appearances, yet manifestly include the latter in their appeal to the imagination.* The historians of antiquity denote them in more or less detail, and with various degrees of belief. The naturalists of Greece and Rome, from Aristotle down to Seneca and Pliny, have not only left descriptions copious enough to identify all the appearances with those of our own time, but have here and there offered suggestions as to natural causes which are fairly admissible among the hypotheses of more recent date.

the highest interest in these records of past times attaches itself to the fall of Aerolites; and as we propose to take this class of meteors first into view, we may reasonably dwell for a moment upon their early history. The phrases of *Lapidibus pluit, Crebri ceciderunt a cælo lapides, &c.*, are familiar to us from Livy, and may no longer be disregarded as the idle tales of a superstitious age. Æschylus, in the fragment we possess of his Prometheus Unbound, alludes to a shower of rounded stones sent down by Jupiter from a cloud. But the most remarkable and authentic record of antiquity is that of the massive stone which fell in the 78th Olympiad (about the time of the birth of Socrates), at Ægospotamos on the Hellespont—the place soon afterwards dignified, or defaced, as opinion may be, by that naval victory of Lysander which subjected Athens and Greece, for a time, to the Spartan power. The philosopher Anaxagoras was said to have predicted the fall of this stone from the Sun—a prediction, doubtless, like many others, following after the event. It is expressly mentioned by Aristotle; by the author of the Parian

* Virgil, in the more practical description of his Georgics, connects falling stars with the approach of wind—

Sæpe etiam stellas, vento impendente, videbis
Præcipites cælo labi, &c.

Both Theophrastus and Pliny admit the same idea. If this connexion were generally true, which we doubt, it probably depends merely on the rising wind dispelling vapours which before hid these meteors from sight.

Chronicle; by Diogenes of Apollonia, who speaks of it as 'falling in flames;' and most fully by Plutarch and Pliny, both of whom distinctly state it to be shown in their time—that is, in the sixth century after its fall. Pliny's description is well marked—*Qui lapis etiam nunc ostenditur, magnitudine vehis, colore adusto*; and he adds the fact that a burning comet (meteor) accompanied its descent.

We see no cause whatever to doubt the authenticity of this statement, of which the very phrase *colore adusto* is a striking verification. If the mass remained visible, and of such magnitude as described, down to Pliny's time, it is far from impossible that it may even now be re-discovered—with the aid, perchance, of some stray tradition attached to the place—surviving, as often happens, the lapse of ages, the changes of human dominion, and even the change of race itself on the spot. Only one slight effort, as far as we know, has been made for the recovery of this ancient aerolite. We marvel that some of our many Oriental travellers do not abstract a few days from the seraglios, mosques, and bazaars of Constantinople—(and, we fear, we must further add, from the lounging life of the Pera Hotel)—to engage deliberately in the attempt. Fame earned by discovery in travel is no longer so common a commodity that the chances of it should be disdained. In this case the research, if successful, would be of interest enough both for history and science to perpetuate a man's name.

While

* Plutarch, who reasons with force and pertinency as to the origin of this stone (*in Vitâ Lysandri*), explicitly states that it was still held in much veneration by the inhabitants of the Chersonesus. He also speaks of its vast size, and of the tradition of a fiery cloud or globe which preceded its fall. In his book *De Placit. Philos.* he alludes to it again, as *πυροειδὺς κατενέχοντα αστερα πετρῖον*. Pliny mentions a smaller meteoric stone, religiously preserved in the gymnasium at Abydos, also said to have been predicted by Anaxagoras. This coincidence of time and place might lead to the suspicion that both were derived from the same meteor. He further notices a stone of recent fall which he had himself seen at Vocontii in the province of Gallia Narbonensis—now Vaison in Provence.

† Though the locality of this stone is not further indicated than by the statement of its fall at Ægospotamos, yet the invariable manner in which it is thus described defines tolerably well the district to be examined. We learn from the old geographers that there was a town called Ægospotami on the Thracian side the Hellespont, and we may infer a stream or streams, from which its name was derived. The description of the naval fight and the situation relatively to Lampsacus (the modern *Lamsâhi*) further define the locality within certain limits. The traveller devoting himself to the research might make his head-quarters at various places near to the spot in question. He should render himself previously familiar with the aspect of meteoric stones, as now seen in the Museums and Mineralogical Cabinets throughout Europe. He must study the character of the rocks and fragmentary masses in the vicinity, so as more readily to appreciate the differences of aspect. He must expect the possibility of a small part only of the mass appearing above the surface; and his eye must be awake and active for any such partial appearances. If the stone sought for were wholly concealed by alluvial deposits, the research of course would be vain, unless happily aided by some

While the antiquity of Greece and Rome, as well as the middle ages of Europe, furnish us only with scattered notices of these aerolites, it is far otherwise with the Chinese—that singular people, whose language, institutions, and methods of thought might almost suggest them as a race of men struck off from some other planet. There exist in China authentic catalogues of the remarkable meteors of all classes, aerolites included, which have appeared there during a period of 2400 years. To give an idea of the minuteness of these records—the translation of which we owe to the lamented Ed. Biot—it is enough to mention that in the three centuries from A.D. 960 to 1270 not fewer than 1479 meteors are registered by the Chinese observers, who seem to have been officially employed for this purpose.* It is only of late years that the science of Europe has placed itself in competition with these extraordinary documents. Though instances of falling stones were continually multiplying themselves in France, England, Germany, Italy, and elsewhere, the only memoirs we know on the subject, before the time of Chladni, are that of the Jesuit Domenico Troili, and another we shall afterwards notice. The work of Chladni in 1794 formed an epoch in the study of meteorites. This philosopher, still better known by his admirable mode of demonstrating the vibrations and quiescent lines which enter into the phenomena of sound, was the first to collect all the authentic instances of aerolites: a catalogue much enlarged since, but very valuable at the time, and showing great zeal of research. Until this moment scarcely one man of science had given assent to, or even considered the subject as a matter of evidence. The speculations of Kepler, Halley, Maskelyne, and others, as to meteoric matters in the planetary space, scarcely touched upon the history or theory of meteoric stones. Yet it would seem a case where history had some claim to credit, since the facts were of a nature which imagination or fear could hardly mystify or distort. Meteors seen and heard to explode—stones at the same time falling to the earth, and frequently discovered and examined at the time of

local traditions, as we have noticed above. Such traditions, even in the outset, should be sedulously sought for; the manner of doing which most effectively must be determined at the time and place. We will add further that the autumnal months should be avoided, as the malaria fever is rife at this season on the shores of the Dardanelles.

We could hardly hope to recover any remnant of the great stone which was seen to fall at Narni, A.D. 921, and is described as projecting four feet above the water of the river into which it fell.

* The observations from the seventh century before Christ to 960 were derived by M. Biot from the work of Ma-touan-lin, an eminent Chinese author towards the end of the 13th century. Those of the three centuries succeeding A.D. 960 come under the annals of the dynasty of Soung, which during this period had dominion in China.

their

their fall—sometimes falling as single and heated masses, sometimes numerous enough to be described as a shower—these are things so simple and distinct in narrative that we could not easily refuse belief to them, even had we less testimony from similar occurrences in our own time. It is one of the many instances furnished by science of ancient truths, long obscured or discredited, coming suddenly into fresh light, and receiving illustration from new and unexpected sources. The chemist's crucible, and the eye of the mineralogist, disclosed results as to these stones which no conjecture could have anticipated, and eventually compelled the belief so long and obstinately denied.

The stone which fell at Wold Cottage in Yorkshire, in 1795, was that which contributed most explicitly to this conversion. Its fall was seen by two persons, following an explosion in the air. It had penetrated to a depth of 18 inches in the soil and chalk, whence it was taken. It weighed about 56 lbs. Happily it was placed in the hands of an able chemist of the time, Mr. Howard, whose analysis of it was published in the *Ph. Transactions* for 1802. Yet when Pictet, who had just come from England, read a communication to the French Institute on this subject, '*il y trouva une incrédulité telle qu'il lui fallut une sorte de courage pour achever sa lecture.*' A month after, however, Vauquelin produced to the Institute an analysis of his own, fully confirming that of Howard—a few months later the great fall of stones, 2000 or 3000 in number, '*une véritable pluie des pierres météoriques,*' occurred at L'Aigle, in Normandy:—the information was obtained at the same time of a numerous shower of stones at Benares, on the Ganges—and similar evidences multiplied from every side. The fall at L'Aigle, however, may be noted above all, as it led to a minute local investigation by Biot; who hastened himself to the spot, and with characteristic zeal and ability not merely authenticated the event, but obtained proof as to various incidents attending it, of great value to the true theory of these falling bodies. Of these the most important was the fact, well ascertained, that the direction of the meteors from which the stones fell must have been oblique to the horizon.* The convictions of a man like Biot, founded on personal investigation, may be fairly admitted as another epoch in the history of aerolites.

The striking concurrence of such instances with those of more ancient tradition overcame all remaining doubt; and when Chladni

* This was most ingeniously determined by observing the outline of the surface upon which the fall occurred—found to be elliptical, and not circular, as it would have been had they dropped vertically. The meteor was circular, large, and brilliant—and explosions were heard over a wide tract of country. The stones were hot, and exhaled a strong sulphureous smell.

published his second and more valuable work in 1819, with a copious record of aerolites, registered according to the periods and places of their fall, as well as the directions of their line of descent, his statements were received with entire assent by the scientific world. His details had the effect not only of authenticating the fall of such stones from the sky, but further of assigning a meteoric character to certain strange ferruginous masses found in different countries, regarding which only vague traditions existed, or which had no history at all but that of their outward aspect.* These masses, some of them of vast weight and dimensions, and manifestly foreign to the localities in which they are found, have enough of kindred with aerolites to justify the name of meteoric iron, and to make it probable that they are of common origin. The largest yet known is the one estimated to weigh about 14,000 lbs.,—discovered at Otumpa, in Brazil, in a locality where there is no iron, nor rock of any kind near the surface. Another, little inferior in size, has been found near Bahia. A smaller mass, but nearer to us, is that from the neighbourhood of Andernach, weighing 3300 lbs. The volcanic locality might render the origin of this ambiguous; but its analysis by Professor Bischoff of Bonn, in showing a compound of soft metallic iron with a small proportion of nickel, leaves little doubt of its belonging to the class of meteoric bodies. Another remarkable specimen is the Siberian stone, described by Pallas, and which we have ourselves seen in the Imperial Museum at Petersburg, composed of soft spongy iron and olivine. The Tartars on the spot had a tradition of the fall of this stone from the sky, as the Mongolians have of a fragment of black rock, 40 feet high, near the sources of the Yellow River. The great Brazilian mass, as far as we can tell, has no story belonging to it.

Before proceeding to the theory of the bodies thus admitted to have been cast upon the earth, we must say something more of their chemical composition—inasmuch as this is not only remarkable in itself, but closely concerned in their theory, and with other speculations of high interest. Collecting the results of all the best analyses down to the present time, we find the actual number of recognised elements discovered in aero-

* The total number of aerolites which Chladni has registered from the commencement of the Christian era to 1818 is 165, but some of these must be regarded as doubtful. The distribution of them by countries is chiefly of value as showing, what might have been expected, the universality of the phenomena over the earth. From 1600 to 1818 we have the record of 17 in Great Britain, 15 in France, 17 in Germany. As to the hours of falling, a large proportion are registered as having fallen during the day; but this difference is readily accounted for, and does not alone justify an inference as to inequality in the event.

lites to be nineteen or twenty — that is, about one-third of the whole number of elementary substances (or what we are yet forced to regard as such) discovered on the earth. Further, all these aerolitic elements actually exist in the earth, though never similarly combined there. No new substance has hitherto come to us from without; and the most abundant of our terrestrial metals, Iron, is that which is largely predominant in aerolites; forming frequently, as in some of the instances just mentioned, upwards of 90 parts in 100 of the mass. Seven other metals — copper, tin, nickel, cobalt, chrome, manganese, and molybdena — enter variously into the composition of these stones. Cobalt and nickel are the most invariably present; but the proportion of all is trifling compared with that of iron. Further, there have been found in different aerolites six alkalies and earths; namely,—soda, potash, magnesia, lime, silica, and alumina; and in addition to these, carbon, sulphur, phosphorus, and hydrogen. Finally, oxygen must also be named as a constituent of many aerolites, entering into the composition of several of the substances just mentioned.

As respects the manner of conjunction of these elements, it is exceedingly various in different aerolites. A few there are, especially examined by Berzelius and Rose, containing olivine, augite, hornblende, and other earthy minerals; and closely resembling certain crystalline compounds, which we find on the surface of the earth. But in much the larger proportion, as we have said, iron is the ruling ingredient; and we are justified in concluding that this metal, so remarkable an element in the composition of our globe, exists yet more abundantly in those parts of space, or in those aggregations of matter, whence such stones are projected upon the earth.

We need not expatiate on the value of these results. Curious and unexpected in themselves, they will be found, as we pursue our inquiry into the origin of aerolites, to possess a still higher interest as the exponents of conditions of matter extraneous to our own globe. We shall revert to them afterwards in this sense; expressing, meanwhile, our hope that these analyses will be sedulously multiplied as occasions may occur, so as to obtain some larger and more exact generalization of facts, or perchance the discovery of some element hitherto unknown to us. The same age which has created a circuit for human language and intelligence through wires, water, and rock; and has made the sun-beam execute in a few seconds the most delicate delineations of man and nature; may well aspire to carry its Chemistry into space, and to seek conclusions as to other matter than that which surrounds us on the surface of the earth. We may justly apply to the

the science of our own day a sentence of older date and other application—*Si computes annos, exiguum tempus—si vices rerum, ævum putes.*

We have yet to notice briefly other physical characters belonging to these singular bodies. An important fact is their general fragmentary aspect, as if struck off or detached from some larger mass. Their specific gravity varies greatly according to the proportion of metallic constituents, ranging from twice even to six or seven times the weight of water. The mean is considerably above that of the mineral masses on the surface of the earth, though much below 5·5, or the mean of the whole earth. A notable and very uniform character of aerolites is the shining dark crust enveloping them. It is generally very thin; but indicates by its aspect, and by its entire separation from the mass within, some rapid action of heat, which has not had time to penetrate more deeply into the substance of the stone.

The question as to the mean velocity of aerolites, in approaching the earth, can only be settled by approximation, and this perhaps not a very close one. The observations bearing on this point are limited, in great part, to the meteoric appearances preceding the fall. The conclusions obtained by Olbers and others would justify the belief in a mean velocity exceeding twenty miles in a second; a rate of movement further attested by the depth to which many of them penetrate into the earth; and becoming, as we shall presently see, an important element towards the solution of many questions in the theory of these bodies.

■ The main facts as to Aerolites thus authenticated, the question as to their origin comes yet more forcibly into view. And, in truth, there are few questions more curious—not less to the unenlightened than to men of science—in the novelty and vastness of the suggestions they press upon the mind. Whence, and by what force, do these stones—some of them so massive, all so remarkable in composition—descend upon the earth?

It could scarcely perhaps be surmised that five different solutions have been offered in answer to this question. We might even name six, could we for a moment admit the vague notion that these aerolites may be the product of our own volcanoes—stones forcibly ejected thence, partaking for a time of the motion of the earth, but in the end returning to it. The negative evidence here is so obvious and complete, that we have no need to do more than slightly refer to it. This opinion has no longer a single advocate.

A second hypothesis, involving telluric origin, has little more of proof or probability to recommend it. This is, that stones do not actually fall, but that lightning or electricity in some meteoric shape,

shape, impinging upon the earth, fuses the earthy and metallic materials on the spot so as to admit of their re-consolidation in these new forms. Other refutation of this opinion is not needed than a simple regard to the composition of aerolites, to their occasional magnitude, and to the great number often appearing at the same time. But, in truth, the notion is one that was never more than vaguely held, and has long since been given up as untenable.

Another solution still has been proposed, also deriving the phenomena from terrestrial causes. This is the hypothesis of atmospheric origin; adopted by many in the outset of the inquiry, from the seeming difficulty of carrying speculation beyond the limits of our globe. Using the fact just ascertained of the identity of the materials of aerolites with elements existing on the earth, they assumed (but without explaining the manner or course of such operation) that these elements might be slowly absorbed into the atmosphere, and retained there in a state of extreme diffusion, until some accidental agency (either electrical or force of other kind) caused their sudden aggregation, and precipitated them on the surface of the earth under the forms and conditions actually observed. In this theory the light, heat, and detonation attending their fall, were attributed to the vehemence of the forces and actions bringing these substances into a solid form, from their highly diffused or gaseous state. The opinion derived its chief authority from Dr. Izarn's *Lithologie Atmosphérique*—a book of merit as an historical record, but largely imaginative in all that relates to these metallic and earthy vapours—*massées sphériquement, et isolées les unes des autres*—which he presumed to exist in the atmosphere around us.

We speak of this theory in the past tense, because, though at first taken up by many, it was impossible long to maintain it, in the absence of all proof, and in the face of facts which gave it every character of physical impossibility. Vauquelin, to whom Izarn addressed his views, explicitly repelled them:—‘J’aime encore mieux croire que ces pierres viennent de la lune, que d’admettre que les substances les plus fixes que nous connaissons se trouvent en assez grande quantité dans l’atmosphère pour y produire des concrétions aussi considérables que celles qu’on dit en être tombées.’ We hardly, indeed, need comment on the infinite improbability that such materials as iron, nickel, silice, magnesia, &c., should be absorbed into, and exist in the atmosphere—exist, too, in its upper and lighter stratum, since the most refined analysis has detected no such elements in the lower. Not less improbable is it that matters diffused with such exquisite

site minuteness, as these hypothetically must be, should thus suddenly coalesce into a dense solid. The action of centripetal aggregation must be carried on simultaneously over a vast extent of space to produce such effect; nor, in truth do we yet know any physical force or law capable of the peculiar action required. A more positive objection to the atmospheric theory is the direction of movement and fall, as repeatedly ascertained in the case of these bodies. Had they been formed in the atmosphere, whatever the process of aggregation, their fall must have been perpendicular to the earth's surface at the place, instead of oblique, as we generally find it to be.

Thus compelled to seek for a source beyond the limits of terrestrial action, the hypothesis of lunar origin next came into notice, and was discussed or advocated by philosophers of much higher eminence. Wonder has been called the mother of Wisdom, and bare conjecture has oftentimes long anteceded the researches and results of more exact science. A fall of stones at Milan, about the year 1660, by which a Franciscan monk was killed—(one of three or four recorded instances of death from this cause)—led a naturalist of that country, Paolo Terzago, to publish his conjecture that these stones might come from the moon. Another great fall of aerolites at Sienna, 134 years afterwards, brought the higher genius of Olbers to researches founded on the same idea, which seems to have been dormant in the interval. In 1795 he examined the question of the initial velocity required to project a body from the surface of the moon so that it might reach the earth, and determined this to be about 8000 feet in a second. The lunar theory, and the dynamic questions connected with it, which Humboldt whimsically entitles the *ballistisches problem*, speedily engaged the attention of other philosophers. A characteristically bold and terse speech of Laplace, at the Institute, in December, 1802, gave impulse as well as sanction to the inquiry. It was made on the occasion, already alluded to, when the report of the analysis of meteoric stones by Howard and Vauquelin, and the inferences thence derived, still found an incredulous audience in this learned body.

To that of Laplace may be added the other eminent names of Poisson, Biot, and Berzelius, as successively engaged with the hypothesis of lunar origin; and their respective calculations of the projectile force required were sufficiently alike to justify the conclusion of Olbers, stated above. The argument then stood, and still stands, thus. It is well known that the hemisphere of the moon, permanently opposed to the earth, offers the aspect of mountains of great height, and of numerous craters—the latter resembling very exactly in character those of our own volcanos,

canos, but much more spacious and profound.* That internal forces exist, or have existed, within this satellite, capable of powerfully disrupting, elevating, and projecting from its surface, must be deemed certain in fact, notwithstanding that all astronomical observation goes to disprove the existence of a lunar atmosphere or lunar seas. Why not suppose stones to be projected thence (no atmospheric pressure existing to retard or arrest them) with force enough to surpass the limits of the moon's attraction, and to come within that of the earth? The calculations just referred to concur in the result, that an initial velocity five or six times as great as that of a ball issuing from the cannon's mouth might carry a stone so far that it would not return to the moon, but either continue to revolve subordinately to new attractions, or be precipitated upon a body of more powerful attraction if approaching its sphere. Berzelius went further in his adoption of the lunar hypothesis; and, looking to the chemical composition of aerolites, ingeniously conjectured that an excess of iron on one side of the moon might fairly account for the fact of this side being constantly opposed to the magnetic globe of the earth.

The hypothesis, thus powerfully advocated, has been displaced, not so much by recent negative proofs, as by the want of further and more assured evidence; and by the introduction of different views, which connect the phenomena of aerolites more directly with those of other meteors, and associate the whole with the general conditions of the planetary system. The lunar theory, to say the least of it, has remained stationary at the point whence it started; nor is there, as far as we can see, any source of fresh knowledge within our reach. Even with the powerful telescopes we now possess no proof has been obtained of present volcanic activity in the moon; and, looking backwards to that which may have existed heretofore, we must admit the need of a projectile force much greater than that first presumed, to explain the actual mean velocity of aerolites in approaching the earth. It has been calculated by Olbers (and we believe not disputed) that the initial velocity at the moon, to satisfy this condition, must be twelve or fourteen times greater than that assigned by Laplace and others:—a projectile force far exceeding that of our own volcanos—and which, did it exist, would not cast these masses

* The great works of Schröter, and Beer and Mädler, on the Moon, are well known to our astronomical readers. Not equally known are the singular researches of Mr. Nasmyth, of Manchester, on a certain definite portion of the moon's surface, about as large as Ireland, named in lunar topography *Morolychus*. Several years of constant observation given to that one region—a limitation of object generally fertile of results—have enabled this diligent observer to construct a model and maps on a large scale, wonderfully illustrating the volcanic character of the moon's surface, and the vast changes by disruption and elevation which have occurred there.

upon the earth, but cause them, as Olbers and Bessel have shown, to revolve in orbits about the sun.

Another hypothesis, having kindred with the one just considered, is that which supposes these aerolites to be smaller fragments of that presumed ancient planet between Mars and Jupiter, the disruption of which has produced the numerous small planets or asteroids, whose excentric orbits cross and crowd each other in this part of the heavens. But a few years ago and only four of such ultra-zodiacal bodies were known to us. The position and peculiar orbits of these justified Olbers in his bold conjecture of their fragmentary nature; an opinion greatly strengthened by the later discovery of eleven others in the same interplanetary space, six of which we owe to the admirable observations of Mr. Hind, working with his telescopes in the Regent's Park, almost in the midst of our foggy and smoky metropolis. These bodies are very various in size—some of them so small as to defy exact admeasurement. Astronomical considerations fully sanction the idea of a common origin; and if they be truly fragments of a larger body, we may reasonably infer that the same disruptive force which separated them must have projected into space numerous fragments yet smaller, and with orbits more highly inclined to that of the primitive planet in proportion to their smallness. It is another question, however, whether any of these orbits could be such as to bring them in proximity to, and within attraction of the earth. It will be seen that this is simply a question of possibility, to which little or nothing can be added, or hoped for, in the way of evidence. Like the lunar hypothesis, it remains a mere speculation; affected chiefly by the proofs which have given stronger presumption to another theory.

It is this theory of which we have yet to speak—the one which connects meteoric stones with meteors of other forms; and, recognizing in all an origin alien to, and beyond the limits of the earth, finds this origin in the interplanetary spaces which were heretofore regarded as void in nature; or, if not such, occupied by an imponderable ether, hardly known to us but as a name. Many circumstances have tended gradually to create new views on this subject; and especially the discovery of the vast number of cometary bodies traversing these spaces in all directions—varying infinitely in magnitude, orbits, and periods of revolution—undergoing great changes even while within our view—some of them seemingly lost—the orbits of others altered by their approach to the greater planets—one or two, of short periods of revolution—affording proof, by the successive abridgment of their periods, of a resisting medium through which they are moving in their orbits. While contemplating space as thus occupied by so many forms of matter,

matter, in such various degrees of concentration, yet all in constant motion, we cannot but suppose that portions of matter still smaller, or more attenuated, may be in movement around us ; apparent only when they come into such contiguity to the earth as to be deflected, or rendered luminous, by its influence. Meteoric stones, we have already seen, are proved to come from beyond the limits of our atmosphere, and to enter it with vast velocity. Numerous and exact observations have proved the same to be equally true in the case of shooting stars and meteoric globes of light. Here, then, we have a bond of connexion, associating these phenomena under certain common physical forces ; while yet leaving ample room for those causes of diversity on which depend the aspects of the different classes of meteors, as well as the individual character of each. Matter in one form or other, variously revolving in the space through which our own globe is moving, is the element with which our inquiry has to deal.

We refer here to the movement of the earth, as well as of these fragmentary or nebulous matters, because both must be supposed concerned in the results. Perhaps some readers, even though not wholly unfamiliar with these subjects, may take no offence at our reminding them that the globe on which we dwell is at every moment submitted to three separate but simultaneous motions—of rotation round its axis—revolution round the sun—and lastly, that vast and mysterious movement by which it is carried, with the sun and entire planetary system, through unknown regions of space—whether as the portion of an orbit round some remote centre of attraction, ages may yet be required to show. The grandeur which belongs to such combinations of force, space, and time, cannot be expressed by mere words, and can scarcely be appreciated by numbers. It needs a particular faculty to follow with full comprehension these greater phenomena of the universe ; and especially those of sidereal astronomy, to which belongs the translation of the solar system just noticed. It is the peculiar glory of astronomical science in our own time—the glory of such men as Herschel, Bessel, Struve, and Argelander—to have determined proper motions in those great luminaries which bear the name of *fixed stars*—to have assigned orbits and periods of revolution to numerous double stars—to have obtained the parallax and measured the distance of many—to have determined not only the proper motion of our own sun but also its direction and rate of translation in space. Few can fully understand all that is required in such researches—the time and intense watchfulness ; the exquisite delicacy of instrumental observation ; and yet more the genius and mathematical power which can elicit certainty from amidst the conflicting conditions seeming to render it impossible. Tempted

Tempted by the subject to this short digression, we now recur to the argument before us, in which we may presume the second motion of the earth—that of revolution about the sun—to be chiefly concerned. When we consider this orbit to be so vast that we are, on the 1st of July, distant nearly 190 millions of miles from the place we occupied on the 1st of January, returning again to the same point six months afterwards, we obtain some conception, though a faint one in reality, of the spaces passed through in this great annual motion. If, then, there be other portions of matter—whencesoever derived, and however fragmentary or attenuated in form and kind—revolving round the Sun—(and we cannot suppose any matter to be stationary in space)—it is easy to conceive that the progressive motion of the earth may bring it into such proximity to the numerous and excentric orbits of these meteorites or asteroids, that they become submitted to its influence, and deflected more or less from their course, as we know comets to be by the vicinity of planets—some actually impinging upon the earth in the form already described—others simply becoming luminous through certain arcs of their orbits. The number of such orbital interferences or collisions—indicated, as the theory presumes, by luminous globes, shooting stars, and aerolites—may startle some as an objection; but astronomy everywhere deals in numbers which surpass all common comprehension, yet are justified in so many cases by certitude of proof that we cannot refuse belief in others where the evidence is still incomplete. Arago, following one of Kepler's bold anticipations, has calculated that there may be eight millions of comets having their revolution within the solar system. Meteorites, according to the present view, approach nearest to the character and condition of comets. The orbits of the matter thus revolving, whether it be dense or infinitely attenuated, are probably as excentric, and have the same vast interplanetary spaces open to them. Numbers, then, need not perplex us here; and especially if admitting a view we shall notice hereafter, as to the seeming periodicity of the great showers of shooting stars.

This *cosmical* theory of meteors in general has undoubtedly been gaining ground of late years—while other hypotheses have been stationary or retrograde. It has derived argument and illustration from the whole course of physical research during this period, with the effect of giving a new aspect to the phenomena, and associating them together as parts of a larger system and more general laws. We have placed the *Cosmos* of Humboldt (though heretofore reviewed separately) among the works at the head of this article, because we desire all our readers to recollect that no philosopher has been more earnest in expounding

expounding and enforcing the opinion that asteroids or aerolites are independent portions of matter in space ; becoming luminous meteors or projectiles, when their orbits approach within certain distances of that of the earth. He avows, when leaving the subject, that he has lingered upon it with predilection (*mit Vorliebe*), and the whole course of his argument shows this to be so. Sir J. Herschel, an equal authority, expresses the same view, as the only one which comprises, or adequately explains, all the phenomena ; thus confirming and defining the expression of Laplace (in his speech of December, 1802) as to aerolites, that ‘ according to every probability they come to us from the depths of the celestial space.’

There arise out of this theory various physical questions—some of which we cannot omit to notice. One of these respects the luminous and ignited condition of meteorites when approaching the earth. Though it seems certain that some alteration of state beyond mere change of direction is produced by this proximity ; and though condensation of the air, from the extreme velocity of falling stones, might doubtless produce the heat, combustion, and explosion attending their fall ; yet, from the elevation of many meteors, brilliant in light, above the recognised limits of the atmosphere, we are bound to suppose other causes also concerned. Modern science teaches us that ignition (*viz.* light and heat) occurs in various cases without the presence of air. In this case it may possibly be magnetical in kind—a supposition authorised by the discoveries of the last few years, which make it probable that this great element is largely engaged even in the astronomical conditions of the universe. The paper recently published by Professor Faraday on the Physical Lines of Magnetic Force, while marked by all the modesty of his genius, is profoundly suggestive of relations of this kind yet unexplored, and of forces pervading space in lines of action differing from any other of which we have yet cognizance. But we have no right to carry suggestion further on a point to which even the ability of Poisson has been directed without any determinate conclusion.

Considering that all meteors involve the presence of matter in some form, and that aerolites show it by precipitation of solid masses on the earth, it is a question of interest what happens in the cases where we have not this direct result. The answer can hardly go beyond conjecture. Many meteors, even those containing solid matter, may be deflected in such degree towards the earth as to become luminous in a part of their course, yet still preserve their own independent orbits. Others, again, may undergo explosion or disruption during this contiguity, and throw down the same matters as those contained in meteoric stones, but under the form of powder or dust. Though this result is obviously

ously more difficult of discovery, yet we have numerous proofs of the fact in the records of every age. Then, further, it is to be remembered how very small a proportion of the aerolites falling can come within human observation. The chances against any one stone being seen to fall on the earth are so numerous as to be hardly calculable. The sight of such an event is the exception, and not the rule. Weighing this rightly, and taking into account also that the ocean covers about three-fourths of the globe, we shall not be greatly surprised at the estimate of Schreibers that upwards of 700 meteoric stones may fall annually upon our globe. It is only in the present state of science, when the most minute quantities are subjected to notice and calculation, that we could allude without ridicule to the fact of the increment thus made, and continually making, in the amount of solid matter of the globe. In theory this cannot happen without some certain amount of positive effect. In reality, we must consider the augmentation so small that it may be disregarded as a cause of any change in the motions or condition of our planet.

We may further notice here a curious remark of Olbers, that no meteoric stones have ever been found embedded in strata of the secondary or tertiary formations; and we have no direct proof, therefore, that any fell previously to the last great change of the earth's surface. This negative fact, however, cannot yet be admitted into argument. The careful examination of such rocks is still of recent date—fossils of other kind have alone been sought for—while many meteoric stones are so easily disintegrated, by the iron they contain passing into the state of hydrated oxide, that they may have become wholly incorporated with the earthy masses surrounding them. The chances, therefore, are very great against their detection in these rocks; but time may yet show, what must meanwhile be deemed probable as a fact, that the phenomenon of their fall existed long before man had his place allotted him on this our globe.

We have in some part already adverted to the remarkable inferences and suggestions derived from the composition of meteoric stones. These bodies afford us glimpses into the history of matter foreign to the world in which we ourselves live. They represent another domain of nature; yet connected with our own by the signal fact, also derived from them, that the matter is the same in kind as that which surrounds us here. One-third of the whole number of known elementary substances enter into their composition; iron, as we have seen, largely predominating over the rest—and associated occasionally with minerals resembling closely the hornblende, augite, and olivine of our own rocks. While the materials, however, are thus alike, they differ much in the manner
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of arrangement and proportions of their parts from any compound bodies hitherto known to us; and are of deep interest, therefore, as representing an aggregation, distinct from that of the earth, of the same elements diffused beyond its sphere. Almost might we venture to call them specimens of planetary matter, since that which exists in the space intermediate between the earth and other planets may have the same relation to both. And if indulging in such speculation, we might go yet further, and find argument in these facts for that great theory of modern astronomy, which regards all the planets as formed by the successive condensation of rings of nebulous matter, concentric with the Sun—the matter being the same, but variously aggregated, from physical causes varying during the condensation of each planet.

Our readers will thank us for quoting an eloquent passage from Humboldt in relation to this subject. After alluding to the several media, light, radiant heat, and gravitation, through which we hold relation to the world of nature without, he adds:—

‘But if in shooting stars and meteoric stones we recognize planetary asteroids, we are enabled by their fall to enter into a wholly different and more properly material relationship with cosmical objects. Here we no longer consider bodies acting upon exclusively from a distance, but we have actually present the meteorical particles themselves, which have come to us from the regions of space, have descended through our atmosphere, and remain upon the earth. A meteoric stone affords us the only possible contact with a substance foreign to our planet. Accustomed to know non-telluric bodies solely by measurement, calculation, and the inferences of our reason, it is with a kind of astonishment that we touch, weigh, and analyse a substance belonging to the world without. The imagination is stimulated, and the intellect aroused and animated, by a spectacle in which the uncultivated hind sees only a train of fading specks in the clear sky, and apprehends in the black stone which falls from the thundering cloud only the rude product of some wild force of nature.’

Though no new element has yet been discovered in meteoric stones, we must not carry this negative beyond present proof. Analyses of other specimens may afford other results; and we are not yet warranted in omitting any opportunity of further research. Besides the chance of new ingredients, such examination enables us to classify with more certainty these products of other regions of space, and thereby better to interpret the mystery of their origin and movements.

Another speculation still occurs in connexion with aerolites. The researches of the last fifty years have disclosed to us some twenty new substances, hitherto undecomposed, and most of them metallic in kind. Certain of these substances exist only in single specimens—others are rare in occurrence and small in quantity. It has puzzled naturalists to conceive the purpose which

which matters thus rare and insulated can fulfil in the economy of our globe. It is hardly probable, though possible, that these minute superficial specimens represent larger quantities in the interior of the earth. But is it not conceivable, looking to the composition of aerolites, that some of their elements, thus rare with us, may enter more abundantly into the composition of other planetary bodies? In the varying conditions of magnitude, figure, and specific gravity, as well as in the especial peculiarities of rings, belts, satellites, &c., we have the certain proof of different modes of aggregation in each case. May we not reasonably suppose that this difference has extended to the kind and proportion of the elements thus segregated and condensed from the vast material for which we vainly seek a befitting name? Speculations such as these do not fairly enter within the domain of science, but they border upon it, and now and then become the paths leading to new and unexpected truths. The objects of research are seemingly, indeed, too remote for access; but we have just seen how strangely some of them are actually brought within our reach. And when a single small instrument, like the polariscope, suffices to tell us the condition of light, whether issuing or reflected from a body a hundred million of miles distant in space—or when the perturbations of certain known planets are made by the astronomer to indicate the place and motions of one yet wholly unknown—it becomes difficult to despair of anything which time and genius may yet effect in the discovery of truth.

So far on the subject of aerolites, more especially; of which we have spoken thus fully, regarding this class of meteoric phenomena as best interpreting the others treated of in the works before us. It will have been seen already how closely all are allied, as well in various points of outward aspect, as in regard to the questions which concern their real nature and origin. One effect of this has been to render somewhat obscure to the untutored reader much of what even the ablest men have written on the subject. In the work of MM. Gravier and Saigey, for instance, the history of Meteorites, though divided into periods, is perplexed by the continual passage from one class to another, and from observation to theory. We have at least endeavoured to avoid this perplexity as far as seemed to ourselves possible in our actual ignorance of many of the relations of the phenomena. In proceeding now to those of the meteoric globes or fire-balls, and the shooting-stars, we are following a provisional arrangement, which may hereafter be cancelled; and are adopting names as we find them, since no better nomenclature has yet been brought to this part of science.

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The same thing has happened in other sciences; and such steps are natural in the history of all human progress.

The luminous globes are those in closest connexion with aerolites:—inasmuch as we have various well-attested instances of stones—single or numerous—falling at the time of such appearances, and in sequel to explosions which would seem to rend asunder some larger volumes of matter. The following description of the ordinary character of the *Bolide* we take chiefly from our French authors, who correct some exaggerations of Chladni on this subject. They have claim to be considered an authority, since one of them, by incessant observation for several years, witnessed as many of these great meteors as the actual number noted during the same period by all other observers in every part of the globe.

These meteors appear to move in the arcs of great circles. They do not come equally from all points of the horizon, but affect certain principal directions. No movement of rotation is recognized in them. Their apparent disk is greatly enlarged by irradiation; and is occasionally seen to exceed the circumference of the full moon—which, at the distance of 110 miles, would give a diameter of about a mile. Their form is always circular. The amount of their illumination is much less than that of the moon. Their height is various, but often far beyond the limits of our atmosphere. They appear and disappear suddenly, without sensible change of diameter; sometimes bursting, but without noise; and often leaving a train of light behind. Their duration seldom exceeds a few seconds. Their velocity approximates to that of the earth, or other planets.

One curious fact relating to these meteors, and still more to shooting-stars, is, that they appear now and then to ascend, or to alternate in ascent or descent, as if new and opposite forces were suddenly brought into action. Chladni and others have sought explanation of this, either in resistance of the air compressed by rapid descent, or in the effects of explosion or ignition in the masses themselves. More recently, however, doubt has been thrown on the reality of these appearances, and the authority of Bessel as to their improbability is one that must have much weight on the subject. Still it is a point open to future observation and inquiry.

As is the case in every other part of science, the record of facts regarding these igneous meteors has become of late years infinitely more copious and exact. We have already noticed the extraordinary Chinese register, brought down from a very remote date. No other country, nor any age before the present, furnishes a like document. The first formal catalogue of remarkable me-

teors, of all classes, is that of a very eminent observer, M. Quetelet, published in 1837; and again, with large additions, in 1841. There soon followed the catalogue of Mr. Herrick, in America, and that of M. Chasles, presented to the Académie des Sciences in 1841—containing much curious retrospective information, and particularly as to the recorded falls of shooting-stars. The latest catalogue is that by Professor Baden Powell—presented in series at the five last meetings of the British Association, and published in their Annual Reports. Professing to be merely a continuation of Quetelet's Catalogue, and to form a nucleus for future collection, it is, in truth, a most copious and valuable register of these phenomena, attesting—if any attestation were necessary—the equal zeal and ability of its author. We will not call it complete, because no record of these vagrant and fugitive appearances can be so. We do not, for instance, find noted in the Report for 1851 a very remarkable meteor, of which we ourselves witnessed the appearance and disruption on the 30th September, 1850, from the Observatory at Cambridge, in Massachussets; and which has been fully described by Mr. Bond, the distinguished astronomer of that university.* But many of these *lacunæ* will be filled up; and meanwhile the catalogue is ample enough to furnish an admirable basis for future observation and theory.

We have noted the frequent connexion of these igneous meteors with falling stones; and this is, in truth, the question of greatest interest regarding them. Are they always associated with some form of matter analogous to that of known aerolites, but which escapes detection, either by falling out of human sight, or by the passage forwards of the meteor in its orbit, without precipitation of its contents? Taking the question generally, we incline to answer at once in the affirmative. It must be admitted that stones have sometimes fallen from what seems to be a clear heaven; or with no other appearance than that of a small circular cloud suddenly forming in the sky. But these, as far as we know, are events of the daytime; and what is seen as a dark form under the light of the sun may appear a fiery globe in the darkness of night. If it be well proved in a few cases that these fire-balls exploding have thrown down stones upon the earth, the

* The most striking circumstances in this meteor were, the long time (more than an hour) the nebulous light was visible after the explosion—the great distinctness of the nucleus, an elongated luminous space being projected, as it were, *ahead* of it—the perfectly cometary figure and aspect of the meteor a quarter of an hour after its first appearance, a fact strongly adverted to by Mr. Bond—and the rotary motion of the luminous elongation—amounting to nearly 90° within twenty minutes, and producing a sort of whorl, resembling some of the nebulae so beautifully depicted from Lord Rosse's late observations.

presumption becomes strong that analogous meteorical elements are present in all, whether precipitated or not. M. Saigey does not fully admit the relation of bolides and aerolites; but we believe the argument fairly to stand as we have stated it.

The subject of Shooting Stars (*étoiles filantes*) separates itself somewhat further from the phenomena already described, though still manifestly connected in various ways. The more important peculiarities here are the smaller size of these meteors; their infinitely greater frequency; the arcs they describe; their frequent occurrence in showers; and the observed periodicity in certain of these latter occurrences. The difference of magnitude is the least important of their characters; since we find every gradation of size, from the shooting scintilla of light to globes large as the moon. Those gradations, partially visible to any eye gazing into the depths of the sky on a clear night, are especially seen during the showers of stars just adverted to. The periodicity of some of these showers is the point of greatest interest in the inquiry; a research still very imperfect, but which time is certain complete, and probably at no distant period.

The common aspect of shooting stars needs no description. It was one of the earliest objects of science, as directed to them, to determine their heights, duration, and velocity; and on these points we owe much to the persevering labours of Brandes and Benzenburg; an ample narrative of whose observations is given in the French work before us. Begun as early as 1798, they were continued at intervals of time, and in different places, for a period of thirty-five years; Brandes dying in 1834, just after he had received the account of that prodigious fall of shooting stars in America, on the 12th and 13th November, which gave at once larger scope and better definition to all our views of these phenomena. To determine the points just mentioned, it was essential to have two observers at least, and a base of sufficient length for separate observation. Equally essential was it to assure the identity of the objects seen; for which recourse was had to the exact time of appearance, as well as to the apparent brilliancy, swiftness, and length of train of each star observed. Observation strictly simultaneous was needful to success; and this could only be got by knowing the precise difference of longitude between the stations. The base first taken, two leagues in length, proved too short to furnish the parallax required. In 1801 the inquiry was resumed, with the aid of two fresh observers; and four points were taken, the extremes of which, Hamburg, and Elberfeld, were about 200 miles distant. Here again it may be presumed that the separation was too great, since, out of a great number observed, only five shooting stars could be actually identified.

tified. But this paucity of positive results is familiar to practical astronomy; and Benzenburg consoled himself in quoting the phrase of Lalande: 'Il n'y a que les astronomes qui sachent par combien d'observations manquées on en achète une seule qui réussit.'

During the remainder of the period we have named, similar observations were repeated by the same and many other observers, in various parts of Germany, with different lengths of base, and aided by formulæ which Olbers and Erman had respectively suggested. Such, however, was the difficulty of establishing identity, that in 1823, a year particularly devoted to this research, out of 1712 shooting stars actually observed, only thirty-seven could be conclusively regarded as the same seen at different stations. Nevertheless many valuable results were obtained, sufficient to indicate the general character of these meteors, and to associate them more closely with the fire-balls before described. Their height—varying, of course, in different shooting stars, and at the moments of appearance and disappearance of each—was found to range from 15 to 140 or 150 miles—(some statements much higher than these are made doubtful by the smallness of the parallax); their velocity to be that of planetary bodies, reaching frequently to thirty miles in the second. These conditions, together with the directions of the paths they describe in reference to the motion of the earth, suffice to assign their place as parts of the planetary system, however small or attenuated the aggregations of matter thus presented to us.

A far more striking evidence, however, to this effect speedily followed, from the discovery of a periodical character in some of those showers of meteors; which at certain times startle the spectator by their number and brilliancy. The earliest suggestion of this arose from an extraordinary apparition of such meteors in the northern part of the United States on the nights of the 12th and 13th of November, 1833; the description of which in much detail was given by Professor Olmsted, of Newhaven, and other observers. The asteroids composing this fiery shower graduated from the simple phosphorescent line of the shooting star to luminous globes of the moon's diameter—all of them conforming to one condition (the most important of the facts observed), that of issuing from the same point in the constellation Léo; and continuing to proceed from this point, though the rotation of the earth during the progress of the phenomena had greatly changed its apparent place in the heavens. The value of this observation was at once recognised. Sporadic shooting-stars are observed to traverse the sky in all directions. But these multitudinous meteors of a night, in their radiation from one point, showed a common

common origin, and the approach of the earth in its orbit to some other revolving volume of matter, visible only through the changes made by this approximation.

Intelligence of this event, confirmed by other observers in different localities, awakened a new and keener interest in the subject. Reference was made to the same date in antecedent years, and several instances discovered in which about the 12th of November extraordinary falls of shooting stars had occurred;—the most remarkable, that described by Humboldt and Bompland in 1799, which occurred near their observation at Cumana, but was seen very extensively over the earth. Earnest expectation also was directed towards the future. On the night of the 12th November, 1834, shooting-stars were very numerous seen by the same American observers, and proceeding from the same point in the heavens; but the light of the moon rendered the results partial and uncertain. In succeeding years the phenomena were more vaguely seen, or altogether absent; except in 1837 and 1838, when they recurred, but more partially as to localities. In the former year, for instance, they formed a striking spectacle in some parts of England, while scarcely visible in Germany. Though M. Saigey imputes much exaggeration in numbers to the Transatlantic reports, they have been admitted by the very highest men of science—Arago, Biot, Herschel, Humboldt, Encke, &c.—as fully proving the periodical return of certain groups of asteroids, or of the matter generating them. To Encke we owe the calculation that the point in Leo, from which these November meteorites issued, is precisely the direction in which the earth was moving in its orbit at this particular time—a fact, the value of which in relation to their theory will readily be understood.

But the eager attention now given to the subject speedily evoked other results. It was found, as well from prior record as from present observation, that November was not the sole period of recurrence of such phenomena. Tradition, both in England and elsewhere, pointed out the 10th of August, St. Lawrence's-day, as frequently marked by these fiery showers. In some parts of Germany the belief ran that St. Lawrence wept *tears of fire* on the night of his fête. An old monkish calendar, found at Cambridge, reciting the natural events which belong to different days of the year, designates this day as one of meteors (*meteōrodes*). We find a curious notice by Sir W. Hamilton of such a shower, as he witnessed it at Naples on August 10, 1799. In 1839 these August asteroids were very remarkable; and it has been distinctly ascertained that they proceeded from a point in the heavens between Perseus and Taurus, in direction towards which point the earth traverses a tangent to her orbit at the time—a
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very striking concurrence with the facts just stated respecting the November phenomena. Further research has indicated other times of the year—in April, July, and December—marked by like periodical appearances; but the evidence is less distinct, and does not go further than to justify the demand for future and multiplied observations.

The admission of these wonderful facts created instant inquiry into their cause. No theory was seemingly tenable which did not recognise in some form a revolution round the Sun of the matter composing or evolving these asteroids. Professor Olmsted, and other American naturalists, fresh from the spectacle that had been before their eyes, took up the question before it had been treated in Europe; and the former, collecting all the facts, deduced from them the existence of a nebulous cloud or mass of meteoric stars, approaching the earth at particular periods of its revolution, under conditions as to time, direction, and physical changes from proximity, which we have not space to detail. His speculation that this meteoric cloud might be part of the solar nebula known under the name of the Zodiacal Light, was taken up and enlarged upon by Biot, in a memoir read before the Académie des Sciences in 1836. The first exact observer of the zodiacal light, Cassini, had long before inferred that it consists of divided or diffused planetary matter. It is shown by Biot that on the 13th of November the earth is in such relative position that it must necessarily act by attraction or contact upon the material particles of which this nebula is composed, producing phenomena which we may reasonably consider to be represented by these meteoric showers. He carries the same theory to the explanation of the sporadic shooting-stars of ordinary nights, by supposing that the habitual passage of Mercury and Venus across the more central regions of this nebula must have dispersed innumerable particles in orbits very little inclined to the ecliptic, and so variously directed that the earth may encounter, attract, and render them luminous in every part of its revolution.

Objections have been raised to this theory, and it remains without any fresh confirmation. But under any form that can be given to the question before us, it seems needful, as we have said, to assume for its solution the existence of matter, revolving either in zones or in separate masses and groups, containing the material of these asteroids. The hypothesis of matter thus arranged, having periods of revolution more or less regular, and intersecting the orbit of the earth in certain points at certain times, has been adopted by Arago, Herschel, and other eminent astronomers; and the conception of a zone or zones of such matter is admitted as best fulfilling on the whole the conditions of the problem.

problem. Under this view of revolution, already expounded in a more general way as applied to meteors of every class, we obtain the only clear notion of a cause of periodicity—the law being the same which governs the planetary system at large, and even the most excentric motions depending on the great principle which maintains general order throughout the universe.

It must be admitted that this theory materially changes our manner of viewing the interplanetary spaces around us. No longer regarded as a void—or filled solely by a subtle ether, imponderable and unseen—these spaces now present themselves as occupied in various parts by matter apparently of the same nature as those of which our globe is composed—but either not yet aggregated into planetary forms, or detached from planetary bodies previously existing. If adopting this idea of meteoric zones or rings, we must necessarily admit several such; leaving open to future research the questions, whether they are of uniform composition and arrangement? whether there is any proof of a progression in the line of nodes, or of oscillation from perturbations? whether we may attribute to them the occasional obscuration of the sun for short periods, which we find on frequent record? and on what physical causes depend the luminous globes and shooting-stars which emanate from them on approaching the earth?

Other questions there are, awaiting the possible solution of the future, some of which our readers will already infer. To explain the appearance of single meteors, always so sudden, often so brilliant—as well as the more *substantial* phenomenon of falling stones—must we not suppose detached portions of matter, equally revolving as the zones which pour forth periodical showers, but each with an independent orbit of its own? What physical causes can have produced such separate accumulation or consolidation of these portions of matter? Both analogy and the known laws of the mechanism of the heavens furnish a certain explanation of zones or rings, but we have no similar aid to our understanding of these insulated masses moving in space. Are they *residual* merely upon the consolidation of larger bodies? or must we regard them as detached by some unknown force from bodies already consolidated? The fragmentary character of aerolites, as well as the materials composing them, might suggest the latter idea, and the numerous group of excentric planetoids between Mars and Jupiter give sanction to it; but we have already followed out the argument derived from these sources, and seen how much is wanting to its certainty and completion.

Before closing our article we must make more particular mention

tion of the valuable work composed by M. Saigey, but recording, in sequel to an Historical Introduction, those long series of observations by M. Coulvier-Gravier, in which latterly the writer himself took an important share. We prefer such separate notice, both because these researches are little known in this country ; and because their purport will be better understood from the relation already given of the previous state of knowledge and opinion on the subject. We ought to begin with stating that M. Saigey acquiesces only very partially in the conclusions we have described, as adopted by the most eminent scientific men of the age. He contends that these conclusions are premature ; based in many points on doubtful or insufficient observations, and pressed forward by the zeal of astronomers relying too much on analogies drawn from their own more certain science. He asserts that longer and closer research into facts is needful to all theory on the subject ; and justifies this by the record of results which show at least that other and new conditions must be added to the theories of meteoric phenomena now received. Of the more remarkable of these results we shall give a short summary ; such as may enable our readers to judge of their nature and bearing on the argument.

Observations on shooting-stars and other meteors were begun by M. Coulvier-Gravier at Rheims as early as 1811 ; under electrical and other theories of their origin, which he afterwards abandoned. It was not, however, until 1841 that, at the suggestion of Arago, he began carefully to register their number, times of appearance, and direction in the heavens. In 1845 M. Saigey associated himself to his labours, and aided greatly in generalizing and giving method to the results. In a period of 42 months, between 1841 and 1845, there were 5302 shooting-stars recorded—seen during 1054 hours of observation. The number would doubtless have been much greater but for the interference of the moon, which, when full, effaces nearly three-fifths of the stars otherwise visible. An estimate made, with allowance for this cause, brings out the mean horary number of 6 ; the actual mean number seen per hour being 5·6. The passing obscuration by clouds makes another void in the calculation, the amount of which it is difficult to estimate.

But this general horary mean loses its interest in another more curious and unlooked-for result of these observations, viz. the variations found to exist at different hours. With rare exceptions, the number of visible meteors increases as the night advances ; and this at all times of the year, and with regularity enough to furnish the basis of tables for each successive hour of the night. A few instances we give from different hours between evening
and

and morning. In the evening from 6 to 7 o'clock the mean number of stars falling is 3·3—from 9 to 10 o'clock 4—from 11 to 12 o'clock 5—from 2 to 3 o'clock in the morning 7·1—from 5 to 6 o'clock 8·2. And this gradation is maintained as well at the times of periodical return of such meteors as on ordinary nights.

Equally remarkable is the result as to the monthly or annual variations of these phenomena. A laborious reduction of observations has furnished a table expressing the monthly mean of the horary number at midnight. This table shows a singular disparity between the first six months of the year and the last; the mean number of shooting-stars in the former being only 3·4 in the hour—in the latter rising as high as 8—that is, a smaller number when the earth is moving from perihelion to aphelion, or receding from the sun—a much greater number in the after six months, when it is advancing towards its perihelion. The transition is rapid from one of these conditions to the other. In December the mean number in the hour is 7·2—in January only 3·6. In June it is 3·2—in July 7·0. It is well worthy of note that the two maxima in the table occur in August and November—corresponding exactly in date with the periodical showers we have described—and with the further concurrence of fact, that these maxima do not present themselves every year. In 1842 the mean for August was 11·9—in 1844 only 5·4. In 1842 the mean for November was 11·3—in 1843 it was 5·4.

Another part of the researches before us regards the *direction* of these shooting-stars. Without entering into the details, which are also given tabularly, we may remark the general conclusion that almost exactly the same number come from the north and south conjointly, as from the east and west; but with this diversity in the two cases, that, while the number is nearly the same from north and south, the number coming from the east much more than doubles that from the west. The amount of this diversity, however, differs in different years. The copious accumulation of facts, and great exactitude in the manner of observation, afforded other curious results, as to the length of the visible trajectories, the position of the centre of the meteors, &c. The shooting-stars comprised between the N.N.E. and N.E. have the longest visible course, their mean line being upwards of 15 degrees—those between W.S.W. and S.W. are only seen through about 11 degrees. Whatever the time of year or hour of night the line is one of descent towards the horizon. Out of 5302 fifteen only were seen to describe curved lines.

The estimate of our authors as to the height of shooting-stars places their point of appearance at from 20 to 50 or 60 miles
above

above the earth. Their relative size, colour, and manner of apparition were carefully observed. Of *Bolides* (luminous globes) eight were noted during the 42 months, three only of which burst, and these without any noise of explosion. Of the proper shooting-stars 80 were registered of the first magnitude, that is, having the apparent size and lustre of Venus or Jupiter. The others were classed down to the sixth magnitude, corresponding to the fifth of the fixed stars. The colour, especially of the largest, is generally a pure white. Those of reddish tint are rarer; but they are remarkable as seeming to be slower in movement, and not leaving trains of light behind. Some occur of bluish colour, but still more rarely.

We find it necessary to abstain from further details, but we believe we have said enough to show the value of these new researches. They clearly suggest many important considerations hitherto little regarded; and some of these, as we have already remarked, at variance with the conclusions generally adopted before. We must needs admit that a revision of those conclusions is required; and their adaptation, if such be possible, to the new facts brought before us. Assuming the authenticity of the latter, we are bound to say that no theory of meteoric phenomena can be valid or complete which does not include and explain the horary and annual variations just described. They are problems of high interest, but doubtless of great difficulty. And while recording the most recent researches in this part of science, we must repeat our opinion, that a much larger basis of observation is required before we can raise the phenomena to the class of astronomical facts. Time alone is capable of affording this. We cannot follow the fleeting meteor as we do the planet, or even the more excentric comet, night after night, on their paths. But modern science has taught us to derive certainty from averages as well as from more direct observation; and the multiplication of insulated facts, if exact and authentic in kind, is sure in the end to conduct us to the truth desired, or as near to it as human powers are permitted to approach. Happy those who can detach themselves at times from the turmoil and troubles of the busy world we inhabit, and find repose among the more silent wonders of the universe without!—a contemplation scarcely disturbed even by these flaming ministers of the sky, which now no longer come to affright mankind, but to enlighten and enlarge their intelligence and power.

ART. V.—*The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.* By W. Stirling, M.P. 8vo. 1852.

SEVEN years have passed since the Spanish Handbook made us acquainted with Mr. Ford's visit to the convent of Yuste, where Charles V. breathed his last. Previously no Englishman of any note—Lord John Russell, we believe, excepted—had penetrated into that remote retreat, which certainly no one had described. Now that Spain is replaced in the Anglo-Saxon travelling map, a change has come over the spirit of the scene:—this secluded spot, so beautiful in itself and so rich in associations, forms a popular point to our pilgrims, and the solitude of the cell ceases when the long vacation begins. In welcoming again to our pages one of these more recent tourists—the accomplished annalist of the Artists of Spain—we rejoice to see such good use made of the precious boons of leisure and fortune, and trust that the new member for Perthshire will not forswear type in disgust of bales of blue books, but continue from time to time to entertain and instruct us with tomes like this.

It is not unlikely that, in the choice of his present subject, Mr. Stirling was influenced by the feeling that it would be peculiarly becoming in a Spanish student born north of the Tweed, to make the *amende honorable* to history, by refuting some gross errors to which two of his countrymen had given currency nearly a century ago. We cheerfully admit the merits of the Robertson school, the first to cut down the folio Rapin phalanx into reasonable proportions. They deserve lasting gratitude as the pioneers who made history accessible; and if they sacrificed too much to style, it was the French fashion of the day, when authors, relying more on rhetoric than research, trusted to mask the shallowness of the stream by the sparkle that danced on a clear surface; and graceful writing—the secret of pleasant reading—does indeed cover a multitude of sins. History thus made easy, and speaking the language of *bon ton*, was sufficient for our forefathers, who, provided general outlines were drawn with a free hand, neither cared for correctness in particulars, nor were displeased with touching incidents, invented by ingenious gentlemen, either contemners of real facts or too indolent to hunt for them, and who, like contemporary geographers, 'placed elephants instead of towns' in the open downs of guess-work description. No Niebuhr had then arisen to separate truth from fable, to fix precision of detail, and furnish a model to modern investigation and accuracy. 'Oh! read me not history,' exclaimed Sir Robert Walpole, 'for *that* I know

I know to be false'—and no writer of it ever was satisfied with more imperfect sources of information than Dr. Robertson, who, according to Walpole's son, 'took everything on trust; and when he compiled his Charles V.—[the bulky biography of a great Emperor of *Germany* and King of *Castile*—was in utter ignorance of German and Spanish historians.' He cited, indeed, says Mr. Stirling, 'the respectable names of Sandoval, Vera, and De Thou, but seems chiefly to have relied upon Leti, one of the most lively and least trustworthy of the historians of his time.' This Italian—like M. Thiers, Lamartine, and Co., of our day—was a glozing, gossiping, historical-romancer. His four *Duos.*, published at Amsterdam, A.D. 1700, were much read at the time, but are now forgotten and rare. Dr. Robertson was followed by Dr. Watson, his ape. The dull Aberdeen Professor just re-echoed the elegant Principal's blunders in his Philip II.—a production at once clumsy and flimsy, that will shortly receive a *duc quietus* in the great work on which Mr. Prescott has long been occupied.

When these misstatements were first pointed out in the Handbook, reference was made to a certain MS., purchased by M. Mignet, who, it was prophesied, would some day 'publish it as his own.' M. Gachard, a learned Belgian, next made known that this MS. was deposited in the archives of the foreign office at Paris. Mr. Stirling, not as yet contemplating the performance before us, but anxious to solve a collateral question, went there in the summer of 1850, and endeavoured in vain to conciliate the good offices of some literati commonly supposed to take a special concern in historical inquiries. No help from them!—but on a subsequent visit in winter, his application for permission found favour with President Buonaparte himself—and being further backed by Lord Normanby and M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who interested themselves in 'getting the *order* obeyed by the unwilling officials,' our author at last grasped in his hands the dragon-guarded MS.—and found it a real prize. Its writer, Canon Thomas Gonzalez, was intrusted by Ferdinand VII. with the custody and reconstruction of the national archives at Simancas, after the expulsion of the French invaders, whose plunderings and dislocations M. Gachard has truly described. Don Thomas fully availed himself of his unlimited access to treasures which had been so long sealed alike to natives and foreigners by the suspicious government of Madrid. Hence the MS. now in question—entitled 'Memoir of Charles at Yuste.' Gonzalez himself supplied little more than the thread on which the pearls were strung—leaving it, as far as possible, for the actors to

to tell their own tale in their own words—in short he depended substantially on the correspondence that passed between the Courts at Valladolid and Brussels and the retired Emperor and his household. More authentic evidence cannot consequently exist; the dead, after three centuries of cold obstruction, are summoned to the bar of history—for sooner or later everything shall be known. Unfortunately the full bowl was dashed from Mr. Stirling's lips by his not being allowed to 'transcribe any of the original documents, the French Government [M. Mignet?] having entertained the design of publishing the entire work;'—a project which the Ledru-Rollin revolution of 1848 had retarded, and which this English forestalling may possibly not advance. Meantime, until the MS. Memoir be printed *in extenso*—which we hope ultimately will be the case—we must, and may well, content ourselves with its having supplied the groundwork and chief materials of Mr. Stirling's volume—which, moreover, collects and arranges for us illustrations from a multitude of other sources, all critically examined, and many of them, no doubt, familiar of old to the owner of the rich Spanish library at Keir.

The first printed account of Charles at Yuste, and hitherto the best, is to be found in Joseph de Siguenza's comprehensive history of St. Jerome and his order. The learned author of this monastic classic, born in 1545, and the friend of many who had known the Emperor intimately, was appointed the first prior of the Escorial by Philip II., who held him to be the greatest wonder of that monastery, itself the eighth wonder of the world; and there to this day his thoughtful portrait, painted by Coello, hangs in the identical cell in which he lived so long and wrote so much and so well. 'Of the existence of Siguenza,' says Mr. Stirling, 'Dr. Robertson does not appear to have been aware;'—but very possibly, had the book itself (or rather a translation of it) come into his hands, the Principal would have run over it with no careful eye—for it seems to have been one of the dogmas of his creed that Charles, when once scheduled to a convent, was *civiliter mortuus*—beyond sober historical jurisdiction—and at best entitled to point a moral and adorn a tale. Be that as it may, the imperial hermit might well have been studied as he was even by pious Siguenza; for he had filled the first place in this world at a most critical epoch, when the middle ages ended and the modern began; when old things were passing away, and change and transition, political and intellectual, were the order of the day. The monarchical system had then superseded the feudal, and the balance of the powers of Europe, now one great family, was shadowed out. His was the age of Leo X., when printing and the restoration of the classics acted on literature—

Michael

Michael Angelo and Raphael on art—gunpowder and infantry on warfare—and when, last not least, Luther with the Bible struck at fallacies and superstitions, shivering the fetters forged at Rome for the human mind. Many circumstances rendered Charles the chief and foremost personage, the centre and cynosure, in this most remarkable period. The accident of birth had indeed thrust greatness on him. The sun never set on the dominions in the old and new world of one man, who, when he assumed *Plus Ultra* for his motto, striking the negative from the pillared limits which bounded the ambition of a demigod, gave to other monarchs a significative hint that his had none;—and fortune, when a King of France was his prisoner at Madrid, a Pope his captive in Rome itself, seemed to favour his gigantic aspirations. In later times abdication has so often been made the escape of weak and bad rulers, legitimate and illegitimate, that we must place ourselves in the sixteenth century and think and feel as men then did, if we desire fully to understand the thunderclap effect produced when this monopolist of fame and power, this Cæsar and Charlemagne of his day, altogether voluntarily, and like Diocletian of old, his prototype and parallel in infinite particulars, descended from so many thrones,—exchanging care-lined ermine for the cowl, and burying himself for ever, far from courts and camps, in the solitude of a mountain cloister.

Charles, in bidding farewell to so much greatness, did not take the solemn step without due deliberation. He, too, like the recluse of Spalatro, had long meditated on such a conclusion, as one devoutly to be wished for; and now, when he felt his physical forces gradually giving way, worn as a scabbard by the steel of an over-active intellect—now when Philip, trained in his school, was in full vigour of mind and body, he felt the moment had at length come for shifting from his bending shoulders ‘a load would sink a navy,’ and preparing himself for heaven by the concentrated contemplation of that valley and shadow through which he must ere long pass.

Such a yearning was as much in accordance with Spanish character in general as with his own particular idiosyncracies. A similar tendency marked the earliest Gothic sovereigns of Christianized Spain. Elurico, king of the Suevi, died a monk in 583—and his immediate successor, Andeca, imitated the example; Wamba assumed the cowl at Pampliega, where he expired in 682; Bermudo I. went to his grave in 791 a friar; Alphonso IV., surnamed the Monk, followed in 930—as did Ramiro II. in 950. St. Ferdinand, one of the best and greatest of Spanish kings, delighted to spend intervals of pensive quietude among the brethren of St. Facundus. The hypochondriacism evident in Enrique IV. passed through his sister,
the

the pious Isabel, to her daughter *Juana La Loca* (Crazy Jane); the mother of two emperors and four queens. She lived and died in the nunnery of Tordesillas, and the malady transmitted to her son Charles became fixed in the Spanish line of the Austrian blood to its close. Philip II. lived and died virtually a monk, in his Escorial; his son, Philip III., vegetated a weak bigot, as did his weaker grandson Charles II. The taint crossed the Pyrenees with Anne of Austria, whose son, Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque, died every inch a monk, while his grandson, Philip V., first abdicated, then ended a melancholy recluse in the Guadarama. With the royal daughters of Spain the confessor so regularly replaced the lover, that the convent, as a finale, became the rule. Nor was this morbidly religious disposition confined to royalties; it has at all times peopled lauras, hermitages, and cloisters of Spain with her best and bravest sons. In that semi-oriental nation, a desire to withdraw from the world-weariness to the shadow of some great rock, grows as youth wears away—with love and war in its train;—then the peculiar *Desengaño*, the disenchantment, the finding out the stale, flat, and unprofitable vanity of vanities, urges the winding up a life of action by repose, and an atonement for sensuality by mortification. When the earlier stimulants are no longer efficient, abodes and offices of penance furnish a succedaneum to the uneducated and resourceless:—nor, in truth, can anything be more impressive than the hermit-sites of the Vierzos and Montserrats of the Peninsula—their unspeakable solace of solitude, so congenial to disappointed spirits, who, condemning and lamenting the earthly pleasures that they have outlived, depart from the crowd, their affections set above—

to mourn o'er sin,

And find, for outward Eden lost, a paradise within.

Charles, even in the prime of life, had settled with his beloved Empress that they would both retire from the world and from each other so soon as their children were grown up. He had long prepared himself for monastic habits. During Lents he withdrew, when at Toledo, to the convent La Sista, and when at Valladolid to a monastery near Abrujo, at which he built quarters for his reception: nay, fifteen years before he abdicated, he confided his intention to his true friend Francesco de Borja—himself, by and by, a memorable example of pomp-renouncing reflexion. The Emperor selected the Order of St. Jerome, hospitable rather than ascetic; and appears to have soon listened with special attention to the praises of their establishment at Yuste. He caused the site to be examined some twelve years before he finally determined—nor could any
locality

locality have been better chosen. If Spain herself, unvisited and unvisited, was the recluse of Europe, her remote Estremadura—*extrema ora*—became naturally the very Thebais for native anchorites. Here, indeed, the Romans of old had placed their capital Merida, a ‘little Rome,’ and the district, under the Moors was a garden and granary; but administrative neglect and the emigration of the multitudes who followed their countymen, Cortez and Pizarro, to the ‘diggings’ of the new world, ere long grievously impoverished and depopulated the province, where—*absit omen!*—to this day uncultivated and uninhabited leagues of fertile land remain overgrown with aromatic bush, the heritage of the wild bee. The Hieronomite convent, so extolled to the Emperor, stands—or rather stood—about seven leagues from ‘pleasant’ Placencia, a town most picturesquely placed in a bosom of beauty and plenty, girdled by snow-capped sierras, moated by trout-streams, and clothed with forests of chestnut, mulberries, and orange. The fraternity had nestled on a park-like hill-slope which sheltered devotion from the wind, and still, basking in the sunny south, sweeps over the boundless horizon of the *Vera*—where spring indeed is perpetual. So much for the ‘St. Justus seated in a vale of no great extent,’ of Dr. Robertson, who, blundering from the threshold to the catastrophe, mistakes a Canterbury saint for a Castilian streamlet, the Yuste, which descending behind the monastery had given it its name.

In 1554, Charles, then in Flanders, finally sent his son Philip to the holy spot, to inspect its capabilities, in reference to a plan, sketched by his own hand, of some additional buildings necessary for his accommodation. Events were hurrying to the conclusion. Mary of England, on her accession, lost no time in personally informing Charles—to whom she had been affianced thirty years before—that she was nothing loth to become his second empress. Charles, in handing over the gracious offer to Philip, who was then engaged to marry his cousin of Portugal, added that, were the Tudor Queen mistress of far ampler dominions, they should not tempt him from a purpose of quite another kind. So much for Dr. Watson’s assertion, that Charles was quite resolved to espouse the mature maiden in case Philip had declined taking her off his hands. The extirpation of heresy in England being alike uppermost in the minds of the Emperor and his heir, no objections were raised by the latter to this parental proposal. He as readily consented to marry the English princess destined for his father, as he afterwards did to marry the French princess destined for his son Don Carlos. The Portuguese cousin was thrown over; and when the bigot Philip was

was duly linked to the bloody Mary, Smithfield contributed no inapt torch to hymeneals simultaneously illumined by the *autos de fe* of the Spanish Inquisition. The ambition of Charles, when he now prepared to shift the burdens of actual sovereignty from his own shoulder, was transferred, not extinguished; in exact proportion as he panted to denude himself of empire, he was anxious to aggrandise his son. His health had long been bad and broken. Feeble in constitution, and a martyr to gout, which his imprudences at table augmented, a premature old age overtook him. So far back as 1549, Marillac, the envoy of France, ever Spain's worst enemy, had gladdened his master with a *signalement* of the sick Cæsar:—'L'œil abattu, la bouche pale, le visage plus mort que vif, le col exténué, la parole faible, l'haleine courte, le dos fort courbé, et les jambes si faibles qu'à grande peine il pouvait aller avec un bâton de sa chambre jusqu'à sa garde-robe.' The hand that once wielded the lance and jereed so well, was then scarcely able to break the seal of a letter; and now depressing disasters conspired to reduce his moral energy to a level with his physical prostration. Fickle fortune, which had smiled on him formerly, was, as he said, turning to younger men—the repulse at Metz, and ignominious flight to Inspruck, were terrible signs of it, and the death of his mother, in April, 1555, having at length made him really king proprietary of Spain, he carried out his intentions of a general abdication at his Flemish capital, Brussels, on Friday, October 25th of that same year. His last address was full of dignity, and pathos:—weeping himself, he drew sympathetic tears from the whole of the assembly; the scene is touchingly reported by our minister, Sir John Mason, who was present.*

Ill health detained the ex-monarch nearly a year longer in Flanders, which he finally quitted, September 13, 1556. His exit was imperial. He was accompanied by his two sisters, the dowager queens of Hungary and France, who indeed wished to be permanent sharers of his retirement, and was attended by a suite of one hundred and fifty persons, and a fleet of fifty-six sail. He reached Laredo on the 28th. Robertson prostrates him on the ground at landing—eager to salute the common mother of mankind, to whom he now returned naked as he was born. Neither is there the slightest foundation for this episode, nor for the Doctor's diatribes on the neglect he met in Spain. He was indeed put to a little inconvenience, from having appeared sooner than was expected, and before adequate preparations were complete, in about the poorest part of a country 'always

* See the paper in Mr. Burgon's industrious biography of Sir Thomas Gresham (ii. 74).

in want of everything at the critical moment:—matters, however, speedily mended on the arrival of his chamberlain, an experienced campaigner, and cunning in the commissariat. The cavalcade set forth over some of the wildest mountain-passes in Spain—through poverty-stricken districts, where stones are given for bread, where the rich are sent empty away, and then, as now, miserably unprovided even with such accommodation for man or beast as Spaniards and their locomotive, the mule, alone could or can endure.—‘*Oh! dura tellus Iberiæ!*’ Charles, sick and gouty, travelled by short stages of ten to fifteen miles a-day, sometimes in a chair carried by men, at other times in a litter. The identical palanquin in which his Catholic Majesty was ‘cribbed, cabined, and confined,’ during this Cæsarean operation, is still preserved in the Armoria at Madrid; something between a black trunk and a coffin, it is infinitely less comfortable than the elegant articles furnished by Mr. Banting. His progress, the vehicle notwithstanding, was right regal. Provinces and cities emptied themselves to do homage, and he entered Burgos, the time-honoured capital of Castile, amid pealing bells and a general illumination: here he remained two days, holding a perpetual levee, highly delighted, and with every wish anticipated. So much for Dr. Robertson’s moving ‘tale of the deep affliction of Charles at his son’s ingratitude,’ and the forced residence at Burgos for ‘some weeks’ before Philip paid the first moiety of the small pension which was all he had reserved of so many kingdoms—with the tragical addition that the said delay prevented him rewarding or dismissing his suite, which, in fact, he neither did nor wished to do here. At Cabezon he was met by his grandson, the ill-omened Don Carlos, of whom he formed a bad but correct first impression, and forthwith recommended to the regent Juana ‘an unsparing use of the rod;’ the boy already, at eleven years of age, evinced unmistakeable symptoms ‘of a sullen passionate temper. He lived in a state of perpetual rebellion against his aunt, and displayed from the nursery the weakly mischievous spirit which marked his short career at his father’s court.’ Mr. Stirling properly treats all the love for his father’s wife, and his consequent murder, as the contemptible fictions of malevolent ignorance, though adopted and revived of late by the Alfieris, Schillers, and other illustrious dramatists.

Charles entered Valladolid, where the court was residing, without parade, but by the usual gate. ‘It would be a shame,’ said he, ‘not to let his people see him’—a cause and monument of his country’s greatness. He was received by all, high and low, most deferentially, and held frequent cabinet councils. On

On resuming his journey, he 'thanked God that he was getting beyond the reach of ceremony, and that henceforward no more visits were to be made, no more receptions to be undergone.' He now approached the wild and rugged Sierra de Bejar, one of the backbones of the Peninsula; yet rather than face the episcopal and municipal civilities of Placencia, to which Dr Robertson takes him, he braved a shorter cut, over an alpine pass which might have scared a chamois or contrabandista—a route which recalled the miseries of his flight to Inspruck, and is almost described by Lactantius, in his account of the journey of Diocletian to Nicomedia:—'Cum jam felicitas ab eo recessisset, impatiens et æger animi, profectus hyeme, sæviente frigore, atque imbribus verberatus, morbum levem et perpetuum traxit, vexatusque per omne iter lecticâ plurimum vehebatur.' (*De Morte Persec.*, xvii.)

Mr. Stirling paints like a true artist the toppling crags, the torrents, and precipices amidst which nature sits enthroned in all her sublimity, with her wildest and loveliest forms broad-cast about her, where least seen, as if in scorn for the insect man and his admiration. When at length the cavalcade crept, like a wounded snake, to the culminating crest, and the promised land, the happy Rassclas valley, lay unrolled as a map beneath him—'this is indeed the *Vera*,' exclaimed Charles, 'to reach which surely some suffering might be borne.' Then turning back on the mountain gorges of the *Puerto Nuevo*, which frowned behind, and thinking, as it were, of the gates of the world closed on him for ever: 'Now,' added he, 'I shall never go through *pass* again.' He reached Xarandilla before sunset, and alighted at the castle of the Count of Oropesa, the great feudal lord of the district. Here he remained the whole winter—fretting and fuming at the delays in the completion of the new wing at Yuste, which had been begun three years before, and which Mr. Cubitt would have put out of hand in three months. The weather was severe; but while the winds and rain beat out of doors, and the imperial suite waded in waterproof boots, the great man himself, wrapped in robes wadded with eider down, sat by a blazing fire, and discussed heavy affairs of state for the public benefit, and heavier dinners and suppers for his private injury. The outlandish attendants almost mutinied from discontent; the chosen Paradise of the master was regarded as a sort of hell upon earth by the servants; they yearned for home, and dragging at each step a weightier chain, sighed as they remembered their sweet Belgian Argos. Yet, if Spaniards have written their annals true, these said Belgians and Hollanders looked plump and fair, and fed as voraciously as if they had been Jews upon the unctuous

hams and griskins of Montanches. Estremadura is indeed a porcine pays de Cocagne, an Elysium of the pig, a land overflowing with savoury snakes for his summer improvement, and with sweet acorns for his autumnal perfectionment; whence results a flesh fitter for demigods than Dutchmen, and a fat, tinted like melted topazes—a morsel for cardinals and wise men of the West.

Tel maître tels valets—and Charles set his faithful followers a magnificent example: his worst disease was an inordinate appetite, and his most besetting sin the indulgence thereof—*edacitas damnosa*. Nor did he voluntarily repudiate the old Belgic respect for god Bacchus. So long back as 1532, his spiritual adviser ‘had bidden him beware of fish’—but added that he must be more moderate in his cups; or else both mind and body would go down hill—‘*cuesta abajo*.’ The habits of the Heliogabalic hermit are thus racily described by our genial author:—

‘Roger Ascham, standing “hard by the imperial table at the feast of the Golden Fleece,” watched with wonder the Emperor’s progress through “sod beef, roast mutton, baked hare;” after which, “he fed well of a capon,” drinking also, says the Fellow of St. John’s, “the best that ever I saw. He had his head in the glass five times as long as any of them, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine.” Eating was now the only physical gratification which he could still enjoy or was unable to resist. He continued, therefore, to dine to the last on rich dishes, against which his ancient and trusty confessor, Cardinal Loaysa, had protested a quarter of a century before.

‘The supply of his table was a main subject of the correspondence between the mayordomo and the Secretary of State. The weekly courier from Valladolid to Lisbon was ordered to change his route that he might bring every Thursday a provision of eels and other rich fish (*pescado grueso*) for Friday’s fast. There was a constant demand for anchovies, tunny, and other potted fish, and sometimes a complaint that the trouts of the country were too small: the olives, on the other hand, were too large—and the Emperor wished, instead, for olives of Perejon. One day the Secretary of State is asked for some partridges from Gama, a place from whence the Emperor remembers that the Count of Osorno once sent him into Flanders some of the best partridges in the world. Another day, sausages were wanted “of the kind which the Queen Juana, now in glory, used to pride herself on making, in the Flemish fashion, at Tordesillas,” and for the receipt for which the Secretary is referred to the Marquess of Denia. Both orders were punctually executed. The sausages, although sent to a land supreme in that manufacture, gave great satisfaction. Of the partridges the Emperor said that they used to be better—ordering, however, the remainder to be pickled. The Emperor’s weakness being generally known, or soon discovered, dainties of all kinds were sent to him as presents. Mutton, pork, and game were the provisions most easily obtained

obtained at Xarandilla; but they were dear. The bread was indifferent, and nothing was good and abundant but chestnuts, the staple food of the people. But in a very few days the castle larder wanted for nothing. One day the Count of Oropesa sent an offering of game; another day a pair of fat calves arrived from the Archbishop of Zaragoza. The Archbishop of Toledo and the Duchess of Frias were constant and magnificent in their gifts of venison, fruit, and preserves, and supplies of all kinds came at regular intervals from Seville and from Portugal.

‘Luis Quixada, who knew the Emperor’s habits and constitution well, beheld with dismay these long trains of mules laden, as it were, with gont and bile. He never acknowledged the receipt of the good things from Valladolid without adding some dismal forebodings of consequent mischief; and along with an order he sometimes conveyed a hint that it would be much better if no means were found of executing it. If the Emperor made a hearty meal without being the worse for it, the mayordomo noted the fact with exultation, and remarked with complacency His Majesty’s fondness for plovers, which he considered harmless. But his office of purveyor was more commonly exercised under protest; and he interposed between his master and an eel-pie as, in other days, he would have thrown himself between the imperial person and the point of a Moorish lance.’

So much for ‘his table neat and plain’—according to Dr. Robertson—(sheeps-head and oat-bannocks to wit!)—and here, if space permitted, we might point out to hero-worshippers other great men, on whose crests sat plumed victory, of even greater appetite, and who, succumbing to the spit, dug their graves with their teeth. We might compare the pickled tunny and iced beer of the invincible Charles with the polentas and fiery condiments of Frederick the Great, who planned a battle or a bill of fare with equal skill and solicitude; who appointed for each different dish or defile a different cook or colonel. Charles paid no less attention to medicine than to the *menu*—to the antidote than to the bane. His *manna* came express from Naples—his senna-leaves, ‘the best from Alexandria,’ were steeped in white wine of Yepes, selected by the general of the Hieronimites, an order of monks celebrated for their cellars. He accepted pills readily—but turned a deaf ear to his mentors, who—brother-graduates of poor Sancho’s terrible Doctor de Tirteafuera (*Anglicè*, Dr. Take-away)—remonstrated as often as a liver-loading delicacy was placed before him. He had long been wont, when his physicians (‘the wise Baersdorp and the great Vesalius’) disputed his case, like those in Molière, to appeal to one Caballo (*Caballus*, called *Onagrus Magnus* by the suite); and this Spanish quack, whose art of dining and dietary was ‘eat and drink what you like,’ as usual carried the day. Hence cramps—the unavailing remorse of a non-digesting stomach—
tossings

tossings and turnings by nights—and the next day's repetition of the sin and cause: so weak was the imperial flesh; so unfailing the portioning of pills, the weighing of scruples, the doctor's visit and gossip—all the concentrated egotism and immemorial consolations of the sick-room.

At last, as everything comes to an end, even in Spain, there arrived tidings that mason, carpenter, and upholsterer had finished the job at Yuste, and in January, 1557, nearly a hundred of the suite were paid off, and kindly dismissed. It was a sad sight to see the breaking up of so old a company of retainers, bursting now like a shell and never to meet again. On the 3rd of February—Dr. Robertson's 24th—the Emperor, accompanied by sixty attendants—Dr. Robertson's 'twelve domestics only'—reached the convent, and saluted the prior and his new brethren—

An old man broken with the storms of state
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye.

The picturesque Principal, wishing to enhance present lowliness with the contrast of past greatness, describes the 'humble retreat' prepared for fallen Cæsar as 'hardly sufficient for a private gentleman:—four out of the six rooms in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls, and all on a level with the ground!' Although the additional wing had neither golden gate nor temple of Esculapius, as at Spalatro, the elevation partook more of a cheerful Italian villa than a Spanish convent. The building was superintended by Antonio Villacastín, who afterwards, as surveyor of the works of the Escorial, saw the first stone laid of that gigantic pile, and its completion; there he lies buried like our Wren, and also aged 91, in his own St. Paul's, the best monument of his fame. The wing consisted of two stories, each containing four rooms, connected by sunny galleries outside, and well warmed inside by fireplaces, such as the chilly Charles everywhere introduced into his Spanish residences, even in the Alcazar of sun-roasted Seville and the Alhambra of sun-toasted Granada, to the merciless destruction of exquisite Moorish diaper and surface wall decoration. The Emperor inhabited the upper story; an opening was made, which enabled him, when confined to his bed, to see the high altar and the celebration of mass in the chapel; his cabinet looked southward—the garden below it easily reached by an inclined plane, and arranged in a succession of terraces down to the stream. The front of the monastery was shaded by a magnificent walnut-tree, even then called *el nogal grande*—'a Nestor of the woods, which has seen the hermit's cell rise to a royal convent, and sink into ruin, and has survived the Spanish order of

of St. Jerome and the Austrian dynasty.' The rooms were furnished to his peculiar simple tastes, and hung with plain cloth instead of the usual costly arras, of which however he had enough to tapestry the whole building. His supply of quilts and fine linen was greater still; whilst his friends were seated on velvet chairs, he himself reposed on one with wheels, six soft cushions, and a footstool. Mr. Stirling prints the inventory of all his goods and chattels. Of gold and silver plate he had 13,000 ounces; he washed his hands in basins of silver—nay, even the meanest utensil of his bed-chamber was made of that material, and, it may be suspected, from the very homely English name, imperfectly Castilianised, that the article had been a delicate attention from the enamoured Mary. Charles, who always had been plain to parsimony in his dress, did not turn dandy in the cloister; his jewels consisted chiefly of badges of the Golden Fleece, one of which is said, incorrectly, to have been worn by our Great Duke. He had some amulets against plague and cramp, many pocket watches, and dozen pairs of spectacles. His pictures were few, but select, and such as became the friend and patron of Titian: among them the portrait of his gentle graceful Isabel, taken soon after the honeymoon, recalled to him the treasure he had lost, while another, of his son's English prize, reminded him of what horrors he had himself escaped. At the imperial command the convent choir had been reinforced by some sixteen picked melodious friars; Charles himself, ever fond of music and a singer of anthems, now performed *pro virili* as their precentor. His nice ear and musical memory detected alike a borrowed motet in the maestro de capilla, as a false note in a singer, whom he rated by name with some gracious addition of *Hideputa bermejo*—‘a red-headed son of —:’ an expression derogatory to the mother of any vocalist, let alone a church quirister, and, as Mr. Stirling says, ‘certainly savouring more of the camp than the cloister.’

On the whole his regular habits accorded well with monastic life, in which one day is like another, and all creep in their petty pace to dusty death. The order of the course was this: at waking his confessor assisted at his private devotions, then his valets at his toilette; after mass he sat down to mess, *dalla massa alla mensa*; his dinner was long, for his appetite was prodigious, and the mastication of his toothless gums, and the carving with his gout-crippled fingers, tedious: meantime his physician stood at one side waging fruitless war to the knife and fork too, and his man of letters stood on the other to discourse pleasantly, and then read him to the subsequent siesta from a
good

good book. Such sleep as a patristic folio could induce, mass again, a sermon, and an anthem filled up the afternoon. Evening brought the sauntering in the sun amid his flower-beds, or persecuting wood-pigeons with his gun: while, if detained in doors by rain or rheumatism, there were the pet parrot, the tame cats, the mechanical workshop, talk with some visitor, and last not least, state business with his secretary; after vespers came supper, 'a meal much like the dinner,' which made his chamberlain's loyal heart quake.

This high officer, the chief among the fifteen confidential persons who formed his 'chamber,' has already been introduced by our author. *Don Luis Quixada*, the type of a good old Castilian soldier and hidalgo, was spare and sinewy in frame, formal in manners and cut of his beard, full of strong sense and prejudices, proud and punctilious, but true as steel to his faith and king, and an excellent hater of all Jews, heretics, and friars. Good Quixada may possibly have been in the mind's eye of Cervantes when he drew his immortal *Quixote*. To this tried follower Charles had confided the care of his illegitimate son, the subsequently celebrated Don Juan of Austria: the secret was scrupulously kept, and the boy was brought up as the page of Magdalena, the wife of Don Luis.

In his third chapter Mr. Stirling, relying on ascertained truth, and eschewing all the tricks of historical romance, makes us equally familiar with his Majesty's other principal attendants. The gravest charge of all had been given to the Reverend *Juan de Regla*—

'one of those monks, who knew how to make ladders to place and favour of the ropes which girt their ascetic loins. On being first introduced into the imperial presence, he chose to speak in the mitre-shunning cant of his cloth, of the great reluctance which he felt in occupying a post of such weighty responsibility. "Never fear," said Charles, somewhat maliciously; "before I left Flanders five doctors were engaged for a year in easing my conscience, so you will have nothing to answer for but what happens here."'

The important post of private secretary was filled by *Martin Gaztelu*, and by him the whole confidential correspondence was carried on, as the emperor himself could seldom do more than scrawl a few words with his chalky fingers. *William van Male* of Bruges was intimately admitted into the *personnel*, the heart and soul secrets of Charles. Long the first gentleman of the bedchamber, he had become part and parcel of the invalid's existence. This honest and learned man was the scholar and 'Dominie' of the society. He rendered to Charles, in
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the degree required, such literary services as Voltaire did to Frederick the Great. *Il lavait son linge sale*—or licked into shape the crude compositions of a royal master, who, although his education, born and bred in camps, had been neglected, was not without aspirations to twine the laurel of Apollo with that of Mars. Our Cæsar having, like Julius of old, written his own commentaries, Van Male converted the imperial *French* (of 1550) into elegant Latin. On another occasion Charles did into Spanish prose the French poem *Le Chevalier Déterminé*, which translation Hernando de Acuña, by his direction, again turned into Castilian verse, and so much to his Majesty's content that he felt some desire to admit the reading world into a share of the intellectual treat. Nevertheless, however well satisfied with the works of his pen, and however ardently complimented thereon by his attendants, the monarch, it seems, trembled before the critic, and could not easily make up his mind to rush into print, shame the fools, and proclaim the august authorship. We most reluctantly pass over Mr. Stirling's pleasant particulars of the tricks and jokes played on the poor Fleming poet-laureat by the 'windy Spaniards,' who made him a cat's-paw, and so magnified in the eyes of Charles the certain profits which must result from the publication, that the emperor at last forced him to go to press, by which worthy Van Male was half ruined. In justice to the emperor, it must be said that he sincerely meant to do a good turn to a faithful attendant, who for six years previously to his abdication had never quitted him by day or night. Oft when Charles, with over-worked brain and stomach, had, like Henry IV., frightened gentle sleep from his pillow, the weary scholar was summoned to the bedside to beguile the long hours by reading from the Vulgate, or by joining in a psalmodic duet, until his own health also broke down, to the no great displeasure of Charles, who loved him all the better from the congeniality of valetudinarianism, most courtier-like, although most unintentional. No man ever probed so deeply into the secret workings of the reserved and commanding mind of the emperor as Van Male, who trembled, when writing to De Praet, at even the recollections of the mysterious confidences he made him. These accordingly, and very unhappily for history, are not revealed in his Letters—published at Brussels in 1843, by the Baron de Reiffenbach—which remarkable series, however, affords invaluable glimpses of the hero of the sixteenth age, as seen by the eyes of his valet. The hero, always very chary of his future fame, welcomed to Yuste another erudite virtuoso, a great friend of Van Male's, *Juan Gines Sepulveda*, who ventured
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in his sixtieth year to quit the sunny south and face the mud and mules of the *Puerto Nuevo*, without the imperial conveniences—a step which nearly put an end to his benedict and literary life. Charles was all through the centre of the circle, the observed of all observers and satellites, who, learned or unlearned, held him to be the greatest monarch and man that ever had been or ever could be; and that to name him was sufficient—

Carlo quinto, ed è assai questo,
Perche si sa per tutto il mondo il resto.

The medical staff was commensurate with that of the kitchen. The resident physician-in-chief was *Henry Mathys*, a Fleming, who, on special consultations, was backed by *Giovanni Mole*, a Milanese, and *Cornelio*, a Spaniard. Their bulletins from day to day, and their prescriptions duly chronicled in dog and doctor Latin, and with ‘singular dulness and prolixity,’ are still preserved in the archives at Simancas. Nor must we omit mention of another practitioner who administered to the mind of the patient, and by making him of a cheerful countenance, kept up his moral health, and reconciled to a wet or no-post day. To this *Juanelo Torriano*, a mechanician of Cremona, the keeping of the horological department had long been confided; he regulated the clocks and watches of Charles, who was as nice in the notation of his time to the fraction of a minute, as was our good old English-hearted King, George III. The Italian also constructed little figures that moved, birds that flew, and other ingenious toys, by which the prior and monks, who took him for a wizard, were scared out of such wits as they had, to the delight of the emperor, who took no less pleasure in this workshop than Louis XVI. did in forging locks and keys. Very pretty indeed is Dr. Robertson’s story that Charles, on failing to make any two watches keep time together, confessed a penitential regret for ever having attempted to enforce a uniformity of religion; but alas! it is mere romance again; every day that he grew older his bigotry waxed the stronger, and no less so the expressions arguing his constant anxiety that all lost sheep might, by the help of good dogs and croziers, be got safe into, and duly sheared in, the one true Roman and Apostolical fold. Equally apocryphal is the Doctor’s statement that Charles only ‘admitted a few neighbours to visits—and *entertained them at table*,’ an honour so opposed to Spanish etiquette that he never conceded it but once in all his life, and then in favour of Alva, the great and iron Duke of his day. As respects the Principal’s rarity of visitors, even from the neighbourhood—callers and guests were in fact exceedingly numerous—constantly arriving from

from all quarters, and many of them well worthy of Mr. Stirling's commemoration. Not the least assiduous was that once celebrated scion of a house that had given birth to kings and popes, and in whose bosom a congenial spirit burned, the already named *Francesco de Borja*, ex-duke of Gandia, the 'miracle of princes,' a saint among grandees and a grandee among saints; and some compensation was, indeed, owing to the Church from a family which had given her an Alexander VI. Born in 1510, our better Borgia early displayed a serious turn even at court, and was selected by Charles to convey the corpse of his empress from Toledo to Granada. When the coffin was opened to verify the body, the appalling death-change so affected the young nobleman, that he resolved to renounce the world, his rank, and riches: accordingly, in 1550 he became a Jesuit, and died in 1562 general of the order. Frequent as were his visits to Yuste, he was always welcomed by Charles, who even condescended to send him every day, when there, the 'most approved dish' from his own table; many and long were their conferences, at which no one was ever present, and a portion only of the subject matter, communicated by Francesco himself to Ribadaneira, has been recorded in that author's *Life of the ex-duke*—a work, we need hardly say, with which Dr. Robertson was altogether unacquainted.

Another no less constant and cherished guest was *Don Luis de Avila*, an old comrade of the emperor's—and this indeed was a neighbour, for he lived in 'lettered and laurelled ease' at Placencia. His commentaries on the wars of his Cæsar in Germany have been compared by Spaniards to those of the 'great hook-nosed fellow of Rome' himself. Charles delighted in this lively Quintus Curtius, who blew the Castilian trumpet right thrasonically, and his book, bound in crimson velvet with silver clasps, lay always on his imperial reading-table:—one, it must be confessed, less plentifully supplied than that in his dining-room, from which, by the bye, on one occasion he ordered a capon to be reserved for Avila—an honour so great as to be specially notified in a despatch sent to court. Charles fought his battles over again with Captain Luis, as Uncle Toby did his with Corporal Trim, and as the wonted fires warmed up even in the ashes, forgot his gout, and shouldering his crutches, showed how fields were won. Nor were the solaces of church militant and drum ecclesiastic wanting; the emperor's fondness for pulpit eloquence was fooled to the bent by a company of preachers selected from the most potent and competent of the Hieronomite order. Mr. Stirling has fished from the
pools

pools of Lethe the names of some of the least obscure of these. The imperial household, courtiers, and soldiers were astounded at their master's affability and good humour, which made him no less popular in the cloister than in the camp. It passed their understanding, that his Cæsarean and Catholic Majesty should keep such low company, and associate with a pack of 'unendurable blockheads,' at whom they swore lustily, after the immemorial fashion of armies in Flanders. They hated the convent, and anathematised the friars who built it; they were not yet weaned from the world, nor surfeited with its boons; they had no dislike to loaves or fishes, to place or profit, nor any predilection for prayer, penitence, sermons, self-flagellations, and similar recreations, whereby cloister life was so sweetened to their master, that he often declared he never had been so happy before.

Yet his existence was by no means that pictured by Robertson, 'of a man perfectly disengaged from this present life; of one from whose mind all former ambitious thoughts were effaced; who, so far from taking part in the political transactions of Europe, did not even inquire about them, but viewed the busy scene with contempt or indifference;' who, says Watson, out-Heroding Herod, did not even 'suffer his domestics to inform him what was passing in the world.' Watson tells that Charles resigned because his son was evidently resolved to force the crown from him, and he dreaded the contest;—both Doctors, major and minor, carrying on the Hyperborean gospel by stating that he discovered, on his very landing at Laredo, that 'he was no longer a monarch,' and felt bitterly the neglect of Philip—even his pittance pension being unpaid; that during his fits of gout he was altogether incapable of business, and gave himself up only to trifling and childish occupations; that he showed no traces whatever, for six months before his death, of his former sound and masculine understanding; finally, that, while any faculties did remain with him, he constantly repented his resignation, and contemplated a resumption of power—which Philip as perpetually feared. We need not recur to the long-resolved abdication: for the rest, the simple truth is, that from the moment he returned to Spain to the hour of his death, he was treated as a king—aye, every inch a king; not only was his reserved income, about £1500 a year, regularly paid, but his private hoard of 30,000 ducats in gold scrupulously respected—and this in the midst of great financial difficulties. It was in vain that Philip, instead of dreading an attempt at resumption, was ever and anon urging his father to take the reins of power once more, or at least to reside nearer Valladolid, the seat
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of government, to be more readily accessible. It now appears that his successors fell back on his matured experience in every difficult crisis, just as all parties among ourselves were wont to have recourse to our lost *decus et tutamen*. The son, in fact, was, from first to last, no less free from jealousy of his father than the father was from any repentance of abdication, and our author only gives the devil his due when he says—

‘Filial affection and reverence shines like a grain of gold in the base metal of Philip’s character; his father was the *one* wise and strong man who crossed his path whom he never suspected, under-valued, or used ill.’

Mr. Stirling adds—rather too broadly—

‘The repose of Charles cannot have been troubled with regrets for his resigned power, seeing that, in truth, he never resigned it at all, but wielded it at Yuste as firmly as he had wielded it at Augsburg or Toledo. He had given up little beyond the trappings of royalty, and his was not a mind to regret the pageant, the guards, and the gold sticks.’

Charles, however, without sacrificing the substance for the shadow, continued to take a keen interest in affairs of state. His wary eye swept from his convent watch-tower the entire horizon of Spanish politics; he considered himself the chamber-counsel and family adviser to his children; every day he looked for the arrival of the post with eager anxiety, nor did Gaztelu ever finish the packet without being asked if there were nothing more. Repeated and long were his interviews with the bearers of intelligence too important to be committed to ordinary channels; and when, shortly before his death, a courier arrived with a dispatch in cypher concealed in his stirrup-leather, ‘he overwhelmed him with more questions than ever were put to the damsel Theodora’—the much interrogated heroine of a then popular novel. Meantime expresses succeeded to expresses, and post with post came thick as hail. More than once did Philip dispatch from Flanders the great *Ruy Gomez de Silva* himself, the playmate of his youth, the most-favoured of his ministers, and the husband of his most favoured mistress. Omitting the crowds of counts, queens-dowager, priests, place-hunters, and tuft-hunters of every hue—we may just observe that the great recluse ran no risk from the maggots which breed in an idle brain and torment the long hours of a too easy chair. It appears to us, now all the chaff and nonsense of historiographers has been winnowed, once for all, by a vigorous practitioner, that, on the whole, a more rational or agreeable finale to ‘life’s fitful fever’ could hardly have been imagined than was realized at Yuste.

That convent-villa, with all its spiritual and fleshly appliances, was the beau-ideal of an *Invalides* for a good, prematurely old Spanish

Spanish country gentleman of the sixteenth century—even so, indeed, long before had Hadrian, a Spaniard, retired, weary of state and worn in health, to his gardens and villa, to console his declining days with the society of learned men, and with eating contrary to his doctor's advice: Charles was no beaten and dethroned usurper, pining in a foreign prison, and squabbling on his death-bed about rations with his jailer; neither was he a poor monk, wasted marrow and bone and all with vigils and fastings. The considerate father at Rome never stinted indulgences or flesh licences, or evinced any want of consideration for the conscience or stomach of the most Catholic son of the Church. A solid party-wall separated the fires of his cheery palace-wing and its kitchen from the cold, hungry cell. Fray Carlos, no Ecclesiastes in practice, claimed the benefit of clergy just when and how he chose. He could at a moment lay aside the friar's rope, and appear decorated with the Golden Fleece and all the majesty that doth hedge a king. Sincerely religious, and animated by real faith, his attendances at chapel were a duty, a delight, and a soul-sentiment: not the now-a-day routine and formalism of middle-aged widowhood or celibacy, which flies to the occupation of pew and prie-dieu to escape from the ennui of self. Charles, however, amidst all his popery, had never been other than a true Castilian; while he bowed dutifully to the Church so long as the thunders of the Vatican rolled in his favour, he never scrupled to dash the *brutum fulmen* from clerical hands when the Vicar of Christ bribed the Gaul or Turk to thwart his policy and undermine Spanish interests. He never failed to distinguish the priest from the prince, the spiritual from the temporal; and accordingly, in 1525, he ordered masses to be said for the delivery of the *Holy Pontiff*, when one scrap from his own Secretary's pen could have thrown wide the gates at St. Angelo for the *perjured potentate*; nor did he, even in 1558, in all the increased sanctimony of his last days, ever forgive Alva for not visiting the perfidious firebrand Paul IV. with a wholesome correction, similar to that he had himself bestowed on Clement VII. In a word, the Emperor at Yuste was neither a misanthrope nor a dotard. Compelled, from physical reasons, to relinquish the Atlantean burden of the crown, he had retained all his relish for intellectual and innocent pursuits. He was no solitary anchorite; he brought with him his old servants and cooks, who knew his tastes and wants, and whose faces he knew. He had his anthems, his few favourite books, his roses, pictures, experiments, scourges, and hobbies. He had friends to tell his sorrows to, and divide them; to impart his happinesses to, and double them; he had the play and prattle of his little boy just at the happy age before a son is an uncertain joy, a certain care. Can we

we wonder at his fixed resolve, immutable as the law of Medes and Persians, to let well alone? — or that as he lounged in his parterres, watering his flower-cups filled with sunshine, and fragrant himself with the odour of monastic sanctity, he should reply to an envoy of Philip, once again praying him to re-assume the sceptre, as Diocletian did to Maximin, ‘Come and see the vegetables I raise in my garden, and you will no longer talk to me of empire.’

Yet there is a thorn in every rose, and little worries there were — foils to such felicities — which disturbed him when peevish from gout or indigestion, but which were soon forgotten when blue pills had dispelled blue devils. The ill-conditioned rustics of the adjoining village, Cuacos, ‘were the Protestants that troubled his reign in the Vera.’ Although fattening on the crumbs and ducats which fell from his table and purse, they impounded his milch cows and poached his trout preserves. Diocletian, by the way, was much inclined to settle at Spalatro from the excellence of the ‘genus Salmo,’ by which the neighbouring Hyader was peopled. The bumkins, moreover, filched his sour and reserved Morellas, and pelted the future Nelson of Lepanto for picking the cherries ripe that his father had paid for. At last, the outraged gastronome summoned a common law judge special from Valladolid : — but ere sentence was passed — justice in Spain, like Chancery in England, is not to be hurried — some bold Monks of Yuste implored the Emperor himself to beg off these peccant boors, their own brothers and cousins according to the flesh — and compliance was in fact no heavy lot of penance for his Majesty. It must be confessed that this philanthropism was clouded by an unpardonable misogynism : Charles observing certain damsels clustering constantly round the convent gate — as will happen in the best regulated celibacies — and distrusting the lion of St. Jerome, the Androdus of Papal mythology, who always roars and rushes from the picture when the chaste cloister is polluted by women’s approach — directed his crier to proclaim at Cuacos that any daughter of Eve ‘found within two gun-shots of Yuste should receive a hundred lashes.’ Womankind, we may here remark, formed, laundresses excepted, no part of the imperial establishment, and they of the wash-tub themselves were located at Cuacos.

His Majesty’s general health — hands and time thus agreeably occupied — improved so considerably during his first year of residence, that his life seemed likely to be prolonged to the nine years enjoyed by Diocletian after his abdication : — and already he was planning additional buildings — *secunda marmora sub ipsum funus!*
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The spring, however, of 1558 was cold; much illness prevailed in the Vera; Charles, shivering in his bed and suffering from gout, was little prepared for the shock of the sudden death of his favourite sister Eleanor, the 'gentlest and most guileless of beings.' 'There were but fifteen months between us,' sobbed he, 'and in less than that time I shall be with her once more.' Political troubles contributed also to depress his mind. Larger than a man's hand grew that little cloud that cast from the seaboard the shadow of coming disasters, and already, ere Charles was gone to his grave, the clay-footed Colossus of Spain's short-lived accidental greatness tottered to a fall. And may not we of England partake in some of the same uneasy thoughts that darkened on the spirit of the imperial hermit? History, to all who do not deem it an old almanack, presents a succession of parallels. The past assuredly is the prophet of the future—'the thing that hath been is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done.' *Nous dansons sur un volcan*, and slumber in a fool's paradise of peace theorists, drab-coated patriots, and the minor *fry*, who advocate a dismantled navy, a disbanded army; who, scouting bastions and bayonets, clamour for calico and the cheap defence of nations—economists who, though caring only for pelf, rebel against the paltry premium of insurance. The *unexpected* loss of Calais, the woeful calamity engraven on our bloody Mary's hard heart, went far to break that of Charles. It was the untoward event which he never ceased to recur to, and regretted like death itself, which indeed it contributed to hasten. He had foreseen the rooted anxiety France would have to wipe out, *per fas aut nefas*, the blot of St. Quentin—and had urged Mary to strengthen the defences and garrison, scandalously neglected by 'an ill-timed parsimony and fatal economy.' His advice, backed by that of Lord Wentworth, the military governor, was slighted by her ministers at home, who, Manchesterians by anticipation, boasted that 'the *reputation* of the strength of Calais was alone sufficient for its security,' and that 'with their white wands they would defend the place.' They rejected the offer of a Spanish reinforcement, suspecting that Philip coveted the key of the entry to France for himself—just as the occupation of Cadiz was by Spanish jealousy denied to ourselves in the war of independence. The result was that Calais was carried by a *coup de main*.

'France was then in an uproar of exultation; St. Quentin was forgotten—and loud and long were the pæans of Parisian wits—replenished with scoffs and unmeasured taunts against the English, who, in falling victims to a daring stratagem, gave, as it seemed to these postesters, a signal proof of the immemorial perfidy of Albion.'

Charles,

Charles, when he turned his thoughts from the land to the sea, found but little comfort. The Turk was then the terror of Europe; his cannon thundered at the walls of Vienna while his fleets insulted the ports of Spain; the civilization of the West trembled in the balance:—and the alliance of the Most Christian King, nay, of the Supreme Successor of St. Peter himself, with the infidel, in order to injure the ever Catholic House of Austria, seemed to the orthodox head of that house scarcely less revolting than one with his Satanic Majesty. The Mediterranean had long run a real risk of being made a Turkish lake; Charles, however, no sooner caught the truth of the case than, adopting the boldest and best policy, he assumed the initiative, and, deaf to the peaceful professions of his one fixed and implacable foe, anticipated aggression, landed in Algeria, and captured and held Oran—a base of operations. He in his time had steadily upheld the navy, and encouraged the spirit which afterwards at Lepanto—the Trafalgar of the day—proved that turning seas into lakes is easier said than done; but now he was only watching things through the ‘loophole of retreat’—and it struck to his inner heart’s core to hear that, at the very moment when the infidel was again silently but determinately preparing, a slumbering and folding of arms had come over the Spanish Cabinet. In vain he wrote, ‘If Oran be lost, I hope I shall be in some place where I shall not hear of so great an affront to the King and to these realms.’ His warning voice was neglected, and, ere a year had passed, the Spanish garrison was cut to pieces; but Charles went to his grave unconscious of that calamity, which none dared to reveal to him. This was well—and so is it that our own Great Duke has gone to his last home ‘in honour as he lived,’ and has been spared all chances of witnessing that which, years ago, had his Cassandra words been listened to, would have been rendered impossible.

The glorious field of St. Quentin, which, but for Philip’s timidity, might have proved a Waterloo instead of an Oudenarde, brightened Charles with but a passing gleam. He had for weeks been counting the days when his son would be at the gates of Paris, and he so deeply felt the lame and impotent conclusion, and especially the favourable terms granted to the Court of Rome, that his health broke down, and he took to his bed. Charles, the Catholic King, who, like our own bold Protestant Bess, feared no pope, had on this occasion counselled the course he himself formerly pursued, and gladly would have seen the turbulent Paul IV. a captive in St. Angelo, or sculking out like Clement VII., disguised as a servant—much as we have beheld the liberal Pio Nono fly from his flock—the *Servus Servorum*

Dei in a Bavarian footman's livery; but Philip, craven and superstitious, dealt gently with the wicked old man, who, having set the world in flames, was now ready to sacrifice France, too much his friend, to close a dirty nepotist bargain with long hostile Spain.

Charles, however, was never one jot the less eager to uphold the papal system. A Catholic not merely from policy and position, but sincere conviction, he felt that the moment was most critical. In 1558 the Church of Rome was indeed in extreme danger even in her strongest hold—in Spain—where it could no longer then be concealed that the seeds of the Reformation had taken root. Once alarmed, and armed with power, the priesthood were too wise in their generation to trifle with a foe so deadly: she of the seven hills knows no mercy for dissent—all tolerance indeed she has over and over proclaimed to be but the mask of indifference:—she adopts no sprinkling of dust, no rose-water process; her one maxim and, unless under irresistible pressure, her one practice is ever ‘*quod ferro non curatur igne sanatur.*’ Accordingly, the infant Hercules was strangled in the cradle by the gripe of the inquisitor; and the Vatican can fairly boast that the Reformation in the Peninsula was nipped in the bud and annihilated at once. It must be remembered that the general temper of Spain was peculiarly favourable to such a result; the bulk of the nation itself was fanatic—a long life-and-death war waged on their own soil against the infidel, for hearth and altar, had coupled creed with country and heresy with enemy. The Inquisition, a double-edged engine, originally armed by the bigotry and avarice of the Spaniards against the Moor or Jew, was destined by divine justice to recoil ultimately on its abettors, and to sink a land once at the head of European civilization into an obscurantism and ‘backwardation’ paralleled only by the states of Rome, Naples, Tuscany, and John of Tuam.

Mr. Stirling, in his eighth chapter, fully confirms the accuracy of Dr. M'Crie's History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain. The Holy Tribunal scarcely found a warmer friend in the cold-blooded Philip than in the once moderate Fray Carlos; and certainly no so-called historian ever countenanced anything more absurd than the theory that the Emperor was himself tainted with Protestantism. ‘Father,’ said he to the Prior of Yuste, as soon as he heard of the *black business*, ‘if anything could drag me from this retreat, it would be to aid in chastising these heretics. I have written to the Inquisition, to burn them all; for not one of them will ever become a true Catholic, or worthy to live.’ He urged his son to cut the root of

of the evil with all rigour; expressing his regret that he himself had not put Luther to death when in his power at the Diet of Worms: so much had age and the priest got the better of that soldier and gentleman, who blushed to commence his career with the foul church-suggested crime; for he then remembered well how his ancestor Sigismond's fame had been tarnished by sacrificing Huss at Constance, in 1414, in violation of a regular safe-conduct. Temporal considerations, occasionally, it must be confessed, induced Charles to play a double game, and fight with his own weapons his rival Francis I., who, while burning Protestants at Paris, supported them in Germany, because hostile to the Emperor. Our hero, no doubt, when young in mind and body, held it lawful in the game of politics to use Pope and Lutheran for his own purposes, and offended both parties, who were seriously in earnest, and had thrown away the scabbard, by his *Interims* and other conciliatory *juste milieu* measures. Nevertheless, all his personal instincts, first and last, as well as all his hereditary interests, were opposed to the Reformation. The cry of the *Comuneros* at Salamanca, which met his ear as he mounted the throne of Castile—'Thou shalt have no Pope or King but Valloria!'—was echoed in after-life in the Union of Smalkalde, which pitted the Protestant princes against his imperial prerogatives and pretensions; and, in truth, the boundaries between religious and civil liberty, reformation and reform, are fine and delicate. At the present crisis, Charles, it is said, heard with surprise, and, not without appearances of some sorrow, that many of his own former preachers were tainted with the heresy plague, and carried to the hospitals of the Inquisition; but, sorrowing or not sorrowing, he entered no plea for mercy. Even Mathisio, his favoured physician, was forced to burn his translated Bible—then, as now, the foremost prohibited book in the *Liber Expurgatorius* of Rome.

These accumulated anxieties, however, hastened that utter break-up of his constitution which the medical men had long anticipated from his imprudent diet; and early in August symptoms appeared which the patient himself could not mistake. His thoughts naturally turned more than ever to religion and its rites. Long accustomed to recelebrate, with his personal attendance, the obsequies of his departed kinsfolk on the anniversaries of their *obits*, he now determined to rehearse his own funeral. This incident—one of the disputed points in his history—has been very carefully sifted by Mr. Stirling:—

'Gonzalez,' says he, 'treats the story as an idle tale; he laments the credulity displayed even in the sober statement of Siguença, and pours out much patriotic scorn on the highly-wrought picture of Robertson,

bertson, of whose account of the matter it is impossible to offer any defence. Masterly as a sketch, it has unhappily been copied from the canvas of the unscrupulous Leti. In everything but style it is indeed very absurd. "The emperor was bent," says the historian, "on performing some act of piety that would display his zeal and merit the favour of Heaven. The act on which he fixed was as wild and uncommon as any that superstition ever suggested to a weak and disordered fancy. He resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery. His domestics marched thither in funeral procession, with black tapers in their hands. He himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin, with much solemnity. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral. The ceremony closed with sprinkling holy water on the coffin in the usual form, and, all the assistants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut. Then Charles rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire. But either the fatiguing length of the ceremony, or the impressions which the image of death left on his mind, affected him so much that next day he was seized with a fever. His feeble frame could not long resist its violence, and he expired on the 21st of September, after a life of fifty-eight years, six months, and twenty-five days."

'Siguença's account of the affair, which I have adopted, is that Charles, conceiving it to be for the benefit of his soul, and having obtained the consent of his confessor, caused a funeral service to be performed for himself, such as he had lately been performing for his father and mother. At this service he assisted, not as a corpse, but as one of the spectators, holding in his hand, like the others, a waxen taper, which, at a certain point of the ceremonial, he gave into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to commit his soul to the keeping of his Maker. There is not a word to justify the tale that he followed the procession in his shroud, or that he simulated death in his coffin, or that he was left behind in the church when the service was over. In this story respecting an infirm old man, the devout son of a church where services for the dead are of daily occurrence, I can see nothing incredible or very surprising. Abstractedly considered, it appears quite as reasonable that a man on the brink of the grave should perform funeral rites for himself, as that he should perform such rites for persons whose bones had become dust many years before. But without venturing upon this dark and dangerous ground, it may be safely asserted that superstition and dyspepsia have driven men into extravagancies far greater than the act which Siguença has attributed to Charles. Nor is there any reason to doubt the historian's veracity in a matter in which the credit of his order or the interest of the church is no way concerned. He might perhaps be suspected of overstating the regard entertained by the emperor for the friars of Yuste, were his evidence not confirmed by the letters of the

the friar-hating household. But I see no reason for questioning his accuracy in his account of the obsequies, which he published with the authority of his name, while men were still alive who could have contradicted a mis-statement.'

To continue the true story—Charles, when the solemn scene was over, felt much relieved in mind, and sat musing all that afternoon and the next in his open alcove; there he caused the portrait of his gentle Isabel to be brought, and, looking a long and last farewell to the loved partner of his youth, bade also his real adieu to the world. He was roused from his protracted reverie by his physician—felt chilled and fevered, 'and from that pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from whence he was to rise no more.' So soon were the anticipated rites realised; his illness lasted about three weeks; the daily bulletins transmitted to Valladolid by his physicians still exist, minute as those preserved by Arrian of the death-struggle of Alexander the Great.* In full possession of his intellect, Charles exhibited throughout the courage of the soldier, the dignity of the Prince, and the resignation of a Christian. He duly executed codicils for the future provision of his faithful followers, took the Sacrament frequently, and after receiving extreme unction, insisted on communicating once again, observing to those who said it was not, under such circumstances, necessary, 'that may be, but it is good company on so long a journey.' His peaceful death formed a striking contrast to that of his rival Francis I., a victim of the only trophy retained by France of her foul possession of Naples. The emperor's end was that of the just; a euthanasia devoutly to be wished for. No perilous stuff weighed heavy on his soul; no exorcisms were needed to beat away the busy fiend from the pillow of one who closed his eyes amidst

all that should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.

The closing scene is thus told by Mr. Stirling.—

'Towards eight in the evening, Charles asked if the consecrated tapers were ready; and he was evidently sinking rapidly. The physicians acknowledged that the case was past their skill, and that hope was over. Cornelio retired; Mathisio remained by the bed, occasionally feeling the patient's pulse, and whispering to the group of anxious

* He of Macedon too became fevered after imprudent indulgences at table, and throughout his last illness attended the daily sacrifices most devoutly—*τον θεον επιμελεστατος*. The progress of his case is detailed in the royal diaries. He, unlike our Cæsar, had no physician—and it was deliberated whether he should be carried to the temple of Serapis, that the god might cure him *brevi manu*.—(Arrian, vii. 25.)

spectators, "His majesty has but two hours to live—but one hour—but half an hour." Charles meanwhile lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious, but now and then mumbling a prayer, and turning his eyes to heaven. At length he raised himself and called for *William*. Van Male was instantly at his side, and understood that he wished to be turned in bed, during which operation the Emperor leaned upon him heavily and uttered a groan of agony. The physician now looked towards the door, and said to the Archbishop of Toledo, who was standing in the shadow, "*Domine, jam moritur!*—My lord, he is now dying." The primate came forward with the chaplain Villalva, to whom he made a sign to speak. It was now nearly two o'clock in the morning of the 21st of September, St. Matthew's day. Addressing the dying man, the favourite preacher told him how blessed a privilege he enjoyed in having been born on the feast of St. Matthias the apostle, who had been chosen by lot to complete the number of the twelve, and in being about to die on the feast of St. Matthew, who for Christ's sake had forsaken wealth as his majesty had forsaken imperial power. For some time the preacher held forth in this pious and edifying strain. At last the emperor interposed, saying, "The time is come; bring me the candles and the crucifix." These were cherished relics, which he had long kept in reserve for this supreme hour. The one was a taper from our Lady's shrine at Montserrat; the other a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which had been taken from the dead hand of his wife at Toledo, and which afterwards comforted the last moments of his son at the Escorial. He received them eagerly from the archbishop, and taking one in each hand, for some moments he silently contemplated the figure of the Saviour, and then clasped it to his bosom. Those who stood nearest to the bed now heard him say quickly, as if replying to call, "*Ya voy, Señor*—Now, Lord, I go!" As his strength failed, his fingers relaxed their hold of the crucifix, which the primate therefore took, and held it before him. A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed, after which, with his eyes fixed on the cross, and with a voice loud enough to be heard outside the room, he cried, *Ay, Jesus!* and expired.

The corpse was left at Yuste until 1574, when it was transferred to the Escorial, then sufficiently advanced to become the palace, the monastery, and the mausoleum of Spanish royalty. It was laid in the plain vault erected by Philip II. When the gorgeous Pantheon, 'a tomb for which e'en kings would wish to die,' was completed in 1674 by Philip IV., the imperial remains were removed finally to their present place of rest.

'As the body was deposited in the marble sarcophagus, the coverings were removed, to enable Philip to come face to face with his great ancestor: the corpse was found to be quite entire; and even some sprigs of sweet thyme folded in the winding-sheet retained, as the friars averred, all their vernal fragrance after the lapse of four-score winters. After looking for some minutes in silence at the pale
dead

dead face of the hero of his line, the king turned to Haro and said, "*Cuerpo honrado* (honoured body), Don Luis." "Very honoured," replied the minister: words brief indeed, but very pregnant, for the prior of the Escorial has recorded that they comprehended all that a Christian ought to feel on so solemn an occasion.'

This Spanish dialogue on the dead certainly contrasts alike, with the bland prose of Sir Henry Hallford, when the coffin-lid of Charles I. was raised for the Regent to verify Vandyke, as with the appalling stanza of Lord Byron on that memorable descent into the tomb.

'Once again,' says Mr. Stirling, 'the emperor's grave was opened. When Mr. Beckford was at Madrid in 1780, Charles III., as a parting civility, desired to know what favour the fascinating and accomplished Englishman would accept at his hands. The author of *Vathek* asked leave to see the face of Charles V., that he might judge of the fidelity of the portraits by Titian: the marble sarcophagus being moved from its niche, and the lid raised, the lights of the Pantheon once more gleamed on the features of the pale emperor.'

Mr. Stirling adds that,

'for this curious anecdote he is indebted to the kindness of Mr. Beckford's daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton. Mr. Beckford had left unfortunately no note or memorandum of the fact, and therefore the date and the names of the other witnesses of this singular spectacle cannot now be recovered.'

We would willingly class this revolting story among the many gloomy poetical visions of its narrator—surely the royal family of Spain must have a similar feeling—and as after all the precise week and day of the incident, if a real one, can hardly escape a sharp investigation on the spot, we shall expect, with curiosity, the disinterment, or otherwise, of supporting evidence.

From the day when the body quitted Yuste, the convent and palace were neglected alike by the kings and people of Spain. Left to the gentle keeping of a climate more conservative than man, all might to this day have remained in excellent preservation; but in 1809 a party of Soult's soldiers, flying from Oporto and irritated by disgrace, set their mark on these beautiful districts. They clambered up the hill, pillaged and then fired the convent;—the royal wing only escaped from the thickness of the walls of the intervening chapel. Under the reign of the Constitution, in 1820, such restorations as the brotherhood had been able to effect were unmercifully dealt with by the Liberals. Their ravages were again partially made good when the monks returned on Ferdinand VII.'s recovery of power; but his death was soon followed by

by the total suppression of the monastic system; like the rest of their class, the beadsmen of St. Jerome were ejected—the whole edifice speedily fell into irremediable ruin—and chaos is come again. But we cannot better conclude our summary of this thoughtful and graceful work than with the author's melancholy sketch of Yuste as inspected by himself in 1849:—

‘It was inhabited only by the peasant-bailiff of the lay proprietor, who eked out his wages by showing the historical site to the passing stranger. The principal cloister was choked with the rubbish of the fallen upper story; the richly-carved capitals which had supported it peeping here and there from the soil and the luxuriant mantle of wild shrubs and flowers. Two sides of the smaller and older cloisters were still standing, with blackened walls and rotting floors and ceiling. The strong granite-built church, proof against the fire of the Gaul and the wintry storms of the Sierra, was a hollow shell—the classical decorations of the altars and quaint wood-work of the choir having been partly used for fuel, partly carried off to the parish church of Cuacos. Beautiful blue and yellow tiles, which had lined the chancel, were fast dropping from the walls: and above, the window through which the dying glance of Charles had sought the altar, remained like the eye-socket in a skull, turned towards the damp, blank space that was once bright with holy tapers and the colouring of Titian. In a vault beneath, approached by a door of which the key could not be found, I was told that the coffin of massive chestnut planks, in which the emperor's body had lain for sixteen years, was still kept as a relic. In his palace, the lower chambers were used as a magazine for fuel; and in the rooms above, where he lived and died, maize and olives were gathered, and the silk-worm wound its cocoons in dust and darkness. His garden below, with its tank and broken fountain, was overgrown with tangled thickets of fig, mulberry, and almond, with a few patches of potherbs, and here and there an orange-tree or a cypress, to mark where once the terrace smiled with its blooming parterres. Without the gate, the great walnut-tree, sole relic of the past with which time had not dealt rudely, spread forth its broad and vigorous boughs to shroud and dignify the desolation; yet in the lovely face of nature, changeless in its summer charms, in the hill and forest and wide Vera, in the generous soil and genial sky, there was enough to show how well the imperial eagle had chosen the nest wherein to fold his wearied wings.’

ART. VI.—*Des Intérêts Catholiques au XIX^e Siècle.* Par le Comte de Montalembert. Paris, 1852.

COUNT MONTALEMBERT is a man who, alike by his genius and his virtues, does honour to his order, his country, and his Church. The utterances of such a man must deserve attention at all times; and at the present time the utterances of any man may well be thought to have some claim to it, whose 'whereabout' is France, and whose tones are both adverse to the ruling power and dissonant from those of his own co-religionaries and habitual allies. These strong presumptive titles are not reduced, but heightened and confirmed, when we know that the avowed purpose of the work before us is to recommend to the clergy and the faithful of France that cause of constitutional liberty, upon which the world had until now conceived that they had unanimously turned their backs.

Yet another step upwards to our climax, from which we must too soon and wofully descend. That which M. de Montalembert recommends, he is certain to recommend with zeal, eloquence, and power. We read him with admiration, even when dissentient; with delight, when able to concur. And what Englishman will not in the main agree with his brilliant and just Apology for the thirty-four years of Constitutional Government in France?—

'On affirme que le système constitutionnel ne dure pas et ne produit rien. Réponse: il a duré en France trois fois plus longtemps que la monarchie absolue fondée par le plus grand génie des temps modernes. Il a régné en France de 1814 à 1848; et ces trente-quatre années—il ne faut pas se lasser de le répéter en présence des injures et des mensonges qu'on entasse chaque jour—ces trente-quatre années ont été, tout bien compensé, sinon les plus éclatantes, du moins les plus libres, les plus heureuses, les plus tranquilles de son histoire.

'Pendant ce tiers de siècle, le gouvernement représentatif a porté victorieusement les armes françaises en Espagne, affranchi la Grèce, sauvé la Belgique, conquis l'Algérie. Il a produit des orateurs et des hommes d'État du premier mérite. Il a donné une vie féconde et glorieuse à toutes les branches de l'intelligence nationale; il a ouvert un libre cours à toutes les forces, à toutes les industries, à toutes les doctrines, à toutes les idées, à toutes les études. Il a fait prévaloir partout le sentiment du droit, et de la modération dans l'exercice du droit. Enfin, ce qui doit être placé en première ligne par ceux à qui je m'adresse, il a imprimé à la foi catholique, à la réaction religieuse, un mouvement tel que le monde n'en avait point vu depuis deux siècles. Quand le régime qu'on veut lui substituer aura duré trente-cinq ans, alors, mais alors seulement, on pourra dresser son bilan, et comparer ses pertes et ses profits à ceux du régime que l'on insulte.'

‘Il faudra, en outre, voir comment se comportera la nation sous le régime qui pourra remplacer le système actuel; car, on l’a souvent remarqué, pour bien juger l’influence d’un gouvernement sur une société, il faut pouvoir apprécier la conduite de cette société après que ce gouvernement a disparu. De 1789 à 1795, au sortir du régime énervant de l’ancienne monarchie, la France s’est livrée à des attentats sans exemple dans l’histoire. En 1848, au sortir de trente ans de luttes parlementaires, et quoique plongée à l’improviste dans l’anarchie, elle a su se préserver de ces crimes qui déshonorent un peuple. Le sentiment de la justice et de la liberté ne s’est point éclipsé. Le soleil s’était couché: mais on a continué à vivre et à combattre dans le crépuscule.’
—pp. 122-3-4.

Who will not feel the force of the contrast which he draws between that period and the stage of torpor and retroaction at which France had arrived when he penned his reflections?—

‘A l’heure qu’il est, la France a peut-être encore plus de liberté qu’elle n’en veut; elle irait jusqu’à supporter l’oppression. Cette oppression n’existe pas, et ne saurait exister, car on n’opprime que ce qui vit. A l’heure qu’il est, rien n’est gêné, car rien ne se meut; rien n’est comprimé, car rien ne résiste. Tout dort, tout se repose, tout se renouvelle peut-être. Mais quand l’heure du réveil sonnera, quand cette France aura goûté dix, vingt années de repos, de calme, de prospérité, de sécurité complète; quand elle sera tentée de se dire qu’elle s’ennuie; quand éclatera le besoin de respirer, de voir, de parler, de juger, de critiquer, qui n’a jamais pu être extirpé de ce pays, pas plus sous l’ancien régime que sous Napoléon: c’est alors qu’il faudra bien donner quelque issue à cet instinct impérieux, à cette force latente mais irrésistible. C’est alors qu’on verra si les nouvelles institutions de la France sont assez élastiques pour se prêter à ce retour de la vie, du bruit, de la lutte. Je veux le croire; mais si elles ne s’y prêtaient pas, je suis convaincu que le souverain que la France s’est donné, avec l’habileté qui le caractérise, ne permettra pas à l’orage de grossir. Autrement l’orage l’emporterait, lui et son œuvre.’—p. 182.

Who will not thank our author for the following masterly description of universal suffrage? We, indeed, have not learnt it so; and probably no man among us could have so described it:—

‘Le suffrage universel peut être regardé comme le plus grand danger de la liberté. C’est un mécanisme par lequel la foule, maîtresse pour un jour, peut se rendre esclave pour des siècles, et rendre tout esclave comme elle.

‘Il serait insensé de méconnaître la valeur de ce mécanisme. On peut dire que le suffrage universel jouera désormais en politique le même rôle que la poudre à canon dans l’art de la guerre, ou la vapeur dans l’industrie. L’introduction de cette arme nouvelle et formidable change toutes les conditions de la lutte. Elle met à la disposition du pouvoir, qui finira toujours par s’en emparer, une force jusqu’à présent inconnue.

inconnue. C'est un levier qui peut être manié par la main la moins habile et la moins scrupuleuse, mais qui donne à cette main un ascendant irrésistible. C'est, en outre, un masque immense, derrière lequel toutes les servilités, toutes les bassesses, toutes les défaillances peuvent chercher un abri commode et sûr. C'est une mer où vont se perdre toutes les combinaisons et toutes les règles de la politique ancienne, mais où le mensonge, le préjugé, l'ignorance, peuvent aussi centupler leur énergie. La sagesse et la dignité humaines y sont toutes deux condamnées à de rudes épreuves. Talent, vertu, renommée, courage, intégrité, expérience, tous ces titres à l'ancienne popularité, toutes ces forces diversement énergiques, tout cela est noyé dans les flots du suffrage universel, comme le serait un flacon de vin généreux versé dans un étang.'—pp. 185-6.

After all this, our readers will not be ill-prepared for the telling description which M. Montalembert gives of his own position, in relation to liberty and religion:—'*La devise de ma vie a été celle de ce vieux Polonais de la confédération de Bar: j'ai aimé la Liberté plus que tout au monde, et la religion Catholique plus que la Liberté même.*' Or, again, for another of his autographical portraits, which, perhaps owing to the nature of his subject, are, to say the truth, not few:—

‘Je n'ai donc pas l'espoir de lutter contre le torrent avec quelque succès, comme il y a quatre ans. Mais je ne veux pas qu'on dise dans l'avenir, quand chaque acte, chaque parole sera relevée par des juges impitoyables, que cette grande palinodie a eu lieu sans soulever aucune protestation. On saura qu'il y a eu au moins un *vieux soldat du catholicisme et de la liberté*, qui avant 1830 avait distingué la cause catholique de la cause royaliste; qui sous le régime de juillet a plaidé la cause de l'indépendance de l'Eglise à l'encontre du pouvoir civil; qui en 1848 a combattu de toutes ses forces la prétendue identité du christianisme et de la démocratie, et qui en 1852 a protesté contre le sacrifice de la liberté à la force sous prétexte de religion.'—p. 87.

Well said and done, *vieux soldat du catholicisme et de la liberté*! We are not, rely upon it, so shut up in our insularity, as to be incapable of a fervid thrill of joy at the thought that amidst a scene of wide-spread moral and social desolation one knightly banner yet waves aloft, on which are twined fraternally together the scrolls of Christian belief and of civil freedom. There it is: the words we hear are words of truth, in accents of sincerity; they are words, upon the combined, faithful, and effective use of which is hung the whole future welfare of mankind; and to him who utters them we are bound to say, 'The Lord prosper you: we wish you good luck in the name of the Lord.'

But, after all, we must be upon our guard against imposture. Not

Not that kind of imposture which a wilful cozeners palms upon the world, but that subtler and more ensnaring illusion which first takes captive and enlists in its service all the graces at once of character and of diction, and then, by their means disarming wholesome jealousy, gains a securer possession of the public mind. What then, let us ask, is all this about? Does this book proclaim the advent of a new and happy era, in which the Roman Church is to be the sincere ally of constitutional liberty; or, at any rate, the accession of a great convert to the cause of truth and freedom, or the revived activity of a champion who had seemed to slumber, and who now again has buckled on his armour?

This is a question of deep importance. Count Montalembert, with all other votaries of the same system who resemble him in their generous appreciation of English institutions, and in the value they set upon English opinion, should know that there perhaps never was a time when the Church of Rome, that vast incorporation which covers from one-third to one-half of Christendom, stood worse among us than at the present moment; and this not with reference to any momentary cause or any passing excitement; not even because in the depths of dogmatic controversy new sources of exasperation have been opened up; nor yet because we have found her, beyond doubt, an inconvenient neighbour, puzzling our people, deranging the action of our Church, and powerfully stimulating our intestine jealousies; but for a still deeper and more painful reason than any of these, namely, from the profound contrast, of which we as a people are conscious, between the living authorities of the Church of Rome and ourselves, in respect to the very elements of moral principle, and foundations of duty, as applied to public policy and transactions; those elements; to which Christianity itself is not too lofty to make its appeal; those foundations, those eternal laws of right, upon which, and upon which alone, discipline or ritual, hierarchy or dogma can securely rest. The vehement excitement occasioned among us by the Brief of 1850 and the Durham Letter has passed away: the mood of patience has resumed its accustomed sway over a nation less, after all, resembling bulls than oxen. But, as a people, we have marked from day to day the proceedings of the Roman Church—that is to say, of its ecclesiastical rulers—in Italy, in Belgium, in France; and those proceedings have left upon the mind of England an impression that is much more likely to be deepened than obliterated. The portrait that Church has drawn, and is drawing, of herself in continental Europe at this moment, to say nothing of Ireland, is one whose lineaments cannot be forgotten;—tyranny, fraud,

fraud, base adulation, total insensibility not only to the worth of human freedom, but to the majesty of law and the sacredness of public and private right—these are the malignant and deadly features which we see stamped upon the conduct of the Roman hierarchy, and which have generated in the English mind a profound revulsion from them and all that seems to resemble them. With no small interest, therefore, do we ask, is there at least a beginning?—can we point to a part or section?—can we point to Count Montalembert, the lay leader of the Roman Catholics of France, and say, here at least is a man of pith and mark among them, who has registered his vow on behalf of human freedom in conjunction with Christian belief, and around whom its friends may rally?—We lament to say that the perusal of Count Montalembert's book leaves us with no choice but to return a negative answer. It leaves us, if possible, sadder than when we had not yet been informed that he had raised his eloquent voice on behalf of liberty; because it proves to us conclusively that he little knows what freedom means, or he would not so lisp and falter in its language, nor would he consent, as he does, to bear it allegiance only on equivocal, precarious, and even degrading terms. If this is the best tribute the veteran enthusiast of freedom (so he describes himself) can render, what must be the shortcomings of the raw and the unimpassioned? If this is the homage rendered to it among French Roman Catholics by its lovers, what in the wide world must its haters be?

Every charitable and rational Protestant—and even many who can perceive nothing at all beside Babylon, Antichrist, and the like in the Church of Rome—will feel disposed not to limit their wishes, nor in every case to address them, to departures from her communion, but rather earnestly to sympathise with every manifestation of good within, and not least with those manifestations which seem most conducive to the cure of her peculiar and besetting plagues.—Nor will the lover of historical truth—call himself what he may—follow the fanatical friends or foes of that Church in their assertion that she never changes. On the contrary, he will unhesitatingly admit that she has in her *practice* given no countenance to that boast or reproach;—he will, for example, carefully appreciate the wide differences—ecclesiastical, moral, and doctrinal—between Bossuet and De Maistre, between Clement XIV. and Pius IX. He will mourn, from his inmost soul, over the change of spirit that has passed upon the Papal See, between the day when it struck a gallant stroke for mankind by putting down the Jesuits, and the day when it restored them—still more
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that yet darker day when its present occupant addressed a letter to the bishops of his communion, proclaiming the tenet of the immaculate conception of the Virgin, and proposing that it should forthwith be declared an article of that Faith, outside of which there is no covenant of salvation.

We Christians, of whatever name, have an immense, an incalculable interest in the gains of that milder, and in the losses and defeats of that fiercer spirit. Nor is it only to the mere shell of doctrine that we should look. As long as the people of England remained under the delusion that the present Pope was a lover of liberty—although he never gave the slightest sign of doctrinal mitigation (being in fact, as is known, a more ultra-montane believer than his learned predecessor Pope Gregory)—English prepossessions against the See of Rome were wonderfully softened. All and any signs of improvement and approximation—civil, moral, social, as well as dogmatic—have been hailed by us with cordial joy, and will be so again. It is not, therefore, under adverse prejudice that we put Count Montalembert on his trial as a lover of freedom. If for a moment we felt tempted to depreciate sound political doctrine simply because he who teaches it has not renounced the Pope, the memory of Alfred, the thought of Magna Charta, would flash across the mind, and we should stand rebuked. Certainly it is strange in this matter, too, to observe what marvellous varieties of reading the power of headstrong wilfulness can force into the majestic text of history. Count Montalembert, not unnaturally, tells us (p. 34) that the Revolution of 1688 only sanctioned, to the cost of Roman Catholics, the constitution that Roman Catholics had framed. But Chevalier Bunsen, speaking by the mouth of St. Hippolytus,* says that our constitution is the work of the last three hundred years. One of these distinguished writers thinks we did nothing before the Reformation; the other, nothing since. A contrast somewhat strange; to omit the greater strangeness, that the Chevalier should reckon the Tudor period as one distinguished beyond others by constitutional development. But we Englishmen, in reckoning backwards through the long line of our political descent, are not accustomed, nor contented, to stop where he would have us. We never yet have disowned, but have ever highly prized, our relationship with the founders of our universities, the builders of our cathedrals, the early sages of our law, the patriarchs of our general and our local liberties; nor will M. de Montalembert meet injustice at our hands, because he is called, in matter of religion, by the same name at least that they are.

* Hippolytus and his Age, vol. iv. p. 17.

Exercising, then, our best judgment on the work before us, we fear that Count Montalembert is an ecclesiastical politician, and nothing else; that he deludes himself in supposing his own tone and spirit to be akin to that of the mediæval champions of freedom; that his love of liberty begins and ends precisely at the points where liberty seems useful or otherwise to the Roman domination; that in him we see a crucial instance of that fundamental antipathy between ultramontaniam and freedom, which at this moment constitutes one of the darkest omens for the future of Christendom. We will proceed to prove our case from his pages.

His first chapters are devoted to a review of the comparative condition of the Roman Catholic Church in various countries at the two periods of 1800 and 1852. An ample power of adroit and effective grouping aids his contrasts, and his conclusions are in the tone of triumph. But we will give instances which show that his prepossessions so distort his visual powers as to render him an untrustworthy witness in a synopsis of facts; and we will then point out the general fallacies that underlie his whole position. And yet he thinks he is drawing all the while a plain, prosaic delineation, and nothing else.

At the former of the two periods which he compares, says our author (p. 9), there was nowhere a trace of health or hope. Religion was either forgotten or extirpated, and seemed to have been wholly banished from the earth. Catholicism must have appeared to the worldly-wise a carcass that it only remained to inter. Half a century glides away: all is renovated and transformed, and everywhere the church soars over the destinies of the world.

Now, in what way does Count Montalembert draw out the balance-sheet, which yields him so brilliant a result? By processes like these which follow. In 1800, he says, Austria was stretched on the bed of Procrustes by the Josephine laws—a great item to the debit of that period; but in the review of 1852, where he touches the States of Italy, he quite forgets to notice that Piedmont, which then was exempt, has been put to similar torture by its most recent legislation. He finds the strongest evidence of life and vigour in the circumstance that the Belgian Constitution has been conferred upon the country, with all its franchises, by the children, as he says, of the Church. He passes over the significant fact, that the Belgian Bishops have formally protested against the religious freedom which that Constitution guarantees. Again, while he refers exultingly to the new Concordat in Spain,

Spain, he takes no notice at all of the spoliation of Church property, and expulsion of the monks, that preceded it. In short, his whole survey reminds us of a description we have lately read of the judicious conduct of a police officer among the Jews in Houndsditch on Sunday, who contrives not to see that the houses of entertainment are open, and all the machinery of week-day life in full motion. Nothing, however, in the eyes of our author, more signally illustrates the ecclesiastical *renaissance*, than the magnificent position which Rome and the Popedom have resumed in the world. But if there be a man who can see anything but future peril and present degradation in the position of the Pontiff as a civil power at this moment, his case is past argument—at least with Englishmen. Does he blind his eyes to the fact that, alone of all the Sovereigns of the earth, Pius IX. is without even a party (the paid holders of office, lay or clerical, cannot be so called) among his subjects, is unable to win them by gold to bear arms in his defence, and is maintained upon a despotic and hated throne exclusively by overwhelming foreign force, amidst tokens of aversion that continually emerge, and overbear their still great, though diminished and diminishing, reverence for his spiritual office? Count Montalembert must be aware that this was not always so; that when the Pope was dethroned by Napoleon, and again when he was restored by the continental powers with England at their head—the first and the last time, we venture to predict, of her participation in such an enterprise—his people mourned for his removal, and rejoiced at his return? This ominous and significant alteration in the feelings of the Papal subjects is entirely overlooked by Count Montalembert, as well it may, or surely he would hesitate to describe the restoration of the Pope to a reign of violence unredeemed by a particle of love, as the very crown of the Catholic revival.

We will give one or two more instances of the singular faculty, displayed by this imaginative philosopher, of misreading, cross-reading, and reading backwards, even his own plainest statements. In his steeple-chase argument he leaps over everything in his way, including the very facts that he himself has told us; and in his claims on behalf of the Church of Rome, he seems as manifestly to include a prerogative of forming and transforming historic truth at will, as Molière's doctor reckoned, among the legitimate ordinances of the profession, the transplantation of the heart from the left side to the right. Thus, when (in p. 154) it suits his argument to throw dirt upon the period of the Reformation, he tells us that under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth the Parliament of England was no more than a
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simple office of registry for the despotic edicts of the Sovereign; forgetting apparently, that in p. 133, where it was convenient to refer our modern freedom back by derivation to the middle age, he informs us that in England, and in England only, 'the limited monarchy of the thirteenth century had been transmitted inviolate to the seventeenth.' When he proceeds to contend that popular institutions may be made conducive to the purposes of his Church, and has to anticipate an objection founded on our legislation of 1851, he informs us (p. 154) that the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was smitten with the brand of reprobation before it passed, by the eloquent remonstrances of the Aberdeens and the Grahams, and that it has remained up to this present moment in the condition of a dead letter. And yet, will it be believed that, with a hardihood that if exhibited by one we less cordially respected we must designate by a stronger phrase, he had, not so very long before as that it should wholly have escaped his memory or ours, treated us to the following specimen of historic precision, and of that scrupulous bashfulness which a love of truth cannot but inspire?

'Ce ne sont certes pas aujourd'hui les Catholiques qui proscrivent, qui exilent, qui empêchent la prédication, qui traînent au prétoire leurs adversaires: ce sont eux au contraire contre lesquels, à Stockholm, à LONDRES, à Schwerin, à Genève, il faut employer ces moyens pour arrêter la triomphante expansion de leur foi.'—p. 100.

What a specimen of the value of contemporary observation! In London, forsooth, it is that these enormities have happened. We cannot complain of his saying so; for it is quite in keeping with this statement, that the same writer who advances it should forget to drop into the itching ears of his countrymen the names of Florence and the Madiai, who are now expiating as galley-slaves the crime of religious proselytism, exercised, we believe, in forms sufficiently modest and restrained. Nor, after this, can our wonder rise one tittle higher when our author, wrapped up in infinite and impenetrable contentment, exclaims near the close of his work:—

'Voilà l'histoire!—non pas l'histoire travestie au gré de certaines théories, et d'un enseignement déloyal et superficiel, mais l'histoire prise sur le fait, et recueillie par les témoins les moins suspects.'—p. 171.

From an author who, in perfect good faith we doubt not, deals thus with events, what are we to expect when he comes to arguments? If he can find quicksands in the solid ground of fact, how shall he tread for a single moment with security, or how can we accept him for a guide, in the swampy regions of speculation, sentiment, and opinion?

The Count Montalembert has too much goodness knowingly to attempt a fraud, and too much acuteness, were he seduced into such an endeavour, to make choice of deceptions egregiously clumsy and transparent. Deception there indeed is; but he, we are persuaded, is first its unresisting victim, and then its unwilling instrument. *Vieux soldat du Catholicisme et de la Liberté!* So he says, and so he thinks: but as the bread was to the sack in Falstaff's bill, such, or less than such, is the *Liberté* relatively to the *Catholicisme* in the vows, the affections, and the performances of this old soldier; for Rome indeed a veteran, but for liberty only a cripple.

The ostensible purpose of our author is to establish the proposition, that representative government is favourable to Roman Catholic interests: and on this ground he claims to rank among the votaries of freedom.

Now, in our view, the real lover of freedom is he, and he only, who prizes it as an attribute in which our nature may approximate to its Divine original, and who firmly believes in its efficacy and necessity, as an ordained condition of the highest forms of human thought and action. It is Truth, indeed, which is the essential nectar and ambrosia of the soul of man; but truth is only half-truth to us, unless it be accepted freely. It thoroughly enters into and moulds our composition, not when driven in by the hammer or the screw, but only when grasped by the vigorous action of the affections, the understanding, and the will. The value of authority, and its place among the laws of human thought, are found in this, that it is a help and instrument for the attainment of truth; but both in the final appropriation of the end, and in the prior choice and application of the means, the process, to be in the highest degree effectual, must be intelligent and free. Freedom misused is the path of death: but without the right use of freedom, life can attain but a stunted and sickly development. We therefore love and cherish freedom for its legitimate place in the Divine economy, as a grand determining element of the normal state of man: but the form in which Count Montalembert conceives of this august function, the reason, the whole and sole reason, which induces him to recommend that space be reserved for liberty in public institutions, is not because freedom appertains to the charter of our nature; nor because of the social blessings that institutions truly free procure, but simply because he thinks that under the circumstances of the day liberty may be made a serviceable tool for advancing the views and policy of the Court and Church of Rome. Accordingly, after drawing his comparison between 1800 and 1852, he spends the remainder
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of his work in showing that on the whole, and at the present moment, free or constitutional governments are less dangerous to the Church of Rome than such as are despotic. We doubt his making many converts; but let that pass.

We shall consider briefly both the measure and the ground of this love and homage, which Freedom is receiving at the hands of her distinguished admirer; and the measure of it both as to place and as to time. First of all as to time. Although he writes with the view of recording an emphatic protest against the destruction of liberty in France (p. 181), it is nevertheless only the indefinite duration of despotic power to which our author declares himself opposed. For a certain time he conceives it might very well be endured, nay, could not be objected to. And what, may it be supposed, is the term of grace for which he thinks France might very well acquiesce in it? For ten years—for twenty years—ay, for thirty years—such are his marvellous words—so that it be only a temporary remedy, a provisional discipline. One generation of human beings is quietly given over to it by this great and experienced champion, this self-dubbed hero and confessor in the conflict against arbitrary power; who, with a forethought at least that cannot be too highly praised, now draws a bill on behalf of French liberty which is to fall due in 1882. Would the ‘old soldier of Catholicism’ be as accommodating, and consent to as long a suspension of his favourite system in that branch, as the ‘old soldier of Freedom’ has thus shown himself?

But neither is Count Montalembert’s theory less elastic as to place. He quotes indeed, with commendation, a manful and vigorous definition of liberty, and of the main forms of its application to human society, from the present Bishop of Annecy (p. 75). That prelate does not scruple to teach, that liberty means, man such as he came from the hands of his Maker; and amidst its forms he unequivocally includes religious freedom, which he defines to be made up of liberty of conscience, liberty of worship, and liberty of proselytism (p. 76). Let us see how his admirer applies the doctrine thus laid down. When we come to M. de Montalembert’s own defence of his view, we find him hold that the principle both of political and of religious liberty ought to be accepted;—but he immediately goes on to say (p. 99)—

‘Sans doute il serait insensé de le proclamer dans les pays où il n’existe pas, et où il n’est réclamé par personne.’

Such is his limitation of the doctrine of freedom as to place. Yet he means less than he says. He does not, cannot, intend that religious liberty ought not to be introduced into Sweden,

where Lutheranism is dominant and a free profession is not permitted to the Roman Church. He only means that it would be madness to introduce religious freedom in Spain, in Naples, in Tuscany; in short, wherever the Church of Rome is in actual occupation of the ground, and has force enough to keep it.

Nor have we yet done with the restraints and reserves that accompany M. de Montalembert's confession of the faith of freedom. Where it does not exist already—if Rome asks it, he would join in the request; if Rome refuses it, he would re-echo the refusal. But further, where it does exist, and where he has a hope that the Church of Rome may prove strong enough to put it down, it is perfectly plain that he is ready for that course. '*Je n'hésite pas à le dire, si on pouvait supprimer la liberté de l'erreur et du mal, ce serait un devoir.*' We are to put it down if we can: but how are we to know what we can do, until we have tried? Plainly, as long as there is a hope of success attending an Albigensian crusade, it ought as matter of duty to be steadily persevered in, according to the doctrine of this *vieux soldat du Catholicisme—et de la Liberté*.

Such are the limitations of Count Montalembert's love of freedom. As to the ground of it, there is no disguise whatever. It is put simply upon the narrowest and 'most straitest' view of its conduciveness to the purposes of the Roman Church. That he gives it a value beyond this conduciveness, we find not the slightest evidence. He may say, and we agree with him, freedom is only a good when it is used for good. But what is good? 'Evil, be thou my good,' says the Satan of Milton. 'Rome, be thou my good,' says Count Montalembert. The See of Rome and its policy for him are not only good, but the form and model of good, the Alpha and Omega of good; for them and them only 'all things are, and were created.'

One more testimony alone it was in his power to render of his devotion to the Roman See. He had postponed his demand for political liberty to the next generation; he had averred that religious liberty should not be permitted as long as it could be opposed: he had reduced his profession of freedom to such a state of hollowness and attenuation as to make it border on the ludicrous: and to crown all he covers himself against any suspicion of heterodox tendencies with these closing words—

'*Telle est ma foi politique, et—hors qu'un commandement du Pape exprès ne vienne—j'y compte persévérer.*'—p. 192.

Heartily do we wish that, as Englishmen grateful for his love of England, we could welcome M. de Montalembert as either teacher or pupil in the school of rational freedom. But the truth,

truth, the mournful and painful truth is this :—Ultramontanism seems to be rapidly absorbing into itself whatever of vital action is to be found within the limits of the Church of Rome : and with Ultramontanism, unless by some strange freak and vagary of our nature—some of those elaborate intellectual delusions which only the most ingenious of men can weave, and which never catch the masses—with Ultramontanism no true love of liberty can coexist. We do not say no liberty can coexist with it. In a given state of society, be it in France, be it in Ireland, be it elsewhere, wherever the foot of power is still on the neck of the Roman Church, or wherever it finds the pressure of civil control inconvenient and the moment favourable, Ultramontanism will speak, ay, if need be will roar, on the side of liberty. But, founded upon ideas of perfect slavery as applicable to the spiritual part of man, it never can be other than a false and hypocritical worshipper of political and external freedom. For, valuable and well adapted as is freedom for the lower forms and spheres of human life, it is the very vital air of the higher : and the system which wrenches our nature from its appointed course by repudiating its claim to the liberty within, is essentially and profoundly the enemy of the liberty without, and never can be its professing friend except by accident ; except in the false position of which Count Montalembert now exhibits to the world so egregious an instance : except with reservations, which do much more than destroy the whole value of its adhesion : except with principles, which must in due season betray their thoroughly and incurably servile tone, and drag religion itself into contempt, through the indignation of mankind at the political insincerity with which it thus unhappily comes to be associated.

Ultramontanism and liberty may coexist : ultramontanism and the slang of liberty may go together : but ultramontanism and the true love of liberty stand in a reciprocal repulsion never to be overcome. Ultramontanism can never use Liberty, except as vice uses its victim : first to enjoy, and then to spurn her.

And this ultramontanism has laid its withering hand on Count Montalembert. But let us, to obviate misapprehension, explain what we mean by Ultramontanism. We do not mean the mere opinion of the Pope's power in temporals *in ordine ad spiritualia*, nor even that opinion which holds his authority to be paramount to that of the Councils of the Church. We mean, along with these opinions, many others of like tendency—we mean above all a frame of mind, a tone and direction of thought, which, continually exalting the hierarchical elements
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of the Christian system, and the mystical next to them, and, on the other hand, continually depressing those counterbalancing ingredients which are so fully exhibited in Holy Scripture and in the early history of the Church—namely, the doctrine of inward freedom, the rights and responsibilities of individuality, the mixed and tempered organization of ecclesiastical government—has at length well-nigh reduced the latter elements of the Christian system to zero, and installed the first in exclusive possession of the sacred domain; a process too nearly analogous to that of other and opposite corruptions, which never work by the assertion of absolute falsehood, but by undervaluing, and by throwing first into the shadow, then into impenetrable darkness, certain aspects of the truth. As to the means by which this baleful spirit works, they are many. Sometimes it strikes right at the moral personality of the man—as in the system of what is called *Direction*, and is now represented as the normal regulator of the relation between the pastor and the private Christian. Sometimes it works under the guise of a reverence for the religious life—as when (an almost unfailing note of its presence) it extols the Jesuits: sometimes it pushes into mischievous extravagance the mystical points of Christianity—improving, forsooth, upon what its Author ordained—as in that deadly project, for the moment arrested, but not we fear abandoned, for declaring from the highest authority of the Church of Rome that all Christians are bound on pain of damnation to believe that the blessed Mother of our Lord shared His divine prerogative in being exempt from original sin.

There are, indeed, particular passages of the work, from which, taken alone, it might be inferred that M. de Montalembert did not belong to this noxious school. For instance, where he tells us (p. 93) that the Pope no doubt is monarch of the Church, but not an absolute monarch; that he can do nothing except according to the constitution of the Church, in which he governs with the assistance of the bishops, and in which the bishops, clergy, and faithful have each of them their rights, inherited and imprescriptible. He gives us no details, nor illustrations, except a reference to Bellarmine, who says the Pope may be disobeyed under certain circumstances, and who, he alleges, is held to be the most extreme of Ultramontanes. But here Count Montalembert is by far too modest. Whatever Bellarmine might have been, or have been thought, in his own day, he would cut no figure now by the side of the Count himself or of his idol De Maistre. The Count talks of limited monarchy, government by consent of bishops, and imprescriptible rights. Is he ignorant that that question has already been solemnly tried out, and that

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it stands decided by practice that the Pope of Rome may contravene every canon of the Church upon the ground of necessity—a necessity of which he and he only is the judge? Has he forgotten that in his own fair France, during this very period which he describes as the period of renovated youth and hope for the Church, the Pope, in concert with the civil power—(represented by Napoleon)—extinguished many ancient sees, abolished their jurisdictions, and deposed the holders, for no offence real or pretended, but upon grounds of over-ruling expediency alone? The Papal monarchy is limited by the Papal will, and by nothing else on the face of the earth: there is no authority in the world, we say it without doubt, that, according to the now fashionable Roman doctrines, can correct or arrest the Pope, whatever he may do, or whatever he may decree, in regard to the Christian religion.

In the letter, however, M. Montalembert comes before us as a teacher of the doctrine that even the papal power is restrained by bounds, and that constitutional government is most conducive to human happiness. We may well smile, or do something else than smile, at the ardent worshipper of constitutional government, who ventures to hold up that monstrous medley of violence and fraud, the French expedition to Rome, as among the most precious recollections of the nation, nay, among the noblest trophies of the Church (pp. 29 and 37). But we will try him by another test—the writings of M. De Maistre, which the Count himself describes, and which his whole party notoriously regard, as the great fountain of the regenerating influence that has been exercised on the French mind. What says De Maistre upon these great subjects of ecclesiastical and civil freedom? We turn to his pages at least with the satisfaction of reflecting that, whatever be the tendency of his doctrines, there is no difficulty in ascertaining them: he throws dust in no man's eyes. '*Le Christianisme*,' says De Maistre, in his Preliminary Discourse, '*repose entièrement sur le Souverain Pontife*.' Again: '*Admettez une fois l'appel de ses décrets, il n'y a plus de gouvernement, plus d'unité, plus d'Eglise visible*.' (B. i. ch. i.) Councils of the Church are but the Pope's advisers: and their entire title either to advise or to exist depends upon him. As to the civil power, while Count Montalembert boasts that the Roman Church of history has sympathised with freedom, and that the despotic theory was due to the Reformation, the language of his teacher and model is diametrically opposite. Constitutions are with him a sheer imposture. England alone '*a pu faire quelque chose dans ce genre, mais sa constitution n'a point encore subi l'épreuve du temps . . . Le dogme Catholique, comme tout le monde*

monde sait, proscrit toute espèce de révolte sans distinction. Le Protestantisme, au contraire, partant de la souveraineté du peuple—and so forth. (B. ii. ch. ii.) How sad that what ‘all the world knows,’ in a matter so elementary, should be still unknown to Count Montalembert!

But let us try the Count Montalembert of to-day by comparison with the Count Montalembert of yesterday: whom, be it recollected, he does not in any degree repudiate or disavow; on the contrary, he everywhere takes credit for his consistent love of human liberty.

This is not the first appearance of M. de Montalembert in connection with the Revolution of December, 1851, and the destruction of the last vestiges of liberty in France. He took upon himself a very prominent office when, on the 12th of that month, he addressed a letter to the editor of the *Univers*, published in that incendiary Journal on the 14th, and in the *Times* on the 16th. He there exults in the *coup d'état* as having been also a *coup de grace* to all Socialists, Revolutionists, and Bandits throughout France and Europe—a sufficient reason, he fairly adds, for all honest men to rejoice. On the one side he lauds the Dictatorship ‘of a Prince who has rendered for three years incomparable services to the cause of order and Catholicism.’ On the other hand he pours his contempt on ‘that tower of Babel called the National Assembly.’ It is Louis Napoleon that ‘restored order and security in 1848’—rather, a strong assertion: and who ‘can alone preserve us from anarchy in 1852.’—Surely he has done it, and with a vengeance. The country, he proceeds, had before been ‘mad for liberty and Parliamentary institutions’—well done, *vieux soldat de la liberté!*—it was now ‘hungering for silence, calm, and authority;’ and he marvels at the folly of the men who ‘would impose the sovereignty of the tribune and of discussion,’ and declares himself to be ‘for the possible freedom of good against the certain liberty of evil.’ In point of fact, Victor Hugo is entirely justified, so far as Montalembert is concerned; when he says of Louis Napoleon—‘*Il a fait de M. Changarnier une dupe, de M. Thiers une bouchée, de M. de Montalembert un complice:*’*—and after the great actor himself, scarcely any man in France has been more deeply responsible than our author for the state of things which now exists there.

What the ‘possible freedom of good’ means we know by this time: it is the hope he had conceived that the unlimited ascendancy of the Roman Church might be the consideration returnable for a multitude of favourable votes in the election

* ‘Napoléon le Petit,’ p. 49.

then approaching. And in truth, on this side the water, we imagined that Louis Napoleon had done pretty well in that particular; but it seems M. Montalembert is not satisfied: for no pledge has yet been given that the Papal throne shall be upheld by French arms as long as France has arms at her command, and as long as there are human hearts in Rome on which the iron heel may trample.

At the present moment, Count Montalembert is, we fear, a person of infinitely small importance to Louis Napoleon, who may properly consider his opposition, especially since it is made ludicrous by its reserves, as among the minutest of things that are. But when Count Montalembert wrote the letter to which we have referred, his influence was the turning-point which determined the course of the religious party in France in the election of the President, which was then impending, and which at once consummated and solemnized the downfall of liberty, and of the hope of liberty, in France. To that downfall, as we see, he was a willing, nay an eager accessory. Was he inconsistent then with his present course? No. The only inconsistency is that which he commits when he assures us of his sympathy, and the sympathy of the Roman Church, with freedom. He acted then as he acts now, upon one and the same principle. About the parties or the alternatives before him he asks himself one, and only one, set of questions: which of them will most exalt the Pope; which of them will most effectually preclude the revival of Gallican or nationalising opinions; which of them will most extend liberty of conscience in France where the Roman Church cannot do without it, and narrow it in Italy and Spain, where she would lose by it; which of them will best insure the influence and sway of that pure and glorious order of the Jesuits, to whose virtues the wickedness of this world so obstinately refuses to pay unconditional homage; which of them will be most likely to accelerate that most glorious epoch, which Pius IX. in his exile so meritoriously endeavoured to accelerate, the epoch when another star shall be added to the galaxy of Roman dogmas, and 'the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception shall be erected into an article of faith?' (p. 37.) These are the objects of the Count's pious care, and these only; but the man whose mind works in this train of thought has no more knowledge of the real value of the principle of freedom as an element in human action, and in public laws and institutions, than a new-born infant of the differential calculus; and much less chance of acquiring any.

Upon the whole, we rise with much pain from the perusal of this interesting book. There have been at times gleams and indications

dications in the writings of divines, in the administrations of bishops and even of popes, to say nothing of the noble alliance so familiar to the middle age between freedom and religion, which have warmed the heart of the hopeful observer with the idea that a spirit of spontaneous and healthy reform might, in the Providence of God, gradually permeate the mighty mass of Roman Catholic Christendom. The urgent necessities of these times, the undermining of positive and traditional attachments, the gradual decomposition in so many and such various quarters of the fabric of dogmatic belief, the improved tactics of infidelity, the refinement which its tone has acquired, and its specious association with a warm religious phraseology, all remind us that now, if ever, those who have faith in Christianity as a creed definitely and unchangeably revealed, a firm, deep-seated anchorage for the soul, ought to be at least drawing nigh to one another, under the strong sympathetic attractions of a common interest and cause. So it ought to be; but let us not follow the wilful philosopher before us, who, in the busy workshop of his imagination, stamps upon something that he calls the world the image he would have it bear. That approximation, or the sense of the need of it, may be growing in individual minds. But as regards the public tone of communities, the case is otherwise. The spirit of unity, the only effective preparation for its form, does not grow in Protestant bodies relatively to one another, nor between them and the great Churches of the East and West, nor between these last in regard to one another. Never were their reciprocal aspects more hostile; and yet, while this is so, while the wave from without is sapping the foundations of the common faith, while the once omnipotent idea of an historical and collective religion, incorporated in a visible society, is receding from the general mind, there may yet be heard continually, mocking heaven and bewildering and deluding earth, the loud hollow vaunts of the Roman Church, and of her hot and sanguine votaries.

They tell us of the immortal fidelity of Ireland, when their Church is giving there signs quite unprecedented alike of numerical losses and of moral weakness. They announce the re-conquest of England, when year by year the tone of English society jars more harshly with that of Romish policy and teaching, the course of English thought and feeling removes farther and farther beyond their reach. More cool and rational than most of his fellow-labourers on this last point, yet Count Montalembert, too, can draw his boastful contrasts between the middle of the century and its beginning—when yet, if his reasons for so glorifying the era be examined, they seem mainly to be these—that the Jesuits are everywhere restored,
everywhere

everywhere increasing—and that the Immaculate Conception is, after 1800 years, about to be declared an essential part of that religion whose proud privilege it is, in common with its Author, to be without variableness or shadow of turning. Could they, would they but have done with their skin-deep surveys, and look a little beneath the surface! No doubt the army of the Roman priesthood is under better, far better, discipline than it was: its various corps are concentrated: one watchword only passes through the camp, the ‘Chair of Peter’: it has been purged well nigh of all who scrupled at the orders to deny quarter to any milder form of Christian association or belief. In short, if we consent to judge of that body by the standard of a soldiery or a police alone, its state is one of the highest efficiency, its prospects are of the brightest colour. But how wide is here the deviation from ancient ideas! They indeed contemplated the church as an army amidst the world; but the modern view is of the clergy as an army amidst the people, the shepherds as an army amidst the flock. In its young vigour and its virgin purity, Christianity prospered not by propagating anti-social dogmas and winding up to the highest point the spirit of caste, but by cultivating and expanding while it sanctified the individual soul—by blending together the reverence for authority and the passion for freedom—by founding itself on the whole nature of man—by joining hands with every influence and every agent that could elevate him as a moral, a social, a responsible being—by marching at the head of art, science, and education, and enlisting into its service every new form of knowledge as it came to light: in a word, by collectively and systematically following in all its breadth and depth that wondrous precept of St. Paul, who bids us individually embrace and make our own ‘whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report’ (Phil. iv. 8.) Thus it was on man at large, and on society at large, that Christianity fixed its grasp. But can M. de Montalembert fail to see that the most fatal of all signs in regard to the future relation between mankind and the Gospel is a permanent and growing divergency between the general course of temper, thought, and action of Christian nations on the one side, and the spirit of the sacerdotal caste and its immediate adherents on the other? Has the Church of Rome done what justice and truth demanded towards averting this frightful evil, and is it not, has it not long been steadily on the increase? He has reasoned like the man who vigorously plies his skiff against a stream of irresistible rapidity and power: his

eye

eye is on the water, he sees it shoot away from him, and he thinks that he advances because it recedes: he lifts his gay streamer to the breeze, and exults in his success; but all the while the mighty mass is bearing him and it inevitably downwards, farther and farther from the haven of his hope.

Such is the case of Count Montalembert. No one will dispute the zeal and vigour either of himself or of those whom he represents; none will question the gigantic force of that current which we familiarly call the spirit of the age, and which not merely by its grosser elements, but by its best-reasoned and most deep-seated attributes, is in the sharpest conflict with the system of modern Rome. Well, he sees a good concordat with some ephemeral government here, a successful intrigue there, civil speeches from a man all whose words are mined under, some poor Madiari put in prison, more Jesuits, winking images of the Madonna, and great hopes of the Immaculate Conception for a new article of faith: what successes, what glories, what assurances of final triumph! But all this time the slow divorce is being prepared; the severance of that union yet more slow in its formation, the union which it required some thirteen hundred years of the Church's incessant labour to consolidate, between Divine Revelation and human thought and action, between the invisible and the visible kingdoms of God, the dispensation of heaven and the dispensation of earth. And the more perfect the organisation of the Roman Catholic clergy shall become, the more rigid the proscription of variance in opinion, the more exact its military discipline, the more precise, elaborate, and perfect its manœuvring, the more glaring, on the other hand, to all except itself, will it be, that all the successes of that army are far more than counterbalanced by the simple fact, that it is an army and nothing else, a fortified camp in the midst of Christian society: the more evident will it become that for others and not for them, for others less equipped in high pretension but better grounded upon homely truth, is reserved the solution, or the best approach to solution, of the great and world-wide problem, how, under the multiplying demands and thickening difficulties of the time coming upon us, to maintain a true harmony between the Church of Christ and the nations it has swayed so long, to reconcile the changeful world and that unchanging faith on which all its un-deceptive hopes are hung.

ART. VII.—1. *Observations on the British Museum, National Gallery, and National Record Office, with Suggestions for their Improvement.* By James Fergusson, M.R.B.A., &c. &c. 1849.

2. *Handbook to the Antiquities in the British Museum; being a Description of the Remains of Greek, Assyrian, Egyptian, and Etruscan Art preserved there.* By W. I. Vaux, M.A., F.S.A., Assistant in the Department of Antiquities. 1852.

3. COPY of all COMMUNICATIONS made by the Architect and Officers of the BRITISH MUSEUM to the Trustees, respecting the Enlargement of the Building, and of all Communications between the Trustees and the Treasury, subsequent to the period when the Commissioners upon the Constitution and Management of the British Museum presented their Report to HER MAJESTY. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 30th June, 1852.

OUR article of December, 1850, has sufficiently acquainted our readers with the variety of criticisms and hyper-criticisms—the regrets and the complaints—of which the British Museum has been so long, and on the whole so undeservedly, the object. We are not about to go over that debated ground—all the most important points of which the ‘Report of the Royal Commission’ of 1848 has cleared and settled, much to the credit of the whole internal administration of the Museum, and more especially as to the management of the Library, which had been the object of the loudest, but, as it has turned out, the most groundless, the most ignorant, and we are sorry to be obliged to add, in some remarkable instances, the most malicious complaints. We shall hear no more, we presume—at least from any one who has read and weighed the evidence—of forcing the Trustees to attempt that *physical impossibility*, a general printed catalogue for current use—a proposition so long and so pertinaciously urged by some, as a covert mode of personal censure on the officers of the library department, and by a few respectable persons who, with little practical experience of the manipulation of the library, were deluded by the ideal facilities of a printed catalogue—an object no doubt extremely captivating, and to which certainly we ourselves see but one objection—viz., that no power of men or money could ever complete one. The only really practicable proposition suggested in the Report for a printed catalogue would be of some class or period which could be considered as *completed and closed*—such as the collection of works connected with the Great Rebellion, or of the books possessed by the Museum printed in the
fifteenth

fifteenth century : but of these the first would be of little general use, and hardly worth the cost ; and the second, if now executed, would, *we hope*, very soon become imperfect. The only mode of carrying out this latter idea that could be considered as complete, should embrace not what *any* single library may happen to possess *at the moment*, but all the great libraries of Europe should be invited to contribute to a general catalogue of ALL books known to have been printed prior to 1501 ; and to each title might be affixed an initial, to designate in what libraries the book might be found,—as ‘M. L.,’ for *Museum, London* ; ‘B. O.,’ *Bodleian, Oxford* ; ‘N. P.,’ *National, Paris* ; ‘I. P.,’ *Institute, Paris, &c.* So that, whenever any of these libraries became possessed of a work they had not before, the addition, by a hand-stamp, of this distinguishing mark would keep *each* catalogue and (by easy intercommunication) all the catalogues complete ; and even individuals who might purchase a catalogue could keep their own complete by reference to that of the nearest public library. This would be a valuable addition to the literature of the world.

The Commission has also set at rest many other captious complaints against the Museum. We shall not be again insulted by injurious comparisons—bolstered up by evidence most scandalously deceptive—of our Museum with similar establishments abroad—of its inferiority in material riches, in scientific distribution, in general accessibility, and in the intelligence and personal courtesy of its officers and servants. The gross injustice of such imputations is now indisputable. It has been proved beyond all further question, that there is not in the world another collection so various, so rich, so promptly, so lucidly, and so extensively accessible.

The *Edifice* itself, it must be admitted, does not come quite so well out of the discussion. Mr. Fergusson’s pamphlet contains a minute and merciless criticism on the whole and every part of it. We have no intention of entering on that proverbial inutility—a disputation on mere points of taste ;—but we are bound to say that we think Sir Robert Smirke has been treated, on matters both of taste and accommodation, with a degree of severity which the facts do not warrant. Our readers are aware that we ourselves are no great admirers of the edifice. It must, we fear, be admitted to be inferior to what its destination, its site, and, above all, its cost, might have led us to expect ; but we cannot assent to Mr. Fergusson’s sweeping and unconditional (but oddly worded) censure, that ‘the Museum is as bad and as extravagant a building as could be well designed.’ In truth, though we concur in two or three of his leading criticisms, we think that most of his objections

jections to the details are either altogether fanciful or much exaggerated; and we cannot but think that the criticisms of so ingenious a mind would have produced more effect on the public if they had been less indiscriminate.

We are glad, however, that, amidst so much censure, Mr. Fergusson does justice to Sir Robert Smirke's general reputation in that style of art which he has more peculiarly followed. He says—

‘I do not know of anything in the works of classic architecture on the Continent superior to Sir Robert Smirke's: I am certain it is not either the Berlin Museum, nor the Munich* Wallhalla or Glyptothek, nor the Paris Madeleine or Bourse, which, considering the difficulties of the subject, either show more taste or more knowledge of the style.’—*Ferg.*, p. 11.

And he even adds a kind of apology for Sir Robert Smirke, by laying, as he phrases it, ‘the blame on the right shoulders’—viz. the Trustees—who, he intimates, had imposed not only the style of the edifice on Sir Robert under pain of not being employed, but even dictated to him some of the individual blemishes with which Mr. Fergusson is most offended. Now we know not whether the Trustees had any predilection (which Mr. Fergusson seems to consider a kind of insanity) for Greek architecture; we ourselves so far concur in his opinion that we should not have chosen that rigid and unaccommodating style for so complicated and diversified an object as a Museum; but we cannot therefore presume to censure persons of perhaps a purer taste, who preferred the Greek style for an edifice dedicated to the arts and literature of which Greece was the illustrious parent; and especially when some of the richest treasures of the collection were derived from the noblest remains of Grecian architecture. And when the Trustees made that, as we think, not unnatural, though perhaps unlucky, choice, they surely did well in selecting to execute it the architect whom Mr. Fergusson admits to have surpassed in that style all the architects of the Continent.

As to the apologetical insinuation that Sir Robert Smirke sacrificed his own opinions and taste—that is his *duty*—to the unreasonable suggestions of individual trustees—it is an excuse which we are satisfied that the integrity and spirit of Sir Robert Smirke's character would reject. We have no doubt that he accepts the whole responsibility of his work, and he may do so with honest pride; for we think, in spite of individual criti-

* Why does Mr. Fergusson place the Wallhalla at *Munich*? It is near Ratisbon, above thirty miles from Munich. He perhaps had in his mind's eye another edifice of the Doric style at Munich, called the Ruhmeshalle.

cisms, that no impartial eye can be blind to the grandeur of its external aspect, or the appropriate beauty of its internal arrangement and decoration. For its faults, considerable as they no doubt are, a fairer, and we have no doubt a truer, apology would be found in the admission of the indulgent axiom,

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be—

which, applicable as it is to all works of art, is peculiarly so to that complicated class of architectural cases in which old and established rules of external form, proportion, and decoration are to be combined and reconciled with the exigencies of a species of internal accommodation unknown to the creators of the classic styles. Instances of such failures crowd on our memories and even on our eyes. The *Buckingham Palace* of Mr. Nash has been completely and happily masked by a new façade of an entirely different character. Mr. Soane's *Council Office* in Whitehall has been elevated, decorated, and indeed wholly and happily metamorphosed. The *Courts of Law*, near Westminster Hall, have been built and altered, and destroyed and rebuilt again, without, we fear, giving much greater satisfaction at last than at first. The *National Gallery*, the most prominent failure of all, stands, or rather hangs, in jeopardy between essential transformation and entire demolition. We fear that the latter must prevail; for we know not what else can be done to get rid—to say nothing of other external and internal defects—of the absurdity of making, in our climate, four flights (two at each side) of *unsheltered steps* the access to our two great galleries—a blunder and inconvenience which the Royal Academy is forced, every year, even in the *summer months*, to endeavour to remedy by a canvas awning, which strongly contrasts with its pretentious portico, and very imperfectly performs the office of sheltering the visitors. Well might Horace Walpole deprecate the monstrous fashion of making us '*go up and down stairs in the open air*,' and unlucky it is for us that his denunciation of that absurdity has been disregarded. The artistic necessity of these external stairs is one of many reasons that would have deterred us from choosing the Grecian style for the Museum—though there, the inconvenience is not half the amount of that at the National Gallery.

However we may question the justice of much of Mr. Fergusson's architectural criticism, there is one great point—in our opinion the most important defect and difficulty of the whole case—on which his animadversions are no more—perhaps even less—than the circumstances appear to deserve: namely, that there seems to have been in the original design *no provision whatsoever*

soever for the future. We see no trace of the architect's having contemplated any serious addition to any department of the Museum; the vast but indispensable extensions lately made, or still in progress, are all external patches—internally convenient enough, as far as they go, and handsome too, but quite—not only independent of, but—inconsistent with, all possibility of external symmetry.

It is, we think, equally to be regretted and wondered at that both the architect and his employers should not have been struck, *in the very first instance*, by the peculiar character and obvious requirements of such an institution as the Museum, whose annual, monthly, nay, daily, growth was even then portentous, and clearly promised exactly what has happened—that before the buildings could be finished they would be already too small for the objects they were intended to contain. This neglect of so indispensable a preliminary is the more surprising, because we know that about the period when the matter was in discussion the attention of Sir Robert Peel—an ever active Trustee of the Museum, and an especial friend and patron of Sir Robert Smirke's—was called to this very point of the difficulty of constructing such edifices as Museums, Picture Galleries, and Record Offices, which should include, within a limited space, present adequacy with the means of gradual extension; and a plan was submitted to him of a building, behind the adequate façade of which should be accumulated, as time and circumstances might require, a *series* of—if we may use the expression—concentric galleries.*

Whether that plan, or even the general problem which it was meant to solve, was brought to the notice of the other Trustees or the architect of the Museum, we know not. The difficulty indeed is so obvious that they should not have required a *flapper*; but certain it is that the absence of any provision for future extension is a radical, and, as it seems, irremediable error in the design of the Museum, and the main—we really might say the only real—cause of all the complaints that are made about it: complaints not merely of professional critics and of literary and artistical grumblers, but of all the intelligent and experienced officers of the institution. 'Room! room!' is the general cry; all the

* Mr. Fergusson saw a room, or series of rooms, at Mr. Marshall's mills at Leeds, constructed on something of this principle, and recommends it as the best and cheapest plan for a largely increasing library. It might serve equally well, we suppose, for a growing collection of pictures—but unluckily, being exclusively adapted for a ground floor and, as it seems, an unlimited space, it could never satisfy some of the conditions most requisite in a public edifice occupying a conspicuous site in a crowded capital. The plan mentioned in the text as laid before Sir Robert Peel was of more general applicability, and, if we remember right, was especially directed to the employment of the space (then vacant) on which the National Gallery was afterwards built.

departments are ‘daughters of the horse-leech, crying Give! give!’—and various are the schemes which have been proposed for remedying an evil which is everywhere more or less felt; but in the Antiquities it is stated to be already serious—in Natural History perhaps more so—and in the Library overwhelming.

The first project we shall examine is a general one, advocated by Mr. Fergusson. He very justly says that the Library must be the first object, and to it, as we understand him, he would dedicate the whole existing building, and dismiss all the other departments, which he considers as interlopers, to other receptacles. Now, we admit at once the *paramount* claims of the *Book and Manuscript* departments. They are the first objects, and should be amply provided for, both at present and in future, by the allocation of any parts, or even, if we should arrive at such a happy necessity, of the *whole* of the building. We are, however, we think, still very far from being reduced to any such extremity. It would be, according to our estimate, some centuries before these two classes could fill the existing edifice. But the dispersion of the general collection is recommended—not merely on the urgent necessity of making *room*, but also on the principle of homogeneity and systematic classification. This proposition would send the sculptures and other specimens of Art to an amended edition of the National Gallery in *Trafalgar-square*—or, of course, to the far grander Palace of Art now announced for *Kensington-Gore*:—extend the new Geological Museum in *Piccadilly* as far as St. James’s churchyard for the accommodation of the minerals and fossils; arrange the remains of animated nature in a receptacle to be erected in the neighbourhood of the living specimens in the *Zoological Gardens*—or in *Devonshire* or *Burlington Houses*, to be bought for the occasion—or where some lucky fire might produce a vacant space—or ‘by taking advantage of a new *street in a worthless neighbourhood*’—or finally, by appropriating *St. James’s Palace* as a chapel of ease to the Museum.

We need not dwell on the merely practical objections to these bold schemes—the difficulty of making any classified separation and division of such an infinity of objects acquired from so many different sources and under such a variety of legal and honourable conditions—the vast, immediate cost of the proposed sites and edifices—and the additional and ever-growing expense of such multiplied establishments. But even if the separation and dislocation of the various collections were easy and the result economical, we should strenuously protest against it on higher considerations. Whether we consider the convenience of the studious or the amusement of the curious, we should equally regret such a general dispersion; though we might not
object

object to a limited dislocation of one or two special classes, if the space they occupy could be more advantageously employed—such, for instance, as the sending the osteological and anatomical collections to the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. But on the general subject of classification, we must observe that the dispersion would not produce a more perfect one (except only as to *room*) than now exists. The departments are for all useful purposes as well separated by a wall or a door as they could be by the intervention of half a dozen miles of streets or nursery-gardens. But in truth the history of the formation of the Museum, and our daily experience as to collections made by private individuals, prove that all these different departments are intimately connected with each other. They are the objects of nearly allied, though not always identical, tastes and studies—various, but not dissimilar—

—— facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen ; qualem decet esse sororum.

They are all exercises of congenial intellects ; and though men's minds will have a special preference for *scientific*, *antiquarian*, *artistic*, or *literary* pursuits, we know from experience that he who is accomplished in any one of these branches has, generally speaking, a natural disposition, and sometimes a practical necessity, for cultivating the others ; the one mind that is capable of pursuing these various objects is most convenienceed and benefited by finding them in one building accessible within the same half-hour.

Let us examine this delusive principle of homogeneity in one or two practical instances. Mr. Smirke, the present—and brother, we believe, of the original—architect of the Museum, objected to the opening a door between one of the galleries of sculptured stones and a proposed *Print-room*, merely because he thought the subjects of a 'dissimilar character.' (*Parl. Return*, p. 1.) But what is the whole Museum but a collection into one edifice of the most miscellaneous, and what some think the most incongruous objects ? And after all, are not these supposed incongruities classes in the same school of art ? It turns out that, in fact, the intended Print Gallery would have been only separated by a wall from the Elgin Gallery. (*See plan*, p. 174.) Now open a portfolio of outline sketches by some of the great masters ; how do they, in principle, differ from the beautiful outlines—for they are little more—of the frieze of the Parthenon, that highest specimen of lithography ? What are all those numerous artists about that we see every day so busy in the Sculpture Galleries ? Making drawings, destined perhaps to find their ultimate

mate resting-place in the print-room. What are a great mass of the prints but a reproduction of sculpture and architecture? They are in a different material, indeed, but so are *statues* and *pictures*; yet who ever pronounced these of characters so 'dis-similar' as not even fit to be kept in adjoining apartments? Let us go a step further.

All the specimens that we have of Grecian Sculpture, and most of what we have of Roman, belong as much to *Art* (properly so called) as prints, drawings, or pictures. But the Egyptian, and, not less so surely, the Assyrian monuments, whatever they may be as to *art*, have a still more peculiar and serious character; they are a resurrection of buried nations, and belong as essentially to *history*, as the *Herodotus*, or the *Diodorus*, or even the *Books of Moses, Kings, or Chronicles* in the library. What a short-sighted pretence at classification it would be to separate them—and what an adroit consultation of convenience to send the reader of the *books* to look for the *marbles* in some '*worthless neighbourhood*,' perhaps a couple of miles distant! Similar observations as regards *bonâ fide* students might be made as to the connexion of all the various departments of the Museum. They are so obvious that we need not further insist on the advantage of the concentration of all the objects of artistic, antiquarian, or literary study.

And now for the *Sight-seers*—a class in whom we do not hesitate to say we take fully as great an interest as in the more deliberate visitors. The latter are already instructed persons, have an anxiety as to some particular object, and know, or ought to know, or at worst will have little difficulty in learning, where it is to be found. But we look upon the crowds that saunter through those galleries as coming to school—a holiday-school—as good for the taste, as a Sunday-school for the morals, of those who can go to no others. They enter them, we may admit, not knowing the rudiments, not even the A B C of art, of form, proportion, beauty, grandeur—they have never seen or thought of such things—'tis a new and a strange, and for a time an unintelligible world; the Athenian or Townley marbles are, at first sight, as much hieroglyphics to them as the Egyptian:—but who can presume to measure the feelings, the intelligence, the taste, that may be awakened and developed in their minds and hearts? On some, on many, on the majority perhaps, little impression may be made—though we hardly think that there is any one with curiosity enough to visit these things in whom may not be developed something of that appetite for knowledge with which God has endowed the human mind as certainly as he has the

the human body with an appetite for food: but who can doubt that with those—even if only a favoured few—who have a predisposition for arts or literature, these visits to *all* the various departments will help to develop their tastes and direct their studies? Here is *popular education* on a large scale; and if we were to reduce this influence so low as to treat it as a mere pastime, it is one that is, at least, innocent, with a strong probability of being useful. Why, then, should all these objects of popular curiosity—the sources, probably, of popular instruction—be dispersed and divided? Why, instead of a visit to the BRITISH MUSEUM, where all these incentives to intellectual improvement are concentrated, should the inquirer be sent to one place to see a collection of books; to another a mile off, for a collection of bones; to a third, four miles distant, for a collection of sculpture; to a fourth to look for insects; to another for minerals; and so on, till—what with the distance, the loss of time, and the monotony of each of the separated exhibitions—we should see them comparatively neglected and deserted by a careless or a perplexed public? It requires the diversified and combined attractions of the Museum to bring a somewhat inert and *cui bono* people like ours to this great *National-School* of literary and artistic taste.

These are some of the reasons which induce us to deprecate, unless in the last extremity, any dispersion of the contents of the Museum.

The essential question, therefore, that now presses for consideration is, whether, short of the extradition of any class of the collection, additional space can be obtained within or contiguous to the existing site;—and to this point the recent batch of Parliamentary papers is altogether directed—though, by another of those strange contradictions to which all Museum matters seem peculiarly liable, the proposition on which this new discussion is founded tends directly to increase the difficulty that it proposes to relieve. The case is really curious for what we presume to think its extravagant absurdities.

When every department of the institution is, we are told, suffocating for want of room, and especially the two most important of all—when the keeper of the Printed Books complains that he does not venture to expend the sum allowed for necessary additions because he has no place for them—when we find the keeper of the Antiquities deprecating the necessity of burying the colossal sculpture lately added to the Museum in ‘cellars’ and ‘closets’—it has startled us, we confess, to find some special admirers of *callography* proposing that space should be found or
made

made for the gallery we have just mentioned of '*Framed and Glazed Prints*' to be exhibited as specimens of the progress of copper-plate engraving, and of the riches of the Museum in that line of art.

This proposition, reasonable enough *if the Museum had unoccupied walls to spare*, appears to us, under the circumstances of the case, peculiarly preposterous, and little better than if it had been for an exhibition of tapestry—a branch of the art of design older, and, as some persons might think, *now* more curious than engraving;—but it seems to have had the luck that strange fancies sometimes have. The 'Trustees, so long and so loudly (and, we believe, so undeservedly) accused of being obstinately sluggish in all real and even necessary improvements, seem—under the *Fine-Arts* impulse of our day—to have jumped at this—to say the best of it—untimely and supererogative proposal, and to have directed plans and estimates to be made for its immediate execution. And even the Royal Commissioners of 1848, departing widely from their usual good sense and sobriety of expression, hasten—under the same inconsiderate impulse—to declare their 'satisfaction at this determination of the Trustees.' They acknowledge its 'advantages' and '*desire to express their strong concurrence*'—adding, however, a *reason* for their recommendation, which, if it were to prevail, would extend to the framing and glazing of *all* the engravings that the Museum may contain, in order that they may be

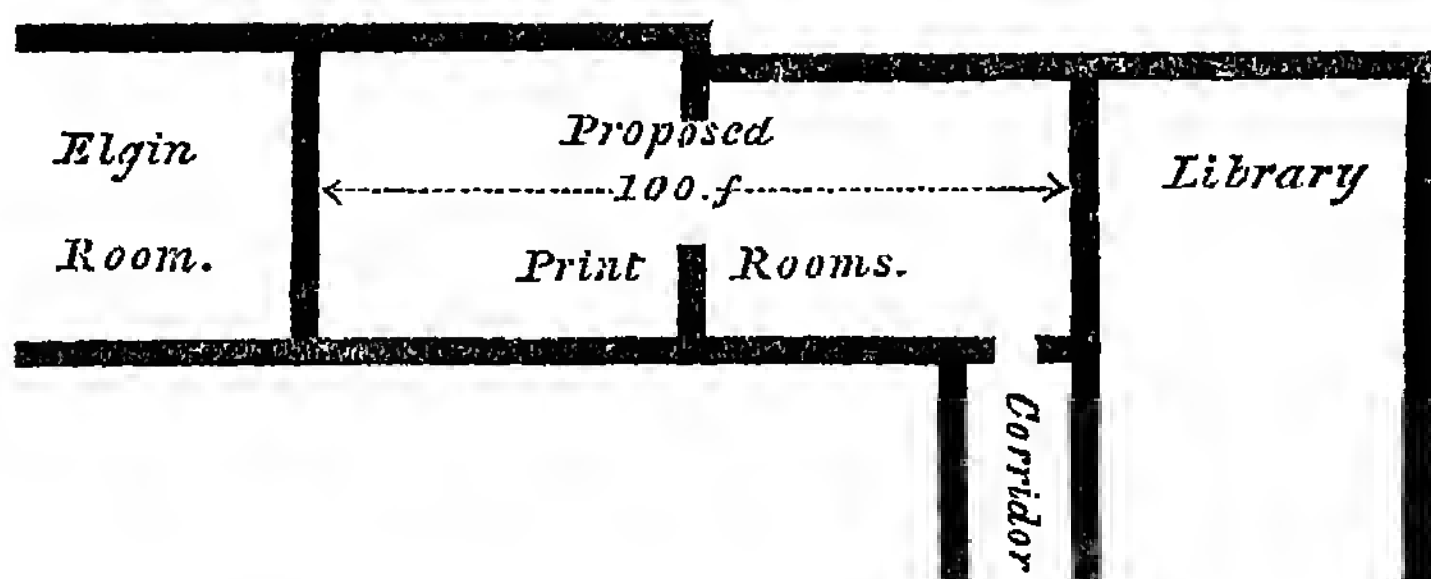
'brought to public notice without the *injury that they must inevitably suffer from the frequent turning over of portfolios.*'—*Rep.* 35.

Now, if portfolios were to be abolished (as they certainly should be if *inevitably injurious* to what they are meant to preserve), and their contents *framed and glazed* for public inspection—the *whole* Museum would not suffice for their exhibition—no, not even if the books, manuscripts, and sculptures were all turned out of doors! Or if, as no doubt the Commissioners really meant, a select number, say five hundred or a thousand selected prints, were to be thus exhibited to the holiday-folks, how would that prevent 'the *inevitable injury*' to the *hundred thousand* other engravings which must still be looked at by 'turning over' the destructive portfolios.

The Commissioners, it is true, modify their assent by the following proviso:—

'We have reason to believe that a place for this new gallery may be found—without interfering with the *wants of the other departments.*' If this were so, all would be well; and *we* should be as glad as they
to

to see such a gallery of Engravings : but the Commissioners were misinformed. We find from the plans laid before Parliament that this intended print-gallery, and a new room proposed to be added to it, happen to be immediately adjoining to, and might at each end *open* into, the very two departments whose *wants* are the most urgent—the Library and the Antiquities ;—to either of which, or to both, if divided between them, this space would afford the most essential and the most commodious relief ; thus—



Without this diagram our readers could hardly have imagined how completely the Commissioners were misinformed, and how essential this space would be to the Antiquities on the one side and the Library on the other. They will see presently that, besides the obvious misappropriation of this special space, the Print-room project—so apparently trifling in itself—has led to questions of much higher and more extensive importance.

No sooner had this unexpected concession of the erection of a 'Gallery of *Framed and Glazed Prints*' been announced than it very naturally aggravated all the real wants and excited all the jealous susceptibilities of every individual department. The daughters of the horse-leech became more greedy than ever. The Books and the Antiquities reproduced with increased and increasing force their acknowledged claims. *Geology* and *Mineralogy* ask for double the space in which they are now confined (p. 12). *Zoology* wants more than half as much again (*ib.*). The *Herbarium* is more crowded and less distinguishable in the Museum than it ever was in any natural meadow. And 'if any new building is undertaken,' *Osteology* submits its claim for 'an exhibition of the skeletons of *all vertebrated* animals'—(*all!*)—but with most strenuous urgency, for a special exhibition of *skulls*—which, it seems, are, in the commercial phrase, 'much inquired after.'

We

We do not wonder at, still less blame, this emulative ambition of the Heads of these Departments. It is an *esprit de corps* which stimulates their zeal, improves their talents, and supports them under the tedium of their somewhat monotonous daily occupation. They are as proud of their collections and as anxious to increase and *parade* them as a Colonel is of his regiment, or a Captain of his ship—but it is a zeal which the governing power must moderate and guide, not by the emulative feelings of individual officers, but by the general convenience of the service, and by a judicious distribution of the narrow space and limited means at their disposal. Exhibitions of ‘Framed and Glazed Prints’ and galleries of ‘*all the vertebrated animals*’ of creation might be very well if, instead of Great Russell Street, the Museum stood on Hounslow Heath, and that in digging its foundations a mine of gold had been discovered. Even as to the Book department—though we are friends to a certain ostentation of our literary treasures in a few *fine* rooms—it is not to be denied that, beyond that partial (but still very extensive) *display*, it is of no real importance where the great mass of the books may be placed, provided they are *safe from the risk of fire or damp, and are easily accessible to the hands of the servants* of the Museum—indeed, subject to these indispensable conditions, the closer they can be packed the better. This principle has already been very ingeniously and usefully applied in the little gallery behind the King’s Library (*see the plan*, p. 174), and in other parts, we believe, of the building.

In discussing this complaint of want of room—one, perhaps, a little exaggerated by the feeling of departmental rivalry just alluded to—we must not omit to notice the interesting victims who come to the Reading-rooms to study, and find (in addition to other disappointments) nothing but a new disease, which they have appropriately designated in their *synopsis morborum* as the *Museum Headache*. We confess ourselves somewhat sceptical as to the prevalence, and even as to the existence, of this malady. It has been our lot to feel what might be called the *House-of-Commons headache*, and the *Opera-house headache*, and, in earlier days, the *Ball headache*, and the *Supper headache*, but we must own that, after many years’ acquaintance with the reading-room, we never felt and never saw a credible instance of the *Museum headache*; nor indeed has it ever happened to us to find the reading-rooms more inconveniently crowded, nor hotter or colder, than might be naturally, reasonably, and we might say inevitably, expected under all its circumstances. There may be, of course, at the British Museum, as in every other place where a limited area is liable
to

to the occasional inroad of unlimited numbers, periods of inconvenient pressure and heat. The House of Commons, after all the experiments it has undergone, will be cold and windy when forty or fifty members shiver through an uninteresting debate, and will be oppressive to suffocation when six hundred crowd suddenly in to some important division. All that human skill can do is to make reasonable provision for average circumstances, and *that*, according to our own experience, has been hitherto satisfactorily done at the Museum. The size and height of the reading-rooms have been greatly increased of late. They are now about 100 feet long, 34 feet wide, and 30 high, and are lighted from the north and the east—the best aspects for the purpose—by 10 large and lofty windows. But whatever they may be, no one doubts that they must be further and further enlarged as circumstances may require—though we do not expect that anything will cure that class of visitors who talk of the *Museum headache*. When Boswell complained to Johnson that he used to have a headache from sitting up with him during their early acquaintance, the sage replied, ‘No, sir, it was not the sitting up that made your head ache, but the *sense* I put in it;’ and so, if there have really been any sufferers from the *Museum headache*, we suspect that they belong to that unlucky class whose brains are rather too weak for their studies. But after making all abatement for the exaggeration of such *malades imaginaires*, it is obvious that the reading-room is of the first importance—it is, in fact, the channel—may we venture to say the *tap*?—by which the accumulated stores of the library are to be distributed for general use; and as the readers are likely to increase in at least equal proportion with the other extensions of the Museum, the space for their accommodation will soon be, if it is not already, one of the pressing exigencies of the case.

In this general want of room it is impossible not to regret the loss of the valuable space *thrown away* on the *central court*; which is of the grand proportions of 320 feet long, by 230 wide (*see again the plan*, p. 174). We know that in any large quadrilateral habitation there must be interior spaces for light and air, and so we find them in all such edifices from the court of the Louvre to the quadrangle of a college—where they also serve many other indispensable secondary purposes. But such habitable buildings are no precedents for a Museum, and we agree with Mr. Fergusson that such a plan was a radical mistake, and that, instead of a design at once so commonplace and inappropriate, one ought to have been found which should at least have

have economized to the utmost the limited space at the architect's disposal.

The Museum Court has not even the secondary utilities of those in palaces and colleges, for it is not merely inaccessible but almost invisible; it was indeed entirely so until two glass panels were inserted about 5 feet from the floor in a massive door, which before offered *visage de bois* at the further end of the great hall, through which loopholes men of ordinary and women of extraordinary stature and of unusual curiosity may obtain a glimpse (which we never did till within the last six months) of two sad-looking grass plots, and three of the four severe hewn-stone façades that form its sides. It is not visible from any accessible window of the edifice, and in fact its existence was as utterly unknown to ourselves, though frequent visitors to the Museum, as the courts of Nineveh were before the discoveries of Layard. But there it is; and having been by special indulgence permitted to enter it, it certainly struck us as one of the most unexpected sights which the Museum affords. Very considerable differences of opinion as to its effect exist, however, as we find, amongst the few who have seen it. Mr. Fergusson says—

‘By some it is supposed to be beautiful—but others think it cold, lean, and wretched—as all courts are, more or less, in our climate, and especially a pure Greek court as this professes to be.’—(30.)

Others, not less critical, and no better disposed towards the Museum in general, see the court with more favouring eyes. An ingenious writer in *The Times* (29th September, 1852) pronounces it ‘one of the grandest things in London:’ but adds:—

‘It is, however, never seen except by such curious persons as choose to walk up to the glazed door opposite the chief entrance and peep in to see what they can.’

We do not altogether agree with either of these judgments—its architectural aspect is *severe* indeed, as Mr. Fergusson seems to admit a *Greek* court ought to be, but it is not *lean and wretched*. Nor can we, on the other hand, call it *the grandest thing in London*—for we remember nothing of its kind in London but the court of Somerset House, to which it is inferior in size, and, as we think, in architectural effect; it can hardly, however, be denied that it is impressive, and even grand, in its naked severity. But, whatever its sides may be, its surface now constitutes its chief interest. How can it be made available to the exigencies of the Museum?

Museum? Mr. Fergusson leads the way, by proposing to construct in its centre a building for a reading-room, of about 175 feet by 105 feet—a structure which, says he,

‘ though it would of course interfere with the effect which the architect wished to produce when he designed the court, would *not do so*, I conceive, to any *material extent*—as it would be *only* 30 feet high, while the buildings around it are more than double that height; so that the capitals and columns would be seen *over it*, and a space of 60 feet would be left all round between the two buildings, which is *amply sufficient* for the effect of a façade of the same height.’—58.

This passage is a curious one to have fallen from the pen of so fastidious an architectural critic; and we shall say a few words on it, because our objections to Mr. Fergusson’s proposition apply equally, or indeed still more, to another plan for occupying the court, which it seems, much to our astonishment, the Trustees have adopted and recommended to the Treasury.

In the first place, we are startled at Mr. Fergusson’s assertion that an erection as big as a church—an incumbrance 175 feet long, 105 feet wide, and 30 feet high—‘would not interfere with the effect of the Court in *any material degree*.’ Of all the various awkwardnesses, disproportions, and anomalies, which Mr. Fergusson complains of in all the other public buildings of London, nothing, we will venture to assert, would at all equal this. Such an edifice in that place may be advisable or not—that we shall discuss hereafter—but to say that it will not *interfere to any material extent* with the *effect* the architect of the court wished to produce, only shows with what indulgence the severest critic will contemplate his own ideas. Secondly, he informs us that it is *amply sufficient* for the *effect* of any architectural building to be seen from a distance *equal to its own height*—a position so untenable that he himself had just before thought it necessary to say that the architectural effect of the court would not be materially injured *because* the capitals and columns of the present façades would be seen *over the new building*—meaning, of course, from the extreme point of view that the court affords—which is five or six times the height of the object. His third assertion, however, is still more unfortunate than either of the others—since, besides the paradox of asserting that the effect of an architectural façade is not impaired if you can catch sight of its attic story, the supposed fact is impossible *in rerum naturâ*—for there is no spot in the court in which the capitals and columns could be seen *over* the proposed building—as our readers will perceive by this diagram formed on Mr. Fergusson’s own *data*, which, though, from minute circumstances not worth mentioning, they do

do not *exactly* agree with other measurements, are still sufficiently approximate for his purpose and for ours:—



Mr. Fergusson's practical proposition may, we say, be right or wrong, but (to use a new-fangled word of which he is very fond) his *æsthetic* reasons appear to us singularly unfortunate. Its principle, however, has been taken up—as it appears from one of the Parliamentary plans—by Mr. Panizzi (the active and intelligent librarian), who professes not to discuss the architectural question but whose laudable zeal to find space for his *Books* and his *Readers* induced him to imagine a very ingenious scheme for occupying the court with a kind of *panopticon* reading-room and library. This would certainly, considered *per se*, be an admirable addition to the *printed book department*—but it would be, in our opinion, not merely out of keeping with the rest of the edifice, but seriously injurious to it. Mr. Panizzi's suggestive sketch has, it seems, been with some variations adopted by Mr. Smirke, the present architect of the Museum, and by the Trustees submitted to the approbation of the Treasury. This readiness to sacrifice so important a feature of a building for which he must feel a fraternal interest is creditable to Mr. Smirke's candour, and we think that his having for a moment admitted such a suggestion is a strong proof both of the exigencies of the Museum and the difficulty of supplying them.

But if we can praise the candour of Mr. Smirke's proposition, we cannot applaud either the taste or judgment of his design. We are reluctant, as we have said, to raise idle questions of taste—but in this case, when it seems we are menaced with an amendment which is, in every point of view, infinitely worse than any existing evil, or than all put together, we deem it our duty to state shortly the reasons of our protest against any such, as we think, monstrous scheme. We can appreciate and sympathise with Mr. Panizzi's anxiety for book-room—*Vous êtes orfèvre, Maître Josse*—but we confess we are surprised at an *architect's* concurrence.

currence. In the first place, this plan proposes to occupy twice as much of the court in height, and four times as much in area, as even Mr. Fergusson's proposition. In fact, the height is to be, in the centre, the full height of the existing buildings; and the utter obscuration of the principal and lower floors is only, and still imperfectly, obviated by sloping off the central mass into four circles of gradually diminishing cupola-roofs, supported on iron pillars, and all—centre and circles—partaking of the arabesque character—so that the published design looks as if a gigantic birdcage were to be let down into the Court of the Museum. We need say nothing of the ridiculous incongruity of architectural aspects implied in such a design. The disposal of the area seems, if possible, worse. It occupies the whole surface of the court, except a 'cartway 8½ feet wide,' which is to be preserved all round between the new and the old building. A cartway!—where by no possibility could any *cart* ever arrive any more than into the choir of St. Paul's. This pretended cartway seems to us no more than a device to conceal one of the radical defects of the whole scheme—namely, the further darkening the lower story; but 8½ feet is but a miserable compensation for the total area of which it is to be deprived. For the same purpose of preserving some degree, not of the light, but of the 'darkness visible' of the lower floor, this plan breaks up the surface of the area into three or four levels.

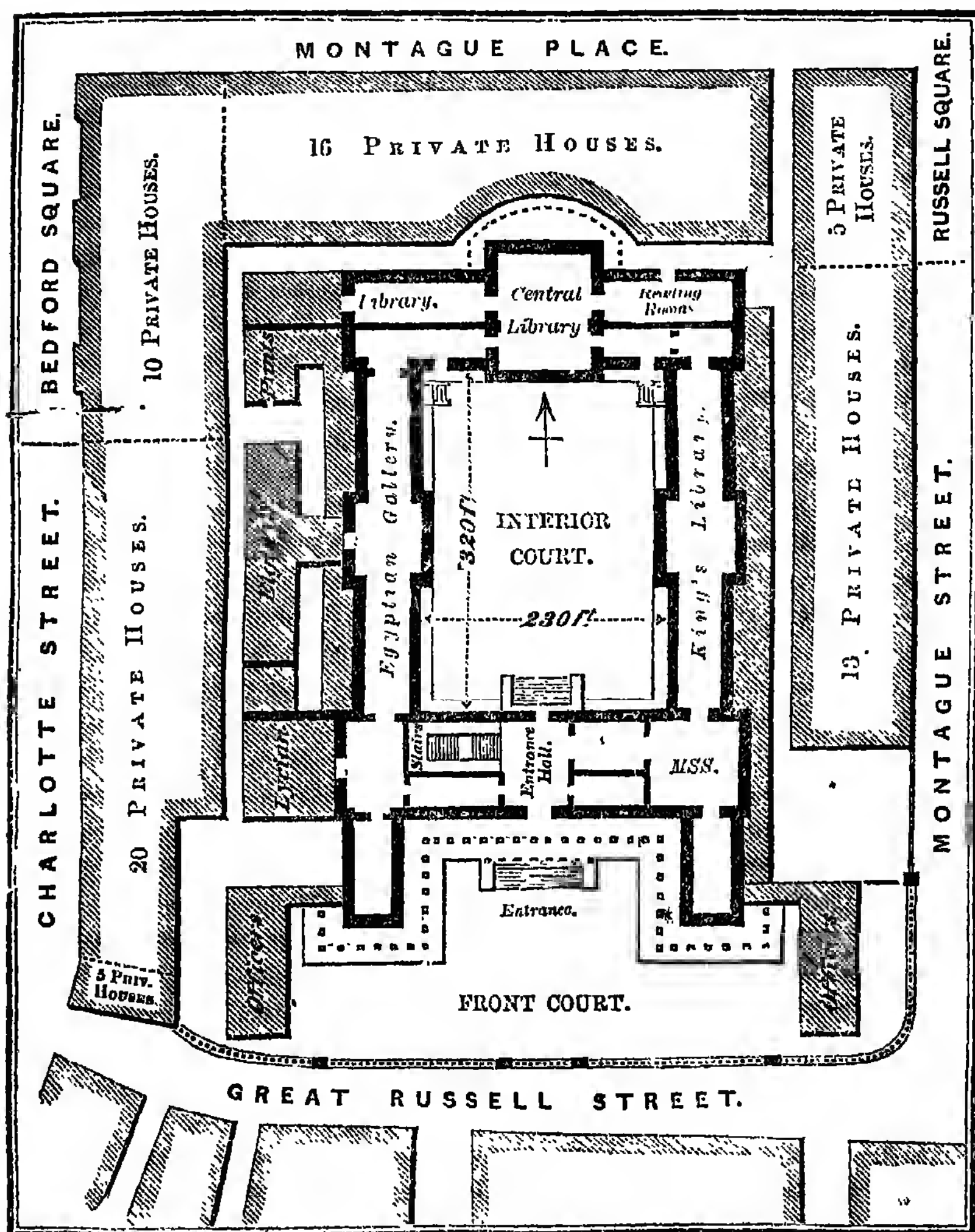
We wish we could have exhibited a copy of this singular design, but, besides the strange deficiency of a *scale* to work by, which the Blue Book does not afford us, the birdcage itself is of such minute and complicated construction that it could not be intelligibly copied within the size of our page. If ever executed, we venture to predict that the monstrosity will excite more surprise than all the sphinxes of Egypt or the winged bulls of Nineveh.

In short, architecturally considered, this scheme seems infinitely the most exceptionable of any we have ever seen; but it nevertheless was, as we understand the papers, so warmly adopted by the Trustees, that on the 5th of June last—the *very day the plans bear date*—they transmitted them to the Treasury, with an urgent request that the Government should obtain from Parliament, before the close of the then far-advanced Session, *the means of commencing the works* (p. 34). The Government did not, and no Government, we trust, ever will, sanction any such scheme, modestly estimated at 56,000*l*.

We therefore consider all the plans yet produced for the utilization of the central court as not merely indefensible on the score of good taste, but altogether inadequate to the general difficulties of the case, and likely to leave in every department—except that of the

the printed books—as much reasonable cause of complaint as now exists.

What then is to be done? Are we to purchase—according to an alternative plan also submitted to the Treasury by the Trustees and Mr. Smirke—one whole side of Montague-street, consisting of twelve houses, and half a side of Russell-square, over which we are to extend some additional offsets of the Museum?—a scheme that, it is obvious from the plan in the Parliamentary papers, of which the following is a reduced sketch, must



inevitably

inevitably lead to the future purchase and appropriation to the Museum of half Montague-place, half Charlotte-street, part of Great Russell-street, and one whole side of Bedford-square.

In this sketch the Museum building as originally designed is marked by the strong black line, the recent additions are slightly shaded. On the original plan the street houses are *individually delineated and numbered* as follows:—

	Houses.
Montague Street	13
Russell Square	5
Montague Place	20
Bedford Square	10
Charlotte Street	18
Great Russell Street	5
	<hr/>
	71

Of these it is proposed to purchase those in Montague Street and Russell Square immediately, or perhaps in some kind of succession. The explanatory letter of the Trustees, which would explain this point, is not given; but it is clear from the general context of the papers, and the very significant features of the plan itself, and indeed, we may add, from the reason of the case, that—if this proposal of pushing the additions to the Museum into Montague Street and Russell Square be adopted—all the rest must follow;—and it is evident that in the possibility of any such design it would be absolutely necessary (unless we mean to be the victims of still greater blunders, difficulties, and expense) that whatever should be now done in Montague Street and Russell Square should be part of a general plan—including the eventual possession of about seventy first and second rate houses, of which the eighteen wanted for more immediate use are estimated at 67,000*l.*; so that the whole of the extended site may be estimated at little or nothing short of 300,000*l.*

Before we make the first step towards a design which must incur so great, and may eventually lead to such an enormous expense, we should look carefully to see whether some expedient of less difficulty and magnitude may not suffice for our present embarrassments; and we are glad to be able to say that there appears at hand, and quite within reach, a very simple, effectual, and comparatively cheap and easy remedy—or at least an important palliative—for much the greater part of the real difficulties and imperfections of the case, and even of those more exaggerated and captious complaints made by that fault-finding class who, like honest Iago, are nothing if not critical. That remedy, in a word, is covering the whole court with a GLASS ROOF—and thus obtaining at once, without purchase, without brick and mortar,

mortar, with little or no disturbance even of the current service, 72,000 square feet of *floor*;—to say (for the present) nothing of its *walls*—infinitely better suited for the most cumbrous and extensive department of the Museum—the Egyptian and Oriental antiquities—than their present much criticised locality.

We need not, we presume, trouble ourselves with any details on the practicability of constructing such a roof, nor of its sufficient transmission of light. The Crystal Palace has settled all such questions. We believe that even the success of that grand experiment is about to be surpassed at Sydenham;—but even if no better be done, the light that answered for the exhibition of enamelled miniatures and filagree trinkets will more than suffice for the colossal monuments of Egypt, Lycia, and Assyria. On the less prominent but equally essential points of providing for ventilation, and for cleaning and repairing such a roof, there can be no more difficulty than at the Crystal Palace—not so much—as this roof will be more accessible, and the constructor will, of course, suit the frame-work to the more permanent character of the work, and its more especial objects. We purposely abstain from details:—but we believe that the loss of light by mere transmission through ^{so}good glass is imperceptible:—no doubt there would be some from the framing of the roof—but we are inclined to think that even that would be compensated by the difference between the colour of the Portland stone in a dry warm interior, and that dingy shade under which it now appears in the open London atmosphere. We may add also that Messrs. Panizzi and Smirke's plans propose to cover very nearly the same surface with glass, and Mr. Smirke's plans for chimney-flues, ventilation, and the like internal arrangements, are equally applicable to our proposal.* In short, it is evident that there can be no material or constructive impediment to the adoption of this proposition. When Michael Angelo conceived the idea of lifting the Pantheon into the skies, his success might well have been doubted; but after the dome of St. Peter's had stood a century, nobody despaired of Sir Christopher Wren's design for St. Paul's. And so we who saw the height of forest-trees and the spread of eighteen acres of ground covered with glass in Hyde Park, can have no doubt that the court of the Museum can be converted into a glass-roofed hall. We now proceed to offer some

* One of Mr. Panizzi's preferences for Mr. Smirke's plan is, that it affords such *early* relief—but it seems probable that ours would be much sooner ready—particularly as it is proposed to encircle the *birdcage* with a solid brick wall 16 feet high, between it and the main building, which would, we surmise, take at least thrice as long in drying as the construction of the glass roof.

of the more general and more prominent advantages of this proposition.

1. Whatever of beauty or grandeur there may be in the architecture of the court would be preserved—for the glass roof would be above, and independent of, all its architectural aspects. In fact it would be an artificial sky.

2. On the other hand, those who think it *severe and naked*—and the whole world who see it at present entirely vacant—would find those objections obviated by its being filled with objects of interest, for which even the severity of its architectural forms must seem peculiarly appropriate.

3. All those gigantic sculptures now incongruously shut up, and, as the critics tell us, imperfectly lighted, in decorated rooms and ‘closets,’ like lions and elephants in booths at a fair, would be brought out into their natural light, ranged in avenues and aisles, and thus restored to something approaching to the effect which they were originally intended to produce. We might hesitate as to placing the Townley collection and other smaller sculptures in the great court—but we may venture to appeal to Mr. Vaux’s useful and instructive *Handbook*, whether nine-tenths, in dimensions, of the sculptures would not be as well, if not better, placed in that more expanded and better lighted position.

4. The four façades of the court, so criticised for their *useless* cost and *invisible* pretensions, would assume a different aspect, and afford appropriate terminations to the avenues of sculpture that would intersect the court. This seems so fortunate, we had almost said so natural, that we might suppose that Sir Robert Smirke had originally designed some such application of the court—of course he never thought of a glass roof, but he may have imagined that some of the larger and weather-braving antiquities might be so disposed.

5. The access to the library and reading-rooms, the most frequented and most important portion of the institution, instead of being, as at present, in a remote, dark, and even dirty external corner of the premises, would be at once through the great entrance, across the great hall, and thence across the court, through the magnificent avenue of ancient sculptures. Whatever be the value of what the moderns call æsthetics, assuredly such an approach to the literary treasures of the Museum would of itself be a striking improvement.

So far as to architectural propriety and æsthetic effect.

Let us now observe on the consequences of this change in the Museum itself.

1. The first and most important result would be the immediate relief it might be made to afford to the whole establishment: like the safety-valve of an engine, or the sluices of a flood-gate, it would suddenly but safely remove the internal pressure—the plethora—under which the whole Museum is represented as suffering, by more than doubling the space given in the *original* plan to the Library and Antiquities both together, and very nearly doubling their *present* extent, including the six or seven sculpture galleries that have been added on to the first design. (*See again the plan, p. 174.*)

2. We do not presume to anticipate the details of the distribution of the spaces thus acquired, but it is obvious that, the Egyptian sculptures being better provided for in the court, that gallery—which is on the *west* side, exactly similar to the King's Library on the *east*—might naturally fall into the Book department, and indeed seems necessary to complete its symmetry; and if an increase of the Reading-room be required, we know not where it can so conveniently be attained, as by removing it, *next door* as it were, into the great central apartment, where it would be really in the centre of the whole library; ~~and one or both~~ of the reading-rooms, which would be in this case added to the general library, might hereafter, if necessary, afford extension to the reading-room. The only objection to this plan that we can foresee is, that it would be requisite to make a communication between the east and west libraries for the *interior* service without passing through the new Reading-room; but that might be easily provided, by adding a corridor, or even a room, on the external north, where there is fortunately a vacant space—marked on the plan by a *dotted line*; here the trap-window and counter for the receipt of tickets and the delivery of the books might be placed, and the messengers for the books despatched east and west with more ease and rapidity than at present. The Egyptian gallery, if fitted up on the plan of *loggie*, or recesses, each with a window, as is now partially adopted in the central and west rooms of the library, could be made to hold at least 150,000 volumes, and be still, we believe, the finest room in the Museum. This *loggie* plan is that of the libraries of Trinity Colleges in Cambridge and Dublin—both beautiful rooms, but the latter especially, which is the most perfect we ever saw, not merely in capacity and convenience, but in picturesque effect. The proposed room at the Museum might be still finer—at least its dimensions and capacity would be greater. We have heard some very competent judges express surprise that this *loggie* plan, undoubtedly the most economical of space, was not adopted originally for the
King's

King's Library. But, perhaps, Sir Robert Smirke was right. The royal donation* deserved to be exhibited in its full extent, with what we may call a *parade* of its wealth—for *this*, mere economy of space was the contrary of desirable. The room itself, in spite of Mr. Fergusson's objections to it, is to the public eye a suitable vestibule, as well as a magnificent specimen of the library of the British Museum.

3. We say nothing of the British, Roman, Athenian, and Phigalian Sculpture Galleries—the two latter (though also very much criticised) seem sufficiently handsome and convenient, and we see no reason why they should be at present disturbed. They would all, and especially the two former, we believe, be much better exhibited in the great court than in their present position, of which many, and some not unreasonable, complaints are made; but as the room gained by the removal of the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Lycian Antiquities to the court would probably meet all the wants of the departments now most in need of room, for many years to come, we do not think it necessary to push our present proposals any farther than to repeat that the superficial size of the court is considerably greater than the whole space now assigned to *all* the sculptures put together. Ought any petty objections to prevent our opening to the Museum this new world of space?

4. There is another alteration, which, though not essential to our plan, would improve it both in extent and effect, and be advantageous to the rest of the Museum. There is a basement-story to the whole building;—why there should have been a buried story we cannot guess—but there it is, sunk in an *area*† like the offices of a street-house, and its windows, already two-thirds masked by the *area* wall, are further obscured, like the said street-offices, by strong iron bars—obscured, not secured; for why these bars are thought necessary as safeguards on the side of a court-yard absolutely inaccessible except through three doors opening into the interior, we are again at a loss to imagine: but there is the buried story—and a striking defect and copious cause of complaint it is! It seems to us that, instead of exaggerating the evil, as proposed in Mr. Smirke's plan, by rais-

* We have received a strong remonstrance, accompanied with, as it seems to us, very strong evidence, against the whole and every part of the anecdote related in our Number for December 1850 (Q. R. v. 88, p. 143), relative to the motives and manner of the transfer by George IV. of his father's library to the Museum. We took the anecdote from the original and full edition of the Handbook for Spain; but think Mr. Ford must have been misled by some of the loose talkers among his Majesty's Whig ex-friends. We are, however, making strict inquiries into the business, and shall take an opportunity of acquainting our readers with the result.

† Where we use the term *area* in its vulgar sense of a *street area* we print it in italics. It is necessary to note this to distinguish it from the general area or surface of the court.

ing the level of the centre of the court higher than the ceiling of the basement, it would be much better if the whole court, or at least two-thirds of it, were to be lowered for its new destination to the level of the present *area*—when, the window-bars being removed, the basement would have the advantage of all the light and air of which it is susceptible—would less deserve the opprobrious name of *cellars* now too justly bestowed on it—and, what is more important, would become much more available to the purposes of the Museum. It may be objected to this proposition, that it would alter the architectural proportions of the inner façades of the court. We admit that it would in theory, but not sensibly in fact, for the theoretical base-line of the architectural elevation is the terrace of the flight of steps that descend into the court, which is several feet higher than the line of sight, so that on every side of the court, except that single spot, the theoretic base vanishes, and, the basement and its *area* being visible to every eye, the supposed architectural proportion is really little better than a sham, and may, we think, be disregarded, in consideration of the general improvement.

— We have said that this lowering of the level—whether carried throughout or limited to widening the *area* on each side to 40 or 50 feet—is not indispensable to the success of our plan for the appropriation of the court, but it would certainly be an important improvement—first, because the *area* itself is not only mean and unsightly, but a wanton introduction of a vulgar expedient only pardonable in a London street because it is inevitable, but which becomes ridiculously, we might say offensively, useless in the interior court of the Museum. And, as we think that the slabs of *Egyptian and Assyrian* sculpture, and by and bye, perhaps, *all* the bas-reliefs, which are now affixed to the *inner* side of the walls, and imperfectly lighted, might be as well or indeed better fixed to the *court* side of the same wall, and lighted from the sky, it would be desirable that the spectator should be able to examine them more conveniently than across the *area*.

5. But there is another consideration. One of the complaints against the existing galleries is, that the sculptures originally designed to be viewed from and at different heights are now only visible from one level. The defect—be it greater or less—exists in every gallery we ever saw, and is, generally speaking, inevitable. We have, therefore, been always inclined to rank this complaint amongst the hyper-criticisms; but when an opportunity occurs of remedying a defect, however slight it may appear, it is as well to avail ourselves of it. It is therefore an additional recommendation

commendation of our proposed use of the court, and still more of partly or wholly lowering its level, that the three flights of steps by which visitors are to descend into it would afford a succession of elevations near which the works that are supposed to require various points of view might be placed. Let us add, that, if there be anything really serious in this complaint of the uniform level of the present galleries, the surface of the court might be, as we have above intimated, broken into two or three different levels, as proposed by Mr. Smirke, but with different dimensions and for a very different object from his: the centre one, at, or above, or below, the present level, as might be ultimately decided, and two lateral ones on that of the present *area*. The space, indeed, would afford *five* such terraces—a centre one of 60 feet wide, and two lateral ones at each side 40 feet wide—the width of the present Egyptian Gallery—the space of which by the new appropriation of the court would be thus more than *quintupled*. But again, we say, these details of distribution, which we only throw out to meet complaints that have been made, do no otherwise affect our general proposition than by affording prospects of additional advantage.

There is now but one principal entrance into the court—that from the Great Hall; and although the idea of a similar one in the opposite façade is very tempting, we are of opinion that it would be necessary to limit ourselves to the two lesser and lateral entrances already existing in the two northern angles—for these, amongst other reasons—that they *are* there; and that their removal would be not merely unnecessarily expensive, but injurious to, and indeed incompatible with, the internal arrangements of the building, and particularly if the new Reading-room be placed in the central library; for not only would it be extremely inconvenient to have the Reading-room opening at once upon the court, but the ante-rooms, through which it is *indispensable* that the *Readers* should pass, can nowhere be so well obtained as in the spaces between these lateral entrances and the central room. The absence of a decent entrance, corridors, and ante-rooms, is, as every officer and reading visitor feels, one of the greatest discomforts of the existing arrangement. It really deserves the epithet of *disgraceful*.

On the whole, after the fullest consideration that we have been able to give to this interesting subject, we do not hesitate to recommend the covering and appropriating the central court in the manner we have sketched—not merely as a temporary or economical expedient, nor as removing the most serious and well-founded objection that can be made to the edifice, but as
being

being *in itself* a great and permanent improvement. Some such device ought to have been originally adopted—and this will now only complete the existing edifice without in any degree interfering with any future or external plans either of accommodation or architecture. We do not propose to block up a single window, nor break a single door. The fitting the Egyptian and Assyrian and two unfurnished and unappropriated Galleries for whatever purposes may be found most advisable—the exchange of the Reading-rooms with the adjoining compartment of the Library—and the levelling, flooring, and glass-roofing the court—is all that we contemplate; and these changes, so easy and simple, would probably satisfy all the wants of the Museum for the present, and, we believe, the two next generations. By that time, perhaps, our successors may be disposed to extend a *circumambient* edifice over the whole space designated on the plan we have reproduced. We do not deny that it is a grand idea, and that individually we should be glad to see it adequately carried into effect; but as the case stands, we must be satisfied to bequeath to our grandchildren the honour, the pleasure, the cost, and the *criticism* of such a monument.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet-Laureate, D.C.L.* By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster. 2 vols. 8vo. 1851.
2. *Memoirs of William Wordsworth, compiled from authentic sources.* By January Searle, Author of *Life, Character, and Genius of Ebenezer Elliott*, &c. 12mo., pp. 312. 1852.

IT was a frequent saying of the subject of these memoirs that ‘a poet’s life is written in his works.’ The Canon of Westminster tells us that it is especially just as to his uncle himself, and adds, in language far too magisterial to be spoken out of a school-room, ‘Let no other Life of Wordsworth be composed beside what has thus been written with his own hand.’ Two volumes in large octavo are a singular commentary upon this prohibitory ordinance. In fact, the position is abandoned the instant it is taken up. The logical Doctor confesses that the personal incidents in his great kinsman’s verse can only be fully understood through a narrative in prose, and that even the sentiments will be better appreciated when they are shown to have been in harmony with the poet’s practice. He

He therefore follows up his absolute decree, 'Let no other Life be composed,' with the counter-declaration that 'a biographical manual to illustrate the poems ought to exist.' He still professes, it is true, to exclude everything relating to the man except what is connected with something in his works: this, however, is a vague principle, of which he has not attempted to define the limits, and which he has applied so capriciously that it becomes additionally hard to guess what meaning he attaches to it. In the strictest use of the words it might be understood to shut out all that was not explanatory of the actual sense of the poems; in its widest signification it might comprise whatever influenced the genius of the author, whatever related to his mode of conceiving and executing his works, and whatever in his life, habits, or conversation, was either in contrast or in keeping with his verse. The latter latitudinarian interpretation would seem to have found some favour with Dr. Wordsworth, for he has touched upon every branch of the subject, though in most cases, in his fear of plucking forbidden fruit, he has mainly served up the leaves. The volumes comprise not a few interesting letters and memoranda—but they are scattered among many more which have neither life of their own, nor any proper connexion with the life of the poet;—while the portion of the text which proceeds from the Canon himself is, almost without exception, as vapid as verbose. His example is ill-calculated to recommend his theory, which we believe to be altogether unmanageable in practice. The perplexity of distinguishing between the author and the man, of deciding whether facts had any bearing upon the writings, would soon induce a biographer, worthy of the name, to break through the cobwebs which fettered his pen, and adopt 'the good old rule, the simple plan' of giving a full-length portrait of the original. If the Wordsworth system were possible, it would, at best, be undesirable:—it would produce a deceptive as well as an imperfect narrative—it would take from biographies what has always been felt to be the larger half of their use and entertainment, and, in a word, would deteriorate and nearly destroy a department of literature which Dr. Johnson pronounced to be the most delightful of any.

The signal failure of Dr. Wordsworth to convey an adequate idea of his uncle's character and career left the stage empty for Mr. January Searle. Again the performer has proved unequal to his part. Mr. Searle—whose *Life of Ebenezer Elliott* we never met with—seems never to have set eyes upon his new and greater hero, nor even to have conversed with any one who had. His 'authentic sources' are the materials already
before

before the public—some of them exceedingly apocryphal—and in the process of ‘compilation,’ as he may well call it, he has used his scissors more than his pen. ‘Instead of vitality,’ he says of the official Memoirs, ‘we have dry facts—which are the mere bones of biography—and these are often strung together with very indifferent tendons.’ Mr. Searle’s tendons are likewise indifferent. What narrative belongs to him is feeble to silliness, and his occasional remarks are made doubly absurd by ostentatious accompaniments of which his predecessor had set him no example—most pitiable affectation and most laughable egotism.

A family of Wordsworths were anciently landowners at Penistone, near Doncaster, and from them the poet supposed himself to be descended. The particular branch from which he was inclined to derive his origin was that of William Wordsworth of Falthwaite, in Yorkshire, who, in a will dated 1665, styles himself *yeoman*, and a year later, *gent.*; but the genealogy was conjectural, and his authentic pedigree terminates with his grandfather. His father was John Wordsworth, an attorney, apparently much esteemed, who superintended part of the Lowther estates, and occupied an old manor-house of that family, at Cockermouth, in Cumberland:—his mother was Anne Cookson, daughter of a mercer at Penrith. The poet, their second child, was born April 7, 1770. Mrs. Wordsworth was not one of those nervous mothers who conjure up dangers ghostly and bodily when their children stray beyond the tether of the apron-string. At five years old he was allowed to range at will from dewy morn to dewy eve over the surrounding country, and among other amusements of that tender age, indulged largely in bathing. Porson, who hated water in all its applications, inward and outward, and who used to say that bathing was supposed to be healthy because there were people who survived it, would have looked with wonder upon the infant Laker, whose custom it was to make ‘one long bathing of a summer’s day,’ only leaving the stream to bask, dressed in nature’s livery, upon the bank, and then plunging back into the cooling current. His fifth was probably the most amphibious year of his life, for he was soon after put to a school at Cockermouth, kept by a clergyman. The school-house stood by the church; and a woman one week-day being sentenced to do penance in a white sheet, young William was praised by his mother for his virtuous zeal in attending the spectacle. He had been enticed by a rumour that he would be paid a penny for his services in looking on, and when he proceeded to complain that the fee was not forthcoming, ‘Oh,’ said Mrs. Wordsworth, ‘if that was
your

your motive, you were very properly disappointed.' It is a proof of the fondness with which men dwell upon their earliest recollections, that when the venerable Laureate dictated half-a-dozen pages of autobiographical memoranda for the public eye, he thought this anecdote worthy to be included in so brief a chronicle of his long existence.

At eight years of age he lost his mother, who died from the effects of a cold brought on by sleeping at a friend's house in London, amid the damp dignity of 'a best bed room.' The only one of her children about whom she was anxious was our worthy William, whose indomitable self-will and violent temper led her to predict that he would be steady in good, or headstrong in evil. Among other wanton freaks to show his courageous contempt of authority, he asked his eldest brother, Richard, as they were whipping tops in the drawing-room of their maternal grandfather, which was hung round with portraits, whether he dare strike his whip through a looped petticoat of peculiar stiffness. Richard, who considered that the pleasure of insulting the old lady's dignity would be dearly purchased by a flogging to himself, replied, 'No, I won't.' 'Then here goes,' said the gallant and ungallant William, and he lashed his whip through the canvas. Revengeful children occasionally commit suicide in the fits of spleen stirred up by punishment—and once, it seems, our future poet-moralist, when smarting from mortification, retired to his grandfather's garret to stab himself with a foil. His courage, or more properly his conscience, failed him, and he continued to brave the slings and arrows produced by his own ill-conditioned temper. He soon acquired a Spartan feeling, and thought the heroism of endurance an ample recompense for the humiliation of chastisement. No one could have detected in the wilful and wayward boy the father of the man, but what was common to the two was the force of character, which, however disorderly it may be shown in childhood, is the real element of future power.

In his ninth year he was sent to a school at Hawkshead, in the most picturesque district of Lancashire, and here is opened to us a scene unlike anything of which most English boys of the present generation have heard or read before, and which will make them look back with envy to the good old times when Wordsworth wore a jacket and carried a satchel. The scholars, instead of being housed under the same roof with a master, were boarded among the villagers. Bounds were unknown. Out of school-hours they went where they liked and did as they pleased. In the summer they played in Hawkshead market-place, till 'heaven waked with all his eyes,' and every soul, but themselves,

themselves, was asleep ; or they angled in the pools of the mountain-brooks; or boated on the Lakes of Esthwaite and Windermere; or landed at an excellent tavern on the banks of the latter to recreate themselves with bowls, and strawberries and cream. Picnics were a favourite pastime upon sunny days—and with the verdant ground for their table, a rippling stream at their feet, and a canopy of leaves above their heads, these fortunate youths enjoyed a banquet rendered doubly delicious by the contrast with the frugal cottage fare of their ordinary experience. Riding was too expensive to be frequent, but when they did get into the saddle, they managed, before getting down again, to extract work for a week out of the costly animal—to which end they employed ‘sly subterfuge with courteous inn-keeper’ (*poeta loquitur*), and persuaded him that some *half-way* house was their *goal*. In winter Hawkshead saw another sight. The jovial crew, if it was wild weather, gathered over the peat-fire to play whist and loo; or if it was clear and frosty, buckled on their skates and played hunt-the-hare upon the ice by the glimmer of the stars; or wandered half the night upon the surrounding heights, setting springes for woodcocks. Wordsworth in his retrospect says, that the sun of heaven did not shine upon a band who were richer in joy, or worthier of the beautiful valleys they trod. Of the joy there can be little doubt; and a lad who was educated at Hawkshead might very possibly have re-echoed with truth the insincere adage, that school-days are the happiest days of life; but as to the worth, we suppose they had neither more nor less than any other chance-meldley of boys whose sole qualification is that their parents can afford to pay at a certain rate per quarter.

The pedagogic government seems to have been nearly as mild within doors as without. But if Wordsworth was little troubled with Greek and Latin, he read English largely for his own amusement. When told by one of his school-fellows that his copy of the Arabian Nights was but a meagre abridgment—a block from the quarry—the prospect of obtaining the complete collection seemed to him ‘a promise scarcely earthly.’ He immediately entered into a covenant with a kindred spirit to save up their pocket-money, and make a joint-purchase of fairy-land. For several months they persevered in their vow; but, as their hoard increased, so did the temptation to spend it—and, finally, it went to the tavern-keeper or pastrycook; nor did he ever possess the coveted treasure while his imagination could be led captive by conjuring genii. He found full compensation in the more masculine fictions of Fielding and Swift, of Cervantes and Le Sage, which were among his father’s stores. His love of verse he dates
from

from the age of nine or ten, and describes himself as rising early and strolling with a companion for two delightful hours before morning school, repeating rhymes with an ecstasy that bordered upon intoxication. In after days he condemned the 'objects of his early love' as mostly 'false from their overwrought splendour;' and poems which never failed to entrance him in boyhood seemed in his manhood 'dead as a theatre, fresh emptied of spectators.' Perchance he too readily took for granted that his latest taste was his best—at all events, among these discarded favourites we find the honoured names of Goldsmith, Gray, and Pope. In his fifteenth year he composed a school-exercise, upon the completion of the second centenary of their foundation. 'The verses,' he says, 'were much admired, far more than they deserved, for they were but a tame imitation of Pope's versification, and a little in his style.' In truth, they are a cento from the works of that master. Out of all our prodigies there is not one, we believe, who, at the age of fifteen, has fairly written from his own mind. Two years later Wordsworth wrote a long poem on his own adventures and the surrounding scenery, which we may conclude was of no other value than to practise him in his art, since he has only preserved a dozen, and these rather ordinary lines.

The relish for the beauties of creation, to which he mainly owes his place among poets, was early manifested and rapidly developed. A rover by day and night in a romantic country, many a casual and unsought prospect won his attention in the midst of his sports, and extorted a brief, involuntary homage. While yet a little boy, he took an Irish urchin, who served an itinerant conjuror, to a particular spot commanding Esthwaite Lake and its islands, for the sole satisfaction of witnessing the emotion of the lad on first beholding fields and groves intermingled with water. Soon, he tells us, the pleasures of scenery were collaterally attached to every holiday scheme. A year or two later and rural objects were advanced from a secondary to a primary pursuit. He used to rise before a smoke-wreath issued from a single chimney, or the earliest song of birds could be heard, to sit alone upon some jutting eminence, and meditate the still and lovely landscape. Often on these occasions he became so wrapt in contemplation, that what he saw 'appeared like something in himself—a prospect in the mind.' His imagination, indeed, never failed to heighten the picture presented to his eyes, bestowing, as he says, 'new splendour on the setting sun,' and 'deepening the darkness of the midnight storm.' He was only in his seventeenth year when the intensity of his sympathy with inanimate nature suggested that
pervading

pervading principle of his poetry which he summed up in the lines—

‘ And ’tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.’

Such passionate communion with the wonders of creation is rare at any age—extraordinary, indeed, in boyhood, when all impressions of the kind are mostly transitory and subordinate.

Whatever may have been the usual fruits of the Hawkshead system, we cannot doubt that it was favourable to Wordsworth. Had he been cooped up within the walls of a playground, his dawning sensibility to the aspects of nature must have been checked, and might perhaps have been extinguished. His miscellaneous reading, pursued with an eager and entire mind, made rich amends for the loss of lessons in schoolboy lore, and the stock of English which he then acquired was the more important, that, from combined physical and mental causes, he was in afterlife no great student of books. His faults of temper fared at Hawkshead as they would have done amidst any other congregation of the sort:—everybody knows that in all the weaknesses which affect their mutual relations school-lads are the least ceremonious and most untiring of disciplinarians. It was there, too—he is careful to record—that, taught ‘by competition in athletic sports,’ he acquired his ‘diffidence and modesty.’ To what happy circumstances Parson Adams supposed himself indebted for these virtues we are not informed. We only know that he held vanity to be the worst of vices, and seized the occasion, when it was mentioned, to dwell unctuously upon the excellence of his own sermon against it. But though Wordsworth was not free from the unconscious inconsistency which beset good Abraham Adams, he justly contended that the system of his day was less provocative of conceit than the modern fashion which attempts, and for all good purposes attempts in vain, to put old heads upon young shoulders. It is with mountainous pride that the sapient stripling adds each fresh grain of learned jargon to his mole-hill heap; but the child who condescends to Jack the Giant Killer, Wordsworth well remarks, has at least this advantage over the philosopher in petticoats—that he forgets himself. In his own vacations he would sometimes lie reading for the better part of a day on the bank of the Derwent, while his rod and line were left neglected at his side, and with such a happy ignorance of studious conceit, that, jumping up suddenly, in very shame at what he deemed his idleness, he betook himself to the nobler occupation of angling!

Wordsworth’s father never regained his cheerfulness after the death

death of his helpmate, and followed her to the grave in 1783, when his celebrated son was only in his fourteenth year. The bulk of his property at his decease consisted of considerable arrears due to him from Sir James Lowther, soon afterwards created Earl of Lonsdale. The life-long eccentricity of that self-willed gentleman took ultimately, it seems, a parsimonious turn, and he refused to liquidate the debt—of which, in fact, not one shilling was paid until after his demise in 1802—a long and cruel interval of nineteen years! In the mean while the care of the orphans devolved on their uncles. One of them, Dr. Cookson, had been a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and thither William was sent in October, 1787, when in the eighteenth year of his age. Hitherto his whole experience of the world was confined to northern villages, and his first impressions on the change were much what would have been produced by the transformations in his favourite Arabian Nights, where men go to sleep in a hut and wake in a palace. He roamed delighted among the imposing buildings and their swarm of students, hardly believing that the enchanting scene was real, and felt that he was clothed in his own person with the dignity of the place. He thought it 'an honour' to have 'interviews with his tutor and tailor,' and, though his attentions to the former quickly ceased, he had extensive dealings with the latter. He condescends to elaborate in blank verse a full-length portraiture of himself as an academical exquisite, airily clad and carefully frizzled and powdered, which must amuse all, and has surprised many, from the contrast it presents to the rustic tone of his poetry and his subsequent negligence of dress. But the transition is one of every-day occurrence. Sir Matthew Hale equipped himself when at Oxford like the gay gallants of his time, and in his riper years wore such raiment that Baxter, who was himself thought culpably remiss, remonstrated with the homelier Lord Chief Justice of England. Different periods of life have their characteristic vanities, and to a village youth the dazzling novelty of full-blown fashion is peculiarly seducing.

Few dress with the finish of a Brummel to sit down to mathematics, and, in the technical language of the University, our self-painted dandy was not 'a reading man.' Wine-parties and snppers, riding and boating, lounging and sauntering, were his ordinary occupations. No enjoyment of the kind could have been more complete, for his animal spirits were high, and he never drugged his pleasures with vice. He says that even before the first flush of gratification was past he was disturbed at intervals by compunctious reflections that he had his way to make in the world, and, instead of giving himself up to the recreations

recreations of life, ought to be steadily training for its struggles. As often, however, as these shadows flitted across his mind they were chased away by the buoyant levity of youth, and he always professed that his residence at Cambridge was 'a gladsome time.' Before leaving Hawkshead he had mastered five books of Euclid, and had arrived at quadratic equations in algebra, which in those easy days gave him a twelvemonth's start of his fellow-freshmen; and in advanced age he ascribed his heedlessness at the University to the natural propensity of the hare to sleep while the tortoises were in the distance. In 'The Prelude,' written when his recollections were fresh, he assigns a different, and manifestly a truer, cause for his neglect to join in the mathematical race. Bred up, he said, amid nature's bounties, free as the wind to range where he listed, he could ill submit to mental restraint and bodily captivity. He loved solitude, but only in lonely places, and if a throng was near he had an irresistible longing to mingle with it. Repulsion and attraction, therefore, both combined to throw him into the circle of merry idlers. But minds such as his are never utterly idle:—and the free hours of unguarded intercourse afforded him valuable lessons in human nature.

" Drifted along by the babbling stream of society, he had almost ceased to look for 'tongues in trees and sermons in stones.' Whenever, as a freshman, he betrayed by involuntary gestures his latent sympathies for the appearances of earth and sky, his boon companions whispered among themselves that there 'must be a screw loose.' They looked at natural objects after the fashion of men unable to read, who see the form of the letters and have no conception of their meaning. Wordsworth in their presence kept a veil upon his better mind; and it was only on the rare occasions when he stole away into solitude, that he indulged his propensities. So passed the first academic year, at the end of which he returned to Hawkshead for the summer vacation. He returned unspoilt by the vanities of his Cambridge life, to greet with affection his schoolboy dame—overjoyed to lodge again beneath her lowly roof and partake her humble fare. Old scenes brought back old recollections, and woods and lakes were again in the ascendant. He nevertheless imported into Hawkshead some of his new Cambridge tastes. His silken hose and brilliant buckles astonished rural eyes. He was much at feasts and dances, and felt 'slight shocks of love-liking' for his buxom partners. He afterwards spoke of these companionable evenings as 'a heartless chase of trivial pleasures,' and wished he had spent the time in study and meditation. We question, in his particular case, the wisdom of the wish. He was too
prone,

prone, except when in cities, to live upon himself, and it humanised him to mingle in domestic merry-makings.

Upon his return to the university his renewed love of nature showed itself in his giving most of his winter evenings to the college-gardens by the Cam—gazing at the trees, and peopling the walks with visionary fairies, till summoned within walls by the nine o'clock bell. He now broke loose a little from his idle companions, and spent more of his hours among his books. He dipped into the classics, made himself master of Italian, and extended his acquaintance with the English poets. He ascribes to this period the growing belief that he might one day be admitted into that proud choir. He started with the excellent creed that there were four models whom he must have continually before his eyes—Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Shakspeare—and the three first were constantly in his hands. He sat in the hawthorn shade by Trompington Mill, and laughed over Chaucer, and he paid to the temperate and puritanical Milton the singular homage of getting tipsy in his honour. At a wine-party in that room of Christ's College which tradition reports to have once been tenanted by the author of *Paradise Lost*, young Wordsworth drank libations to his memory; and being late for his own chapel, sailed proudly up the aisle, after service had begun, in a state of vinous and poetic exaltation, fondly dreaming that the mantle of Milton had fallen upon *him*. What makes this tribute especially memorable is, that in drinking days, and among festive associates, he could charge himself with no other trespass against sobriety. Having now begun to train for his high vocation, he had probably not much reason to regret his Euclid and algebra. Often, in the retrospect of neglected opportunities and wasted hours, a self-reproaching idea is entertained that the appointed studies of the place might easily, after all, have been combined with the pursuits of choice:—but where there is one predominating taste, it is impossible long to serve two masters. If Wordsworth could have lived his Cambridge life again, his diligence would doubtless have been greater, but in all probability it would have been bestowed upon Spenser, Milton, Chaucer, and Shakspeare.

The next long vacation was signalised by the renewal of his intercourse with his admirable sister. The Wordsworths, scattered by the death of their parents, had no common home to which they could gather at intervals. Miss Dorothy chanced to be domesticated for a time with her relations in the neighbourhood of Penrith, and in the course of his autumnal ramblings he had frequent opportunities of sharing her society.

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In one of his poems he speaks of 'the shooting lights of her wild eyes,' and the bright impulsive gleams they sent forth were a true index of her quick genius and fervid sensibility. But with a masculine power of mind she had every womanly virtue, and presented with these blended gifts such a rare combination, that even the enthusiastic strains in which her brother sang her praise borrowed no aid from his poetic imagination. It was she who in childhood moderated the sternness of his moody temper, and she now carried on the work which was then begun. His chief delight had hitherto been in scenes which were distinguished by terror and grandeur, and she taught him the beauty of the humblest products and mildest graces of nature. While she was softening *his* mind, he was elevating *hers*, and out of this interchange of gifts grew an absolute harmony of thought and feeling. It was at the same period that he formed an attachment for his sister's friend, Miss Hutchinson, of Penrith, whom he afterwards married. She became, he says, endeared to him by her radiant look of youth, conjoined to a placidity of expression, the reflection of one of the most benignant tempers that ever diffused peace and cheerfulness through a home.

His third and last long vacation was another epoch in his life. In July, 1790, he started with a brother-under-graduate, Mr. Jones, on a pedestrian tour through France, Switzerland, and the North of Italy. This, common as it is at present, he acknowledges to have been a hardy slight of university studies, and, sensible that his friends would remonstrate, he departed without communicating his design. His college acquaintances, who had nothing to say against his preference of travelling to mathematics, thought the scheme Quixotic, from the difficulties which must beset tourists so little versed in the languages of the Continent, and so scantily provided with funds. But all considerations with Wordsworth were lighter than air compared to his passion for scenery and his sympathy with the French people, then in the early or boisterously merry stage of political intoxication. Jones was an admirable associate for such an expedition, being a sturdy native of Wales, accustomed to climb mountains, and noted not only for quick intelligence but for a happy, winning disposition. They were absent fourteen weeks, and the money they took allowed them four shillings a day each for all expenses. Their luggage was as light as their purse. They tied up the whole of it in their pocket-handkerchiefs, and carried their bundles on their heads, exciting a smile wherever they went. They reached Calais on the

the eve of the day when the king was to swear fidelity to the new constitution, and witnessed the festal abandonment which attended the event. They continued their course amidst the roar of what they supposed to be liberated France, and did their best to swell the chorus. In the fervour of their hearts they drank and danced with frantic patriots, who paid them especial honour as natives of a land which had set an example of liberty. Wordsworth's eye, much more practised to scan landscapes than men, nowhere penetrated beneath the surface. He concluded that the zealots of the revolution were as good as they were gay, and that a king and his courtiers were the only Frenchmen by whom power could be abused. The poet was in his sphere when he got beyond the Swiss frontier, and he passed the remainder of the journey in a perpetual hurry of delight at the succession of sublime and beautiful objects.

After taking his degree in January, 1791, Wordsworth lodged for four months in London, with no other purpose than that personal gratification which had governed all his previous proceedings. He spent his time in seeing every manner of sight, and was often at the House of Commons to hear the debates on the French Revolution. There he listened to the majestic wisdom of Burke with involuntary admiration, but with no present profit—for in the autumn of the year his sympathising spirit once more carried him across the Channel. Nothing could have been cruder than his political notions, which were mainly founded upon the defects of his personal temperament. His predominant characteristic was a headstrong will, a wild impatience of subordination, which made him even shake off regulations of his own as a tame restraint upon freedom. In this anarchy of a rebellious mind he had not waited for the outbreak of the French commotion to learn his levelling creed. It found him a hater of kings, and sighing for what he calls 'a government of equal rights and individual worth!' What he meant by these, how he considered they were to be obtained, and how secured, he has not explained—and indeed the entire narrative which he wrote some years afterwards of his political fever is compounded of fallacies so shallow and transparent, couched in language so vague and obscure, that a want of all clear thinking upon the subject seems to have outlasted the period of rash, refractory youth. It was with very little knowledge of history, and with absolutely none of the science of government, beyond the disjointed notions picked up from pamphlets and newspapers, that he started on his second pilgrimage to France. He remained a few days at Paris, and then moved on to Orleans, that the society of the English might not

impede his progress in mastering the language. He lived much with royalist officers, who fretted for the hour to draw the sword, but his principal intimate was a General Beaupuis, who belonged to the opposite faction. They held incessant conversations on patriotic themes, and once meeting a poor and pallid girl, who knitted while a heifer tied to her arm cropped the grass on the bank, the General exclaimed, 'It is against *that* we are fighting.' Wordsworth adds that he, on his part, equally believed that they were the apostles of a benevolence which was to banish want from the earth. This is an epitome of the whole of his early political philosophy. It went no deeper than a random confidence that, if existing institutions could be swept away, peace and prosperity would emerge out of the ruin. When every hope had been falsified, he clung resentfully to his tenets in the endeavour (as he some time afterwards says) 'to hide what nothing could heal—the wounds of mortified presumption.' It is seldom, however, that the recantation of an error is complete. While penning this penitential confession he speaks with the same scorn of all the proceedings of Mr. Pitt and his party, as though events had refuted *their* predictions and verified *his*.

From Orleans he went to Blois, and while there the king was dethroned and imprisoned. Next came the massacres of September, 1792, and a month afterwards Wordsworth bent his steps towards Paris. The massacres he believed to have been a casual ebullition of fury, till he was left alone on the night of his arrival in the garret of an hotel, when his proximity to the scene of slaughter begot some fears for his safety, and suggested the high probability that there might be a second act to the tragedy. Closer observation confirmed his suspicion, and convinced him that the bloodiest hands had the strongest arms. He revolved in his mind how the crisis might be averted, and taking the measure of himself and of the various factions, he came to the conclusion that he, William Wordsworth, was the proper person to rally the nation, and conduct the revolution to a happy issue. With all the gravity of Don Quixote he sets it down among the justifications of his scheme that

' Objects, even as they are great, thereby
Do come within the reach of *humblest* eyes.'

How far the eyes were humble is needless to be said, and the only palliation is that they were utterly blind. The difficulty is to believe that they could have belonged to a man of genius in his twenty-third year. Had he made the slightest attempt to realise his project, he confesses that he would have paid for his presumption with his head. But what he then thought a harsh necessity, and afterwards acknowledged to be a gracious Providence,

vidence, compelled him to return to England just in time to save him from the guillotine. No doubt his friends at home had become aware of his peril, and refused to answer any more drafts from Paris.

His mind boiling over with political passions, he had no relish for sylvan solitudes, and fixed his head-quarters in London. To vindicate his talents, which his Cambridge career had brought into question, he, in 1793, produced to the world,—hurriedly, he says, though reluctantly—two little poems, ‘*The Evening Walk*,’ and ‘*Descriptive Sketches*.’ If the *Evening Walk* was hastily corrected it had not been hastily composed, for it was begun in 1787, and continued through the two succeeding years. The metre and language are in the school of Pope, but they are the work of a promising scholar, and not of a master. There is an incongruous mixture of poverty and richness in the diction, and often, instead of being suggested by the sentiment, it has been culled and adapted to it. The verse does not flow on with easy strength, but is laboured, and frequently feeble, and the structure of the sentences is distorted beyond the limits of poetic licence to meet the exigencies of rhyme. For the topics of the piece Wordsworth drew upon his individual tastes, but even here he has not been particularly happy. The rural objects he describes are minute and disconnected, neither chosen for their general association with evening, nor possessing, for the most part, an independent interest. Brief as the work is, it leaves a drowsy impression—but the poet breaks out in occasional touches, and the four lines on the swan present a picture he could not have surpassed in the maturity of his powers:—

The swan uplifts his chest, and backward flings
His neck, a varying arch, between his towering wings:
The eye that marks the gliding creature sees
How graceful pride can be, and how majestic ease.’

The *Descriptive Sketches* had been penned at Orleans and Blois, in 1791 and 1792. They are the versified recollections of some of the scenes which struck him most in the pedestrian tour with Jones. In spite of the horrors of that season he concludes with an unqualified panegyric on the Revolution, and a prayer that ‘every sceptred child of clay’ who presumed to withstand it might be swept away by the flood. The execution is of the same school as *The Evening Walk*, but the language is simpler, and so far superior. Though he had Goldsmith’s ‘*Traveller*’ much in his mind, and has copied the turn of many of his lines, there is an increasing ascendancy of the original over the imitative element. In one instance he

has borrowed both broadly and clumsily from the magnificent couplet in which Gray depicts the overflowing Nile under the figure of a brooding bird:—

‘ From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o’er Egypt with his watery wings.’

Wordsworth, speaking of the ‘mighty stream’ of the French Revolution, asks that it may

‘ Brood o’er the long-parch’d lands with Nile-like wings.’

Here the comparison is between stream and stream instead of between stream and bird, and there is consequently no propriety in the expressions ‘brood’ and ‘wings.’ These involve a prior simile which Wordsworth leaves the reader to supply, and what mind could extemporize for itself the noble image of Gray? The germs of thought in one writer when developed by another, often differ as much as the seed and the flower, but whenever the singular beauty of the passage is the temptation to reproduce it, the effort to vary what is exquisite already, ends in a faded, distorted copy.

Even at the quietest period the *Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches* would hardly have attracted much attention—and slender indeed was the chance of their still small voice being heard amid the thunders of national strife. Of the few criticisms in contemporary journals none were at all satisfactory to the author. Some blew too hot and some blew too cold, and the indiscriminating praise, which betrayed a want of real appreciation, pleased him little better than undisguised contempt. In revising these juvenile pieces long afterwards for the collective edition of his works, he altered them enough to destroy their historical, without materially increasing their poetical value.

Disappointed of his ambition to ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm abroad, Wordsworth took up his pen to enlighten his countrymen. The compendious method for scattering plenty over a smiling land, which he expounded under the form of ‘*A Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff*,’ was to abolish the monarchy and the peerage. No better criticism can be pronounced upon his panacea than his own, in later life, upon the far more moderate views of Mr. Fox:—‘It is extraordinary that the naked absurdity of the means did not raise a doubt as to the attainableness of the end.’ The proceedings, however, of his French allies, began to teach him the dangers of precipitance. He wrote to a friend that he recoiled from the very idea of a revolution, and that he feared the destruction of vicious institutions was hastening on too fast. The Letter to
Bishop

Bishop Watson was restored to his desk—and has never been published. Yet he clung tenaciously to his republican tenets, and between love for his abstract theories, and horror at their practical fruits, there was a perpetual conflict in his mind, and not a little inconsistency in his conduct. While he spoke with disgust of the miserable outrages which desolated France, while his sleep was nightly disturbed by ghostly dreams of dungeons and scaffolds, while he constantly pictured himself in these hideous visions as a terror-stricken victim, pleading in vain for life before the Revolutionary Tribunal, he was not the less indignant that England should array herself against the perpetrators of such crimes. Her interposition—though not warlike, as we all know, until the gauntlet was flung in her face—is declared by him to have been the first shock that was ever given to his *moral* nature! The assassinations had moved him, but what especially scandalised him was the attempt to tie up the hands of the assassins. So fanatical did he grow on the point, that he rejoiced when our soldiers fell by thousands, and mourned when we triumphed, allaying his grief with the treasonable hope that the enemy would hereafter have their day of vengeance. Long after it became apparent even to him that the sword of France was, like her guillotine, the bloody instrument of scoundrels who only talked of liberty to facilitate oppression, he went on asserting that Mr. Pitt was accountable for alienating him from his country. It might be supposed on his own showing that William Wordsworth, who helped, *pro puerili*, to let out the waters, had even more to answer for than William Pitt, who raised a dam to stop the progress of the deluge. In the course of a few years he became, in his own language, ‘as active a member of the war party as his industry and abilities would allow.’ To vindicate his consistency he then professed to remain persuaded that the war, however identified ultimately with righteous objects, was at the outset one of selfish tyranny and unprincipled ambition. It is needless now to vindicate Mr. Pitt against such perversions of fact and motive. By 1818 Wordsworth himself had come to speak and write in a far different strain. .

Meanwhile, one good effect of the war was to set him labouring in his proper vocation. He had strayed to the Isle of Wight in the summer of 1793, and saw with an evil eye the equipment of the fleet. From thence he turned towards Wales, and while pacing over Salisbury Plain the dreary scene was connected in his imagination with the rovings of disbanded sailors and of the widows of the slain. He at once commenced, and in 1794 completed, the story of ‘*Guilt and Sorrow*,’ which did not appear
entire

entire till 1842, but of which he published an extract in 1798, under the title of 'The Female Vagrant.' In regard to time it is separated from the *Descriptive Sketches* by a span, but in respect of merit they are parted by a gulf. He had ceased to walk in the train of Pope, and composed in the stanza of his later favourite Spenser. In no other hands has it proved so little cumbrous. It runs on with a light facility—never laboured, never harsh, and never cloying. There is an exquisite simplicity and polish in the language, equally removed from the bald prattle of many of the *Lyrical Ballads* and the turgid verbosity of many pages in *The Excursion*. The landscape-painting has a bright transparency, very unlike the misty crudeness of his earlier efforts; and in the human part of the poem there is a deep and genuine pathos, unalloyed by a taint of morbid exaggeration. The plot is badly contrived, but the interest is in the details. To be appreciated it must be read with patient tranquillity, for its beauties are of that quiet order which escape a hasty eye.

While Wordsworth was thus dissatisfied with public events, his private circumstances were full as gloomy. Of the little available property his father left, part had been expended in the fruitless endeavour to compel Lord Lonsdale to pay his debt, and the remainder devoted to the education of the children. William was designed for the law or the church; but, for the former, he said, he had not strength of constitution, mind, or purse; and the latter must have been incompatible with his present opinions, both political and theological. It was part of his special satisfaction with the French Revolution that it had stripped the clergy of their 'guilty splendour.' His vagrancy and indolence, his turbulent intermeddling with the affairs of nations, and his total neglect of his own, justly alarmed and displeased his friends. He began to look anxiously for employment, and thought of establishing a monthly journal, to be called 'The Philanthropist.' Finding the scheme impracticable, he contemplated a connexion with an opposition newspaper—a department of letters in which, being nowise remarkable either for flexibility of talent or piquancy of style, he could never have attained much success. The question was pending when an event occurred which changed his destiny. Raisley Calvert, of a Cumberland family, and son of a steward of the Duke of Norfolk, was in a rapid decline, and our roving hero, whose previous acquaintance with him had been but slight, meeting him accidentally towards the close of 1794, and compassionating his solitary position, remained with him till his death, at Penrith, in January, 1795. The benevolence which prompted

Wordsworth

Wordsworth to give himself up to cheering the last few lonely weeks of a sick youth's life met with an instant and unexpected reward. The invalid imbibed a high opinion of his poetic powers, and to secure him, for a while at least, the free exercise of an unmarketable genius, bequeathed him nine hundred pounds. 'Poor fellow!' moralises Mr. Searle, 'he seems to have been born for this special purpose. I would not be thought to speak ungenerously of poor Calvert:—God forbid!—but still I cannot help thinking about Providence, and his dark, inscrutable ways, how he smites one frail child to the grave that another may have leisure to sing songs.' We are at a loss to say whether this comment is more ludicrous from its helpless silliness, or offensive from its conceited contempt. If Raisley Calvert was only created that he might leave a legacy to Wordsworth, for what does Mr. Searle suppose that myriads are born into the world who live no longer, accomplish no more, and have not a farthing to bequeath? Immortal beings are of some consideration on their own account, although they may neither sing mortal songs, nor endow the singers with worldly goods.

It was not the least advantage of the legacy that it was the indirect cause of extricating Wordsworth from the maze of speculations into which he had been drawn by the French Revolution. Meeting no government to his mind, he had arrived at the conclusion that every man should be a law to himself. He resolved to spurn the restraints of established rules, and recognise no other ground of action than what his varying circumstances suggested, as they arose, to his individual understanding. The next step in his new path was the endeavour to discover by that understanding, henceforth to be the sole light to his feet, what constituted good and evil, and what was the obligation to perform the one and shun the other. These propositions, however, proved too hard for even *his* unassisted reason, and the result was his abandoning moral questions in despair. Depressed and bewildered, he turned to abstract science, and was beginning to torment his mind with fresh problems, when, after his long voyage through unknown seas in search of Utopia, with sails full set, and without compass or rudder, his sister came to his aid, and conducted him back to the quiet harbour from which he started. His visits to her had latterly been short and far between, until his brightening fortunes enabled them to indulge the wish of their hearts to live together, and then she convinced him that he was born to be a poet, and had no call to lose himself in the endless labyrinth of theoretical puzzles. The calm of a home would alone have done much towards sobering his mind. While he roamed restlessly about

about the world he was drawn in by every eddy, and obeyed the influence of every wind; but when once he had escaped from the turmoil into the pure and peaceful pleasures of domestic existence, he felt the vanity and vexation of his previous course.

The autumn of 1795 found him and his sister settled in a house at Racedown, in Dorsetshire. It is a remarkable feature of his history, that all the time he was a hot-headed, intractable rover, he had lived a life of Spartan virtue. His Hawkshead training had inured him to cottage board and lodging, and the temptations of London and Paris had failed to allure him to extravagance or vice. His temperance and economy enabled him to derive more benefit from Calvert's bequest than would have accrued to poets in general from five times the sum. According to the Greek saying, he was rich in all the things he did not want; and it is a memorable fact that he and his sister lived together in happy independence for nearly eight years upon an income—Godsends included—which amounted to barely one hundred a-year. His example—a dangerous one he often in the sequel called it—will not lead many astray if it is followed by none but those who possess the prudence, perseverance, and powers, which were the basis of his prosperity. Some victims there will always be, because there will always be some who mistake ambition for genius, or strong tastes for corresponding talent.

Wordsworth now entered upon his poetical profession by paraphrasing several of the satires of Juvenal and applying them to the abuses which he conceived to reign in high places. The undertaking showed that the cask retained a scent of its late contents, but he soon desisted, and would never publish even a specimen. There is no Juvenalian vein in his own poetry, and, besides his subsequent objection to the sentiments, he was probably aware that he had failed to transfuse the point and energy of the Roman. His second experiment was equally foreign to his genius. He began his Tragedy of 'The Borderers' at the close of 1795, and bestowed upon it an immensity of time and thought for many succeeding months. Coleridge wrote to Cottle that it was 'absolutely wonderful. . . . There are in the piece those profound touches of human heart which I find three or four times in *The Robbers* of Schiller, and often in Shakspeare, but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities.' It is idle to say that Coleridge often displayed exquisite critical acumen; but he is no safe authority—for to the partiality which is ordinarily engendered by personal affection, he superadded a propensity, which clung to him through life, for lending imaginary perfections to commonplace books. The Wordsworthian
drama

drama was kept back for nearly five times the period prescribed by Horace, and when it appeared at last was considered, we believe, by all who read it, an unqualified failure. The plot has neither probability nor ingenuity. We can discover nothing individual in the personages, and no traits or manners in the least distinctive of their age and nation. As to the diction of the piece, a mawkish monotony pervades it, and a beggar-woman is the single character who utters a line or two of worthy verse. The cunning of the hand which penned 'Guilt and Sorrow' is nowhere apparent. The play was not intended for representation, nor could even excellent poetry have concealed its unfitness for the stage, since it is destitute of passion, movement, and incident. It was submitted, notwithstanding, to one of the actors at Covent Garden, and he, expressing strong approbation, advised Wordsworth to come up to London. He went with the conviction that it was a bootless journey, and when the managers rejected his MS. he signified a perfect acquiescence in their judgment.

It was in June, 1797, when this tragedy was on the verge of completion, that its first critic arrived at Racedown. Coleridge had met with the *Descriptive Sketches* in 1794, and discerned amid the faults of an immature understanding the promise of an original poetic genius. He, on his part, needed no other voucher for the possession of the richest intellectual gifts than what proceeded from his own most eloquent tongue. His mind, as yet undimmed by the fumes of opium, was now in its fullest and freshest bloom. Transcendental metaphysics had not monopolised his thoughts. His sympathies had a wider range than afterwards, and, if his discourse sometimes lost itself in clouds, they were clouds which glowed with gorgeous hues. All who saw him in his early prime are agreed that his finest works convey a feeble notion of the profusion of ideas, the brilliancy of imagery, the subtlety of speculation, the sweep of knowledge, which then distinguished his inexhaustible colloquial displays. Each poet had traversed regions of thought to which the other was comparatively a stranger: Wordsworth full of original contemplations upon nature—Coleridge more conversant with systems of philosophy, and all the varieties of general literature. Coleridge was astonished to find a man who, out of the common appearances of the world, could evolve new and unexpected feelings—Wordsworth was dazzled with the splendour of apparently boundless intellectual hoards. There sprang up between them on the instant the strongest sentiments of admiration and affection. 'I feel myself,' writes Coleridge, 'a little man by his side.' Of Miss Wordsworth he speaks
with

with equal enthusiasm. 'His exquisite sister is a woman indeed!—in mind, I mean, and heart; for her person is such that, if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary—if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty! Her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her most innocent soul outbeams so brightly that who saw would say—

“Guilt was a thing impossible in her.”

Her information various; her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer—it bends, protrudes, and draws in at subtlest beauties and most recondite faults.' What Wordsworth thought of his guest may be summed up in his well-known saying, that other men of the age had done wonderful things, but Coleridge was the only wonderful man he had even known. Coleridge then resided at Nether-Stowey, in Somersetshire, where the Wordsworths soon repaid his visit; and a house being to let in the neighbouring village of Alfoxden, they hired it forthwith, for the sole purpose of enjoying the daily converse of the 'noticeable man.'

The alliance was soon productive of important consequences. In November, 1797, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and his sister started on a pedestrian tour through the surrounding country. Their united funds being small, the poets resolved that their wits should pay for their pleasure, and they began a joint composition, to be sold for five pounds to the publisher of a Magazine. Thus was commenced the celebrated ballad of *The Ancient Mariner*. A friend of Coleridge had dreamt of a person who laboured under a curse for the commission of some crime, and upon this slight hint was built one of the most original and imaginative poems in the language. Wordsworth suggested, from a passage he had recently read in Shelvocke's *Voyages*, that the navigator's offence should be the shooting of the albatross—an incident which Coleridge turned to grand account. His partner in the venture started one or two other ideas, and assisted him here and there to a line, but they struck their notes in different keys, and Wordsworth, perceiving that he was only encumbering him with help, left him to chant by himself the whole of the mariner's 'wild and wondrous song.' Incident gave birth to incident, stanza to stanza, till there was too much verse for the money, and they thought of making up a volume. The result of the Beaumont and Fletcher experiment was sufficient to satisfy them that the natural was the stronghold of the one, and the supernatural of the other. It was therefore agreed that Coleridge should take for his groundwork superstitious agencies, and deduce from them the emotions which would really arise if the events were true; while

Wordsworth

Wordsworth was to exhibit under fresh aspects the most ordinary characters and the most familiar objects. The essence of the system of Coleridge was to bring unearthly subjects within the range of earthly feelings; and that of Wordsworth to make manifest that lowly things had a high and spiritual significance. Acting in contrary directions, the combined effect was to place two worlds at the command of the reader—the first nearly closed to him, because it lay beyond the range of his daily experience; the second lost upon him, because it had grown too common to invite attention. Coleridge, after a fit of literary exertion, usually paused a long while to take breath, and he did nothing more to advance the scheme than frame a few fragments of *Christabel*, and *The Dark Ladie*. While *he* was dreaming, his brother bard was doing, and there was no day without its line. Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, had offered, before the tour, to purchase and publish the pieces which Wordsworth had then in stock, but the poet exhibited the utmost reluctance to submit his pretensions to public scrutiny. He said at the close of his life that all he wrote fell short of his aspirations, and that he questioned if he should ever have given anything to the world unless he had been forced by the pressure of personal necessities. When the vague imaginings of the mind are reduced into shape and substance, there is the same difference as between castles in the air and houses on earth, and the artist is unwilling to be judged by what he considers inadequate specimens of his power. The urgent need for five pounds having passed, it is doubtful whether Wordsworth might not again have postponed the publishing day, if another event had not occurred to quicken his decision.

Coleridge was visited at Stowey by Thelwall, who, though not quite forgotten as a lecturer on elocution, is chiefly remembered from his trial for high treason. He had thrown up the dangerous game of politics, and applied himself to farming. As he sat with Wordsworth and Coleridge in the glen of Alfoxden, the latter exclaimed, 'This is a place to reconcile one to all the jarrings and conflicts of the wide world.' 'Nay,' said the new agriculturist, 'to make one forget them altogether.' The Government, judging Thelwall by his antecedents, had no conception of the pastoral turn he had taken, and conjectured that his business was to hold treasonable counsels with the two minstrels. A spy was sent to dog the pair, and detect their deep designs. He hid behind a bank near their favourite seat by the sea-side, and heard them speak of Spinoza, which to his plebeian ears sounded like *Spy Nosey*. He thought for an instant that they had discovered his mission, and were making merry with his 'human face divine.'

vine.' Their talk proving innocent, where it was not unintelligible, he joined Coleridge on the road, and feigned himself a revolutionist to draw him out. The 'noticeable' rose up, 'terrible in reasoning,' and demonstrated jacobins to be so silly, as well as wicked, that the spy felt humbled to be even in seeming this contemptible character. His antagonist marked his discomfiture, and congratulated himself on having converted a disaffected democrat into a faithful subject of his sovereign lord the King. The less eloquent bard, however, though he, as it happened, had ceased to care about politics, was the most mistrusted by the villagers. 'As to Coleridge,' said one of them, 'there is not much harm in *him*, for he is a whirl-brain that talks whatever comes uppermost; but that Wordsworth! he is the dark traitor. You never hear *him* say a syllable on the subject.' His habits helped to aid the delusion. He was seen prowling about by moonlight in lonely places, and was overheard muttering to himself. At Hawkshead he had enjoyed the advantage of a sagacious dog, who returned to give him notice when any one approached. Rustics know nothing of the fine frenzy of poets, and to the opportunity afforded him of hushing his voice and composing his gait he ascribed his escape at that epoch from the imputation of being crazed. He had no advanced guard to warn him at Alfoxden when the enemy was coming; and the broken murmurs, which in quieter times would have been thought symptomatic of insanity, were understood in 1798 to indicate treason. According to Mr. Cottle's grave narrative — (which reflects, perhaps, *inter alia*, some bardic dreams) — opinion was not altogether unanimous, for a small minority maintained, from his mostly haunting the sea-shore, that W. W. was only a smuggler. The practical effect of the rumours was, that the agent of the landlord at Alfoxden refused to let the house any longer to so dangerous a character, and there was no other residence to be had in the neighbourhood. This determined the trio to spend a few months in Germany, and it was to raise cash for the expedition that Wordsworth screwed up his courage to publish the *Lyrical Ballads*.

The first idea was that he and Coleridge should print their respective tragedies, and Cottle was willing to give thirty guineas for each; but a revived expectation of getting them brought upon the stage induced both bards to fall back upon their minor pieces, and the Bristol bibliopole was invited to Alfoxden that he might hear, admire, and purchase. He readily proffered his standing fee of thirty guineas for Wordsworth's part of the volume, and made a separate bargain with Coleridge for the
Ancient

Ancient Mariner. The publisher has preserved no memorials of his professional visit; but some particulars he has recorded of a former jaunt afford an amusing glimpse of the simplicity of living, and ignorance of common things, which then distinguished the gifted pair. Cottle drove Wordsworth from Bristol to Alfoxden in a gig, calling at Stowey by the way to summon Coleridge and Miss Wordsworth, who followed swiftly on foot. The Alfoxden pantry was empty—so they carried with them bread and cheese, and a bottle of brandy. A beggar stole the cheese, which set Coleridge expatiating on the superior virtues of brandy. It was he that, with thirsty impatience, took out the horse; but, as he let down the shafts, the theme of his eloquence rolled from the seat, and was dashed to pieces on the ground. Coleridge abashed gave the horse up to Cottle, who tried to pull off the collar. It proved too much for the worthy citizen's strength, and he called to Wordsworth to assist. Wordsworth retired baffled, and was relieved by the ever-handy Coleridge. There seemed more likelihood of their pulling off the animal's head than his collar, and they marvelled by what magic it had ever been got on. 'La, master,' said the servant-girl, who was passing by, 'you don't go the right way to work;' and turning round the collar, she slipped it off in an instant, to the utter confusion of the three luminaries. How Silas Comberbatch could have gone through his cavalry training, and W. W. have spent nine-tenths of his life in the country, and neither of them have witnessed the harnessing or unharnessing of a horse, must remain a problem for our betters.

After a preliminary tour on the Wye, the three friends sailed from Yarmouth for Hamburgh on the 16th of September, 1798, and about the same time the volume of Lyrical Ballads was published. The reviewers spoke of it with great severity, and its progress from ridicule to oblivion appeared so certain to Cottle, that he sold the larger part of the impression at a loss to a London brother of the craft, who complained in his turn that he had made a bad bargain. Not long after the Bristol bibliopole retired from business, and disposed of his copyrights to Longman, who telling him that the valuer had reckoned the Lyrical Ballads as *nothing*, the author, at Cottle's request, was complimented with the return of his property in the work. The failure was imputed by Wordsworth to the abuse of the critics and the introduction of the Ancient Mariner—long since allowed to have been the gem of the collection—which no one, he said, was able to comprehend. Southey, in a letter to William Taylor, calls it 'the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity he ever saw,' or we should have thought it impossible

possible that any lover of poetry could have been for an instant insensible to the power of the descriptions, the beauty of the language, and the varied music of the verse, or, above all, to the intensity of human feeling which gives soul and purpose to the supernatural incidents. But Wordsworth was at least mistaken in his supposition that the weight of Coleridge's contribution to the cargo had sunk his own more buoyant ballads. The subjects he selected, and his manner of treating them, had a full share in the unfavourable result, which nobody can now believe would have been different if the adventures of Peter Bell had been substituted for those of the Ancient Mariner.

The matter and manner of Wordsworth's verse were not suggested, as used to be asserted, by the ambition to found, at all hazards, a new school of poetry. It was the honest reflection of his natural feelings as they had been finally formed by the current of events. When he turned at intervals from the distractions of politics to rural wanderings, his mind, accustomed to excitement, required to be fed by stimulating scenes. He could not be satisfied, as formerly, with the ordinary exhibitions of sweet nature's grace. His enjoyment of lesser beauties was marred by his recollection of greater, and, the same spot growing stale, he was in perpetual pursuit of novel prospects. The fermentation worked itself off, and in a quieter mood he regarded these cravings as half a sensual passion. He reflected that nature had made nothing in vain, that every object had its appropriate excellence—and concluded that, if the mind exerted its perceptions as perfectly as the eye, the most barren localities would be instinct with meaning. He went further still. Were there, in truth, any deficiency of inherent interest, it ought, he considered, to be supplied out of the artist's intellectual resources. The actual qualities were to be endowed with properties, or associated with circumstances, not strictly belonging to them, though such as would appear to be natural and in keeping. This, in his sense of the word, was the office of the imagination, the highest faculty of the poet, which, not servilely copying mere appearances, modifies and creates, and from the bare materials presented to observation compounds a picture which shall surpass the literal landscape. The notion he had imbibed of the latent capabilities of insignificant objects led him, in the true spirit of system, to select them in preference. Hence sprung some of the merits and many of the defects of his verse. He brought into prominence numerous neglected sources of delight, but—convinced that he possessed that poetic stone the touch of which would turn lead to gold—he not unfrequently adopted trivialities which it was beyond his alchemy to transmute. It

It was not the inanimate part of creation alone which he subjected to his principle. At the period when he published the original volume of *Lyrical Ballads* the world of human-kind was predominant in his contemplations. Here again his choice of materials was directed by the action of circumstances upon himself. Independently of relations and friends, man for him, in his early youth, had little other interest than as a figure in the landscape. The picturesque appearance of the shepherds tending their flocks among his native hills invested them in his mind with exalted attributes, but what they were in actual life he saw, he says, little and cared less. The breaking out of the French Revolution led him to consider the brethren of his race in their social capacities. He expected to see the combatants emerge from the conflict hardly lower than the angels, and when they proved a profane and brutal herd he looked for that worth in the component parts which was wanting in the mass. On settling in the West of England his attention was turned to the villagers around him. It seemed to him improbable that what was best in humanity should be the prerogative of a favoured few, and he examined how far the finer feelings were dulled by manual labour and vulgar wants. From daily intercourse with his neighbours he learnt that blunt manners were not incompatible with lively affections, and he lamented that books should mislead the higher classes into thinking that a rude outside was the symptom of a hardened heart. Then he resolved that he would stand forth the champion of the misconceived poor, that to their praise he would dedicate his muse, and endeavour to do them right in the eyes of the world. He fell into precisely the same mistake as before. Because much that deserved admiration had been too commonly overlooked, he went into the opposite error and demanded sympathy for the pettiest traits.

The staple of the author being to an unusual degree identical with that of his every-day observation and reflection as a man, it was upon the feelings themselves, more than upon the mode of expressing them, that he believed his poetry to depend. His aim was not to dazzle by ornate and pointed language, but to bring home the conceptions which filled his own heart to the hearts of others. He might consider that plain words would yield the clearest sense, that a homely style was best adapted for homely topics, and his preference for unadorned English might be increased by his disgust for the tawdry phraseology which was often a substitute for ideas. It was his fate, however, to carry every portion of his system to extremes, and not stopping at the point of strong and simple English he embraced in his vocabulary the feeblest forms of common talk.

The

The volume which first attracted the notice of the world to his name contained very few poems. Of these three or four were in Wordsworth's finest manner—about the same number partly good, partly puerile;—and the remainder belong to a class all but universally condemned. The longest, and, perhaps with the exception of *Goody Blake and Harry Gill*, the absurdest of the pieces, was *The Idiot Boy*, in which the design was 'to trace the maternal passion through many of its subtlest windings.' No one could have divined the author's purpose from the tale itself, and in his triumphant confidence in his theories he throughout selects the circumstances which are most remote from general sympathy. His model-mother is nearly as silly as the object of her solicitude;—the whole train of adventures are so mean and even grotesque, and the style and metre so grovelling, that the uninitiated might be pardoned for doubting whether he wrote in earnest or in jest. Nevertheless, when he sent a copy of the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* to Charles Fox, out of four pieces which the statesman selected for commendation, two were *Goody Blake* and *The Idiot Boy*. Cottle comes forward with a further testimonial in favour of the first of these rural romances. 'He read several of the ballads to some ladies at the house of Hannah More, to their 'great amusement,' which is not, to be sure, the emotion that Wordsworth meant to excite, and Hannah herself encored *Goody Blake*, lifting up her hands 'in smiling horror' at the imprecation upon *Harry Gill*,—'Oh, may he never more be warm!' Horror is in a hopeful way when it begins to smile, and we cannot help suspecting that the lively guest of Garrick retained enough of her old fun to divert herself with the simplicity of Wordsworth's rhymes as well as of Cottle's rapture.

The knowledge we now possess of the formation of the poet's opinions enables us in part to understand what beguiled him into stretching his system till it snapped—or at worst we may with Scott express our surprise that he should sometimes 'choose to crawl upon all fours when God had given him a noble countenance to lift up to heaven'—but the preponderance of childish pieces must inevitably at the outset have reflected suspicion on the few happier accompaniments, lent support to the critics who broadly questioned his capacity, and in short sealed the fate of the publication.

At Hamburgh he had two or three interviews with Klopstock, and made notes of the conversation. Klopstock commended Wieland's *Oberon*, and Wordsworth objected that the interest was based upon the animal appetite instead of the mental passion of love. Klopstock replying that this was the way to please, Wordsworth rejoined that the province of a poet was

was to raise people up to his own level, and not to descend to theirs. It is the principle by which he always professed to be governed—and the early expression of it, before he was aware of the reception of his Lyrical Ballads, is a proof that it was not an after-thought to solace himself for neglect. It was Klopstock's turn to be critical upon English authors, and he complained of the Fool in Lear—which drew from Wordsworth the acute observation that 'he imparted a terrible wildness to the distress.' The 'German Milton' rated highly the faculty of drawing tears, but his visitor maintained that nothing was easier, and that the meanest writers did it every day. In England—to say nothing of Germany—attention to this undeniable truth would prevent an immense amount of misplaced admiration. There are certain topics—death-bed scenes especially—which never fail to move, and the more morbid and melodramatic the description, the more the writer is praised for pathetic power.

From Hamburg Coleridge proceeded to Ratzeburgh and the Wordsworths to Goslar, where they remained till the February of 1799. Their main object was to learn the language, but they chose their abiding city ill. There was no society, and their only opportunities of conversing were with the people of the house, whose casual talk was not very classic. They were both glad to make their way back to England in the spring, and went to pass a few weeks with some old friends at Sockburn-on-Tees. During his residence abroad, Wordsworth had continued the composition of minor pieces, and, according to his sister, hurt his health by over-activity of mind. Having exercised his wings in short preparatory flights, he now felt ambitious to hazard a wider sweep. He had a strong inclination to try an epic, but was beset by the usual difficulty—the choice of a subject—and not being able to hit upon any which united every advantage, he at length determined to take himself for his theme. He mistrusted his present capacity of composing worthily an invented narrative, and here he had only to tell what he had felt and done. *The Prelude* was commenced in consequence in 1799, and completed in May 1805. This metrical autobiography—never published in full till after his death—is valuable because it preserves many facts and opinions which might otherwise have gone unrecorded; but the matter would have been much better said than sung. In such a scheme there must inevitably be a compromise between poetry and prose, which ends in something that is neither. Completeness and perspicuity must bend on the one hand to the constraint of verse, and a concession must be made on the other of

many of the elegances of verse to the commonplaces of life. There are a few poetical passages in *The Prelude*, and many poetical lines and expressions, but, upon the whole, it is bald and cumbrous as a poem, and as a narrative it frequently tantalizes by its generalities and perplexes by its obscurity. Upon the artistical execution of his blank verse Wordsworth bestowed unusual pains. He had elaborate ideas of regulating the pauses and cadences of every line for some special effect of harmony and emphasis, and he was equally solicitous that there should be a linked sweetness in the general movement of the paragraph. Yet, strange to say, none of our great poets have in the main written that arduous measure with less felicity. With him it has ordinarily neither majesty nor freedom—neither a full swell nor a mellifluous flow—but there is very often a painful harshness, and almost always a flimsiness of structure, which yields a flat and meagre sound. Many parts of *The Prelude* consist of bare prose cut up into lengths. Nearly the same—in spite of whatever exceptional felicities—may indeed be said of almost all who have encountered the difficulties of our blank verse. Can it be asserted that any besides Shakspeare and Milton—in their widely different uses of it—have entirely triumphed?

In September, 1799, Coleridge and Wordsworth made a tour through Cumberland and Westmoreland, and were specially enchanted with Grasmere. A cottage was vacant in that lovely vale:—it had previously been a public-house, with the sign of *The Dove and Olive Bough*—Wordsworth hired it—and there he and his sister found rest for the soles of their feet on the 21st of December. When they went to reside they performed most of the journey from Sockburn on foot, and one day accomplished twenty miles over uneven roads frozen into rocks, in the teeth of a keen wind and a driving snow. Once only they got a lift in an empty cart, but their spirits were as high as the thermometer was low, and Shakspeare tells us that a merry heart can go all the day. They lived at Grasmere in the same simplicity with which they travelled there. When the poet's circumstances were more flourishing his establishment is described as having the air of a comfortable vicarage; at Grasmere it must have been more in the style of the curate. In later life the day began and closed with prayers; and after breakfast the family read the lessons and psalms. They assembled at eight in the morning, dined at two, and drank tea at seven. In every essential respect his habits continued unchanged from his prime to his decline; and the portrait of one period will serve for all. The saying of the great and good Lord Falkland that a house was only for
shelter

shelter from the rain was improved on by the Wordsworths, who braved all weathers to indulge their love of nature. The poet was not a saunterer, but used on all occasions—sometimes to the dismay of attendant admirers—that bold and sturdy step, in which native vigour and abundant practice had made him indomitable. One day he was showing an Eastern traveller the beauties of the country at a time when the torrents were swollen with rain. ‘I hope,’ said he, ‘you like your companions—these bounding, joyous, foaming streams.’ ‘No,’ replied the pompous guest; ‘I think they are not to be compared in delightful effect with the silent solitude of the Arabian Desert.’ The lover of the Lakes was indignant at the slight, and resolved to be revenged on the bigoted Orientalist, who to his misfortune was dressed in boots and a thick greatcoat. ‘I am sorry you don’t like this,’ rejoined W. W.; ‘perhaps I can show you what will please you more;’ and with these words he strode away from crag to vale, from vale to crag, for six consecutive hours, till the vaunting wanderer over the Desert was reduced to perfect submission of body and mind. ‘I thought,’ said his host, ‘I should have had to carry him home.’ . . .

In his rambles Wordsworth contracted an extensive acquaintance with yeomen and peasants, and mingled much in what he expressively calls their ‘*slow* and familiar chat.’ Mr. Justice Coleridge, whose *Reminiscences* are the most valuable portion of the *Memoirs*, says that it was impossible to go a mile in his company without observing his affectionate interest in simple natures; with what easy, hearty kindness he addressed all he met; and how full was their demeanour towards him of cordiality and respect, of love and honour. His particular delight was to detect traits in the poor which denoted sensibility of heart. ‘I like,’ said a shepherd to him, as they went along the bank of a murmuring stream, ‘I like to walk where I can hear the sound of a beck.’ ‘I cannot but think,’ comments Wordsworth, always eager to give a worthy sentiment its widest scope, ‘that this man has had many devout feelings connected with the appearances which have presented themselves to him in his employment, and that the pleasure of his heart at that moment was an acceptable offering to the Divine Being.’ Mr. Justice Coleridge was with him when they met a humble neighbour with a string of trout, which Wordsworth wished to buy. ‘Nay,’ replied the man, ‘I cannot sell them; the little children at home look for them for supper, and I can’t disappoint them;’—an answer which charmed the poet. The juniors had an abundant share of his attention. Mr. Robinson observed him at the Amphitheatre of Nismes absorbed in the least imposing

part of the prospect. They were two young children playing with flowers which had captivated his eye, and his fellow-traveller overheard him murmuring, 'Oh, you darlings! how I wish I could put you in my pocket and carry you to Rydal Mount!'

It was in the open air that he found the materials for his poems, and it was, he says, in the open air that nine-tenths of them were shaped. A stranger asked permission of the servant at Rydal to see the study. 'This,' said she, as she showed the room, 'is my master's library where he keeps his books, but his study is out of doors.' The poor neighbours, on catching the sound of his humming in the act of verse-making after some prolonged absence, were wont to exclaim, 'There he is; we are glad to hear him *booning* about again.' From the time of his settlement at Grasmere he had a physical infirmity which prevented his composing pen in hand. Before he had been five minutes at the desk his chest became oppressed, and a perspiration started out over his whole body; to which was added, in subsequent years, incessant liability to inflammation in his eyes. Thus, when he had inwardly digested as many lines as his memory could carry, he had usually recourse to some of the inmates of his house to commit them to paper.

The misfortunes which hindered his writing must have been a check upon reading—but in truth he had not the inclination to be a 'helluo librorum.' He cared for no modern works except travels and records of fact, and he wrote to Archdeacon Wraugham, in 1819, that he had not spent five shillings on new publications in as many years. Even of old books his circumstances allowed him to buy but few—and yet, 'small and paltry,' he adds, 'as is my collection, I have not read a fifth of it.' Dr. Johnson himself was hardly more careless in his mode of handling a volume:—the neat and careful Southey compared Wordsworth in a library to a bear in a tulip-garden. The Elizabethan dramas were, with a few selected poets, his principal favourites, and what he read at all was perused with thoughtful deliberation. His sister, without any of the airs of learned ladies, had a refined perception of the beauties of literature, and her glowing sympathy and delicate comments cast new light upon the most luminous page. Wordsworth always acknowledged that it was from her and Coleridge that his otherwise very independent intellect had derived the greatest assistance.

Nature, he held, had gifted him with qualifications for two other callings besides that of a poet—landscape gardening and criticism on works of art. His ear was not musical, and smell he may be said to have had none whatever—in both
which

which deficiencies he resembled Scott—but his eye, in compensation, was endowed with the acutest sense of form and colour, to which he owed much of his boundless gratification in the ever-varying hues and outlines of nature. He had not only a sensitive feeling for the beautiful, but he knew by what combination of circumstances the beauty was produced. It is a necessary inference that he should pay particular attention to the arrangement of his garden, and that he should be successful in his efforts. The anxiety of his gardener that the grass should be of a shade to harmonise with the shrubs is pleasantly recorded by Sir John Coleridge.—‘James and I are in a puzzle here,’ said the poet to the judge. ‘The grass has spots which offend the eye, and I told him we must cover them with soap-lees. That, he says, will make the green there darker than the rest. Then, said I, we must cover the whole. That, he objects, will not do with reference to the adjoining lawn. Cover that, I said; to which he replies, You will have an unpleasant contrast with the surrounding foliage.’—How much the tasteful James was indebted to his instructor may be guessed by the sentence pronounced by a rustic of the class from which he sprung, upon the beautiful mosses, lichens, and ferns which ornamented the rim of the well at Rydal. ‘What a nice well that would be,’ he said to Wordsworth in person, ‘if all that *rubbish* was cleared away!’

Walking, reading, and gardening were the recreations of life at the Dove and Olive Bough. The business was to write poetry, and Wordsworth immediately commenced preparing a new volume of Lyrical Ballads, to be joined to a second edition of the first. He has related that all his pieces were founded upon fact, and it is now apparent from the published fragments of his sister’s journal that it was she who supplied him with many of his materials—often, indeed, with merely hints which owed their value to his own embellishment, but sometimes, also, with everything except the rhyme. She was a poet by nature, though she wrote her poetry in prose. Wordsworth’s pretty stanzas on the Daffodils are only an enfeebled paraphrase of a magical entry in her journal:—‘There was a long belt of daffodils close to the water-side. They grew among the mossy stones about them: some rested their heads on these stones as on a pillow; the rest tossed, and reeled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily *laughed* with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing.’ Few poets ever lived who could have written a description so simple and original, so vivid and picturesque. Her words are *scenæ*, and something more.

‘Fairer

‘Fairer than life itself in thy sweet book
Are cowslip bank and shady willow-tree.’

The enlarged edition of the Ballads was published in 1800. Thirty-seven pieces were added to the twenty he contributed to the original collection, and the supplement materially increased the proportion of good to bad. The doubtful lyrics were few and brief, and the humblest in a higher strain than Goody Blake and The Idiot Boy. In their new form they had no contemptible sale, for without lowering the price, as before, to effect a clearance, there was a reprint in 1802 and another in 1805, and Jeffrey speaks of them in the Edinburgh Review of October, 1807, as having been ‘unquestionably popular.’ The author sent a copy to Mr. Fox, with a complimentary letter, in which he told him that if, since his entrance into public life, there had existed a single true poet in England, that poet must have loved him for his sensibility of heart. The true poet in the present instance still continued to be a true Whig, and the sympathy was much more political than poetic. *Michael* and *The Brothers*, which were written ‘to show that men can feel deeply who do not wear fine clothes,’ he particularly recommended to the notice of the statesman, because they had a bearing upon the legislative measures for the relief of the poor. Mr. Fox replied briefly that he had read the poems with the greatest pleasure, but that, disliking blank verse for subjects which are treated with simplicity, *The Brothers* and *Michael* had failed to impress him. A more favourable judgment might have been expected from that sensibility of heart which Wordsworth justly ascribed to him, for both the pieces are extremely touching. A striking novelty in the book was the celebrated preface in which the author laid down his poetical creed. The theories he advanced were not altogether the cause of his practice, but had been devised in part to meet the objections of his critics. The effect was by no means answerable to the design. Even where the poems found favour the principles were repudiated.

•The year 1802 was an eventful one to the poet. The stubborn old Lord of Lowther Castle was summoned by a creditor who takes no denial, and the kinsman on whom the estates devolved was conspicuous for every virtue and grace of character which had been wanting in his predecessor. He immediately paid the Wordsworths the original debt of 5000*l.* and 3500*l.* more for interest. There were five children, and the two shares which went to ‘The Dove and Olive Bough’ enabled the poet to add, among other domestic comforts, the chiefest of all—an excellent wife. He was married at Brompton, October 4, 1802,

1802, to Mary Hutchinson, whom he had known from childhood, for they had learnt to spell together at a dame's school at Penrith. 'Wedlock,' says Jeremy Taylor, 'hath greater joys and greater sorrows,' but no marriage could have had more of the first greater, or less of the second.

In the following year he made three notable friendships—with Walter Scott, whom he met in the course of a tour through Scotland; with Southey, who was residing with Coleridge at Keswick; and with Sir George Beaumont, who had also fallen in Coleridge's way. That great colloquial orator had set forth with his utmost zeal the high qualities of his friend at Grasmere, and the ardent sympathy, personal and poetical, which existed between them. The glowing picture moved the amiable Baronet before he had seen Wordsworth to purchase him a site for a house in a romantic spot on the confines of Keswick. It was his ardent desire, he wrote to the stranger, to bring him and Coleridge together, conceiving that their intellectual enjoyments would be invigorated by interchange, and both stimulated to increased exertion. Wordsworth's gratitude was great, but for two months he kept it to himself, without one word of acknowledgment to the donor, content, he says, to 'breathe forth solitary thanksgivings.' The trait is curiously characteristic. The excess of kindness which would have moved most men to give vent on the instant to the gushing and unstudied impulses of their hearts, was by him considered a reason for performing the duty with elaborate care in 'his best, purest, and happiest moments.' The mental labour with which he composed a letter, and the physical difficulty with which he wrote it, continued the procrastination, till it grew painful to himself and puzzling to his benefactor. The main design proved abortive, for Coleridge soon went abroad again in search of health, and Wordsworth's money was disposed in ways which made it inconvenient for him to build—but a lasting intimacy with the Beaumonts was the consequence. Besides the bond of worth and intelligence, the poet and painter had a thorough appreciation of each other's art, and a common enthusiasm for landscape gardening and scenery. Wordsworth used to say that unless poverty had prevented it he should have been a ceaseless Rambler. When he had settled down into domestic life, to travel continued to be his principal luxury, and at the death of the gentle and accomplished Sir George, in 1827, he bequeathed his friend an annuity of 100*l.* to enable him to indulge in a yearly tour.

The first serious sorrow which fell upon the circle at Grasmere was the shipwreck in 1805 of Wordsworth's brother John, a captain

captain in the East India Company's naval service. The brothers had only seen each other by glimpses since they were at school together at Hawkshead till they met in the Cumberland and Westmoreland tour of 1799, and then the genius of the Lakes was delighted to find in the navigator of the seas a person whose taste for scenery and poetry was not less acute and refined than his own. 'Your brother John,' wrote Coleridge to Miss Wordsworth, 'is one of you—a man who hath solitary usings of his own intellect, deep in feeling, with a subtle tact, and swift instinct of truth and beauty.' He had none of the vices, nor even the manners, of his profession, but was meek, shy, and meditative, and went among his crew by the name of 'The Philosopher.' John admired what William had written, and was thoroughly persuaded that, notwithstanding the clouds which obscured his rising, he was destined to shine among the stars of song. He did not expect his brother's poems to become rapidly popular. He said they required frequent perusal to be fully appreciated, and that the majority of readers were too little interested to look at them twice, but that people of sense would be gradually won, and the thinking few would carry the unthinking many in their train. The Captain's ambition, meanwhile, was to complete what Raisley Calvert had begun, and secure a more bountiful independence for his brother and sister. *He* would work for *them*, he said, and William should work for the world. With these hopes he made a voyage in 1801, and returned poorer than he went. He tried his luck once more in 1803, and fortune again withheld her favour. In 1805 he sailed for the third time, carrying with him his share of his father's property and 1200*l.* belonging to William and Dorothy, which, if his speculation had been prosperous, would have realised sufficient to put them all at ease. He had a dread of pilots, and used to say that it was a joyful hour when he got rid of them. The catastrophe justified his mistrust. It was an incompetent pilot that ran his ship, the *Abergavenny*, on the shambles of the Bill of Portland, and, though she was got off, she filled with water and sank while they were trying to run her upon Weymouth sands. The Captain, who had remained cool and cheerful to the last, perished with the larger part of the crew. 'A dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortunes of a whole family, and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck.'* The news reached them when they were conjecturing that the vessel must have touched Madeira, and nothing could exceed the bitter-

* Jeremy Taylor.

ness of their grief. The poet, in his letters, exhausted panegyric on the affectionate sailor, and makes it the climax of his praise that he was worthy to be the brother of Dorothy and the friend of Coleridge.

In 1807 Wordsworth published two new volumes, which contained the Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, and many more of his choicest pieces. Here appeared his first sonnets, and several of them are still ranked among his happiest efforts in that department. He had long admired the sonnets of Milton, but, when his sister read them to him one afternoon in 1801, he was so profoundly impressed with their dignified simplicity and majestic harmony, that he immediately tried to imitate the soul-animating strains. He held in regard to matter that the excellence of the sonnet consisted in a pervading unity of sense, and in regard to metre that it should have something of the combined effect of rhyme and blank verse—an admirable description, which would enable many to enjoy this species of poetry who are balked from a false expectation of epigrammatic point and a more marked confluence of similar sounds. Intermingled with the wheat were a few tares, such as the unfortunate Alice Fell and the Lines to Wilkinson's Spade—, but altogether it will not now be denied that the volumes were equal, if not superior, to their predecessors. Jeffrey, however, maintained that they were miserably inferior, and his Article put an absolute stop to the sale. The paper which worked this sad effect is not an elaborate production. There is little disquisition, and no wicked wit. The censor spoke of the poems with brief and quiet contempt, and left it to the extracts he subjoined to justify his words. How came it, then, that a man of genius could be felled by so faint a blow? Undoubtedly because he persisted in putting forth pieces which were quite unworthy of him, and which, when brought together in a few pages by a dexterous journalist, were sufficient to convince the lazy public that the man who wrote so badly could by no possibility write well. The lances of the critics would have been but straws if he had not perversely doffed his helmet for the barber's bason. As Jeffrey's own judgment was not based upon a partial knowledge of the volumes, contrariety of taste can alone explain the heartiness of his condemnation and the coldness of his praise. In several cases he has set his heel upon a flower. He calls *Yarrow Unvisited*, for instance, 'a very tedious, affected performance, of which the drift is that the poet refused to visit this celebrated stream, because he had a vision of his own about it which the reality might undo.' Jeffrey was, as well as Wordsworth, a lover of nature, though he looked upon the world with
a less

a less imaginative eye, and he might have been expected to sympathise with a sentiment which, in some form or other, must have been felt by everybody, and which was never so sweetly expressed before:—

‘ For when we’re there, although ’tis fair,
 ’Twill be another Yarrow.’

The insensibility shown to his poetry led Wordsworth to extol the advantages of a catholic taste. He objected to his detractors that they had never had the patience to enter into the spirit of his works, and he was ever intolerant of admirers who took exception to the barren spots in the prospect. Such was his demand upon the perceptions of others, that, when himself and Sir George Beaumont were watching the unsavoury undulations of smoke from a blown-out tallow candle, he thought it indicated a defect of imagination in Crabbe that he put on the extinguisher. Unhappily for the romance of the sight, the sense of smell which nature had denied to Wordsworth was entire in his brother bard. But the universality of taste which the Lake poet preached he was the last to practise. He had deprived himself of all right to complain, for his harshest reviewer did him more justice than he was wont to deal out to his greatest contemporaries. His mind was not merely dead to their beauties and alive to their faults, but he sometimes indulged in an extravagance of censure which had no foundation whatsoever. He respected the decrees of that posterity to which he was accustomed to appeal no more than the judgments of the passing day. Posterity has ranked Gray among our happiest poets, and Wordsworth denied that he was a poet at all. He once related that he had never felt envy but twice—when a fellow-student at Cambridge got before him in Italian, and when he tripped up the heels of his brother to prevent his winning a race. Some little jealousy of the poets who ran, or were esteemed to run, better than himself, might have operated unknowingly in after-life; but the principal cause of the rash opinions he pronounced was the very narrowness of taste which he charged upon his critics. Verse which stirred the most cultivated minds like the sound of a trumpet found no echo in his, because he was bound up in the thralldom of a system—that is, in the eternal contemplation of his own theories as exemplified in his own performances. When he quotes two or three lines from his poem on the Wye, to show their superiority to the celebrated passage of Lord Byron on Solitude, he adds, that he does it for the sake of truth, and not from the disgusting motive of commending himself at the expense of a rival genius. He was sincere in his disclaimer; but nothing can evince so strongly the evil consequences of brooding

brooding too exclusively over his own sweet notes as that he should have come to the conclusion that these complacent comparisons were identical with the sacred cause of truth. The lofty station that he claimed among poets, and the low place he assigned to others whom the public had bid to go up higher, were notorious in every literary circle, and did him no good among the northern fraternity.

A second principle which he enforced and violated was, that nobody's opinion upon a work could be so valuable as an author's own, because *he* is sure to have pondered it with a hundred times the care of any one else. If the rule was just, what became of his dogmatic denial of the excellence of many of his fellow-poets? By his own confession he was an incompetent judge, and ought to have submissively received the law he presumed to give. But a doctrine more belied by daily experience was never delivered. Pope says that genius is claimed by every mother for her booby son, and whole troops of boobies claim it for themselves. Nay, our very Miltons, who could hardly over-estimate the sublimity of their genius, form the falsest estimate of the relative value of their works, and put *Paradise Regained* above *Paradise Lost*. The excess of meditation which an author bestows upon his productions is vitiated by an ingredient which Wordsworth ignores—an equal excess of self-love, which converts blots into beauties. He might, in his own particular case, have profited by the critics to whom he turned a deaf ear, for the faults they branded were in general real, and the mistake was in overlooking the merits which redeemed them.

On the appearance of the volumes of 1807 Lady Beaumont wrote expressing her anxiety for their success. Wordsworth replied that she must moderate her expectations, for the generation was stiff-necked; and would never bow down before him. London wits and party-goers led, he assured her, too heartless an existence to have any love for nature, human or inanimate, and even the kindly portion of the world had allowed that imagination to droop and die, without which he could not be tasted or even comprehended. It was the young he hoped to influence—to teach them the worthy use of their faculties, and make them feel the power of a universe upon which the majority looked with languid eyes. He believed that it was the spirit of his poetry to calm them in affliction, and to put life into their happiness—to add sunshine to daylight, and to show them that there were stars for the night. His hopes and his ambition have not been disappointed; and it is pleasant to observe that the more popular he became the humbler he grew. In a letter of 1839 he speaks
with

with abated assurance of the destiny of his works, and says that, standing on the brink of the vast ocean he was about to cross, it troubled him little how long he should remain in sight of the multitude who were left behind upon the shore. The reaction of conscious power against the undue attempt to keep it down is some apology for self-exaltation—and the general recognition of his genius, coupled with the effects of age in dimming the vanities of life, could not be lost upon so good and great a man.

Wordsworth's next publication was in prose. His indignation rose at the grasping tyranny of Napoleon, and in May, 1809, he put forth a pamphlet against the Convention (misnamed) of Cintra, in which he delivered at large his opinions on the war. The sentiments were spirit-stirring, but the manner of conveying them was the reverse, and his protest passed unheeded. It was an article of his literary creed, that all good poets, without a single exception, write good prose,—but he has himself broken in upon the uniformity of the rule. The phraseology of his sentences is heavy and frigid; the construction involved; and, though he grudges not space, the loose and circumlocutory diction constantly leaves his meaning dark. But what was least to be expected, there is a poverty of thought even upon subjects which he thoroughly understood. An epistle or rather dissertation, in the *Memoirs*, addressed to Sir George Beaumont, upon laying out grounds, is nothing more than a pompous paraphrase of a single dictum of Coleridge—and a very large share of the correspondence is of the same forbidding description. There are, indeed, specimens of a far different kind. An early letter to his sister, for example, during the tour with Jones, contains some charmingly fresh descriptions of scenery—and the letter to Scott upon Dryden—which is not the least in his usual manner—is admirable altogether. Southey imputed his want of perspicuity to his habit of dictating and his enthusiasm for Milton's stately prose. Wordsworth ascribed it himself to his little practice in the art. He confessed that he had a lack of words, or, to speak more correctly, of the *right* words, and a deficiency of skill in the arrangement of them, which he thought use would remove. The admiration of Milton may account for the cumbrousness, and the want of practice for the awkwardness of his style, but neither will explain why a teeming mind should have shown upon paper such sterility of ideas.

By the birth of three children the circle had outgrown the accommodations of *The Dove* and *Olive Bough*, and in the spring of 1808 the family shifted to Allan Bank, a newly-built house, with

with inveterately smoky chimneys. From this misery they were delivered by the determination of the proprietor to enjoy his own smoke, and the Wordsworths removed in 1811 to Grasmere Parsonage. Here, however, in the following year, two of the children died—and the parents became anxious to escape from a place where every object reminded them of their loss. In the spring of 1813 they quitted the vale of Grasmere, and found their final establishment at Rydal Mount—a modest but most comfortable residence, the usual jointure-house, we believe, of the Le Fleming family, an ancient line of baronets, whose principal seat and its fine old woods stand hard by. The view from the terrace is most beautiful—including not only the small lake of Rydal but part of Windermere: and the grounds and gardens were by degrees most skilfully embellished under the poet's direction.

A piece of rare prosperity came to cheer him in his new abode. On the 27th of March he was made 'distributor of stamps' for the county of Westmoreland, an office which produced between five and six hundred a-year. He owed the appointment to the interest of Lord Lonsdale, whom he gratefully acknowledged to have been 'the best benefactor of himself and his children.' That excellent nobleman had previously offered to purchase for him a small property at Ulleswater, which he desired to possess. The estate was to be sold for a thousand pounds, which being two hundred more than Wordsworth thought it prudent to give, he allowed Lord Lonsdale to pay this portion of the cost, though he declined to avail himself, to the full extent, of his patron's munificence. The Poet ever after took great delight in carrying friends from a distance to spend a holiday with him at his own little outlying domain of Patterdale, where the farmer's cottage, if we recollect rightly, bore also some ensign of public hospitality, though certainly neither the Wordsworth Arms nor the Wordsworth Head.

The Canon of Westminster has a theory to explain why the period of sojourn at Allan Bank was not prolific in verse. The family went in before the workmen were out, and the biographer conjectures that his uncle's repose was disturbed by the noise of hammers and saws. The workmen must soon have departed, but the smoke remained, and that, we are told, nearly extinguished his imagination for the remainder of the term. There is an objection to the theory which its ingenious parent has overlooked. These three years were so far from being unproductive, that they were among the most important and laborious of his uncle's life, for it was then that *The Excursion* was chiefly composed. It was not committed to the press till the summer of 1814, and, as the poet predicted, its progress to notice was slow. His nephew says
that

that Jeffrey 'boasted he had *crushed* it.' Jeffrey was never the noodle to expose himself by such a vaunt. It was the Ettrick Shepherd who called the article, in a letter to Southey, 'a *crushing* review,' and Southey retorted—'Jeffrey crush *the Excursion*! Tell him he might as easily crush Skiddaw.' On this grave affair both Southey's Correspondence and the Autobiographical Preface to Roderick are in direct contradiction to the Canon's statement. The poet, on *his* part, was not slow to boast in the opposite direction. 'I am delighted,' he wrote, 'to learn that the Edinburgh Aristarch has declared against *The Excursion*, as he will have the mortification of seeing a book enjoy a high reputation to which he has not contributed.' The author has proved a better prophet than his critic, but it is impossible to gainsay many of the remarks which followed the redoubtable Editor's inimitable proclamation—'*This will never do!*' *The Excursion* was designed for the second part of a philosophical poem upon 'Man, Nature, and Society'—and for any philosophical purpose is altogether a failure. Many difficulties are propounded, and many answers given, but in a style as verbosely mystical as the ideas are shadowy. Much of the obscurity is produced by the endeavour to discover in the book of God's works what is only to be found in the book of his Word. Wordsworth's apology late in life was, that, fearing he might err in articles of faith, he had purposely confined himself to inferior influences. Any one who reads *The Excursion* deliberately must feel that the defence is insufficient. There was no call to descant upon disputed doctrines, but there is many a page in which some allusion to the recognised truths of Christianity was demanded by the subject, and where the substitution of unsatisfactory, and often fanciful, inferences from Nature is like shutting out the sun to grope in darkness. Wordsworth was an earnest member of the Church of England; and though doubtless his religious impressions deepened with age, the omissions in *The Excursion* were not the consequence of a defective creed. They resulted from the circumstance that he had taken profound and original views of the visible world, and his peculiar system had assumed an importance in his mind beyond what belonged to it in relation to universal truth. The incongruity of putting the philosophy of the poem into the mouth of a Pedler arose from his rigid adherence to another part of his scheme—the desire to exhibit tenderness of heart and loftiness of thought in classes where they were supposed to exist in a very diminished degree. In vindication of his choice of a hero, he has related that he made him what he conceived he should have been himself if it had pleased God to place him in that state of life. The public could not be expected to follow him in his uncertain conjectures of the
kind

kind of person he might have become if his birth, education, and employment had been totally different, nor would critics be disposed to agree with him that, with all these diversities of circumstances, Wordsworth the Pedler would still have been Wordsworth the Poet.

In spite of the cloudy and unsubstantial philosophy, and its unsuitability to the condition of the principal speaker, in spite too of long and frequent paragraphs of dreary prosing, *The Excursion* was yet a noble addition to the English Library. It owes its now universal recognition as such to the beauty of the pictures of rustic life and rural scenes with their exquisite accompaniment of natural feeling. 'The story of *Margaret*—originally an independent piece, composed at Racedown and Alfoxden—is the most pathetic of his productions, and the one which displays the greatest knowledge of the human heart. *The Church-yard in the Mountains* is another admirable poem in itself; and, besides the numerous passages of sustained excellence, there are atoning lines and images in the duller portions of the work.

In the following year (1815) appeared *The White Doe of Rylstone*. In conception the author considered that it held the highest place among his poems. 'Everything,' he said, 'attempted by the principal personages failed in its material effects and succeeded in its mental.' The idea is good; but, as was common with him, it is faintly brought out. A second feature upon which he prided himself was, that he had represented objects as deriving their influence not from properties which really belonged to them, but from qualities which the imagination of the human agents bestowed. His manner of applying this favourite maxim is, to our thinking, a capital defect in the poem. The main purpose of the narrative is to show how Emily acquired passive fortitude after the violent death of her father and brothers. Nothing brings relief till the White Doe fawns upon her with a kind of loving intelligence. To be soothed by such an incident is according to nature, but to represent it as effectually restoring an agonised spirit, which had resisted the healing power of religion and time, is to subordinate fancy to reason—the visionary to the real—in a degree which can win no sympathy from those who wish to build their consolation for the trials of life upon a *solid* foundation. Another merit which the author claimed for his poem was, that it 'began and ended with pure and lofty imagination'—the starting instance being the visits which the Doe pays every Sabbath to the grave of Emily, and the concluding example the apotheosis of the animal. This seems to us not imagination but extravagance. It has no support from even the superstitions of mankind; it shows no richness
of

of invention, and has no allegorical import. The very objection is that it *fails* to enlist the imagination, while it shocks our belief. In execution the first canto is, on the whole, very beautiful. There is a gentle music in much of the verse, a holy calm in the tone, a witchery in the local descriptions, which diffuse over the mind the full spirit of the sacred, soft, and sunny scene. The transition to the military narrative in the second canto shows the limit of his powers. Less interesting incidents, more tamely told, could nowhere be found. Representations for which a meditative and didactic manner was suited were his only province—energy of character and hurry of action were beyond his compass. The poet in the sequel acknowledged that he thought there was a ‘feebleness in the versification.’ The opening canto is not amenable to the censure, but the rhythm and composition both degenerate in those which follow.

In training his eldest son for college, Wordsworth was led about this time into a careful perusal of several Latin poets, which further enticed him into translating a part of the *Æneid* in rhyme. He had read Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* at school, and used to be in a passion when he found him placed below Virgil, but after he had studied the Mantuan he became one of his steadiest worshippers. He pronounced him the greatest master of language that ever existed; and extolled his lofty moral tone and frequent strokes of tenderness and imagination. Wordsworth’s performance was read in MS. by Coleridge, who told him frankly that, though no original writer since Milton had produced happier lines, his version of the *Æneid* contained page upon page without one brilliant stroke. A specimen appeared in 1832 in the *Philological Museum*, and nothing could well be more stiff and prosaic. Wordsworth had resolved upon a verbal translation, and he ultimately agreed with Coleridge that he had wasted his time on an impracticable task. Many a Virgilian beauty of phrase had no equivalent in our tongue; and unless an English flower was engrafted in its stead, the stem was left bare. Horace was with our poet the greatest favourite of all, and he understood him too well to attempt to naturalise him. There is no possibility of disembodiment thoughts which are inextricably bound up with his own easy and graceful idioms.

Peter Bell was published in 1819—and received with a shout of ridicule. The hierophant had neglected no precaution to provoke the sneers of the profane. He stated in the Dedication that the work had been completed twenty years, and that he had continued correcting it in the interval to render it worthy of a permanent place in our national literature. An announcement so well calculated to awaken the highest expectation was followed by a Prologue more puerile than

than anything which ever proceeded from a man with a fiftieth part of his powers. The groundwork of the story—that of a lawless rover, conscience-stricken and ultimately reformed by a series of startling and affecting circumstances occurring at night—is not in itself unpoetic;—but in the management of the theme the author repeated the error which pervades *The Idiot Boy*. The work is meant to be serious, and is certainly not facetious, but there is so much farcical absurdity of detail and language that the mind is revolted; and though some isolated stanzas are exquisite, *Peter Bell* as a whole is given up by all except the few idolaters who maintain the inspiration of every word which proceeded from their poet's pen. *The Waggoner* came close upon the heels of *Peter*, and put another weapon into the hands of the enemy. Wordsworth said, apologetically, that his object in it had been misunderstood—that it was a play of the fancy on a domestic incident and a lowly character. Whatever might be the design, the fact remains unalterable—that it is almost exclusively a collection of trivial circumstances very diffusely and feebly related. It has nothing to support it—not weight of sentiment, or elegance of expression, or harmony of numbers.

The stream of life flowed on with the poet in its usual tranquil course, diversified by occasional visits to London, tours at home and abroad, and the publication from time to time of a budget of poems. In the later volumes he has eschewed the class of effusions which on earlier occasions exposed him to ridicule, but on the other hand the pieces of distinguished excellence are not so numerous as before. With politics he meddled little except in periods of extraordinary excitement. His sentiments, however, like Southey's, had gradually settled down into steady Conservatism in Church and State. He was firmly opposed to Roman Catholic Emancipation—from the conviction that all the freedom given to papists would be employed in forging chains for their liberators. He was equally earnest in his hostility to the Reform Bill. He believed that if such a measure were once adopted on the proposition of a Cabinet, no succeeding Cabinets, assuming to represent whatever parties in the State, could avoid proceeding in such a course of practical concession to the Democracy as must finally be fatal for the Church, and consequently the Monarchy. He felt for the lower orders with no less ardour of benevolence than in the days of the French Revolution, but he had ceased to look for a wisdom in multitudes which was not to be found in the units. Like Southey, ever a strenuous advocate for popular education, he was also among the earliest to proclaim that moral training was of more importance than any other—and that those would be disappointed who expected

reading and writing to produce a golden age. The persons who suppose that a little instruction will have potent effects in removing the vices of the poor should inquire how far it has eradicated their own.

Wordsworth's whole returns from his literary labours up to 1819 had not amounted to 140*l.*; and he remarks even in 1829 that he had worked hard through a long life for less pecuniary emolument than a public performer gets for two or three songs. But there is a tide in the affairs of poets, and it was between 1830 and 1840 that the flood which floated *him* into favour rose to its height. Scott and Byron had in succession entranced the world. They had now withdrawn—and no third king arose to demand recognition. It was in the lull which ensued that the less thrilling notes of the Lake bard obtained a hearing. His adherents were a small but able and zealous band, and they advocated his merits in many eloquent contributions to critical journals that now questioned and rivalled the authority of the *Edinburgh Review*. When the public atones for neglect, it commonly, like good Lord Lonsdale, pays off principal and interest; and though Wordsworth's works have never become popular in the widest sense of the word, he met at last with a larger allowance of praise than if he had never been unduly depreciated. Honours gathered round him thick in his old age. In 1839 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws amid the enthusiastic plaudits of an unusually crowded Theatre. In 1842 he was permitted to resign his Stamp Distributorship in favour of his second son, William, and two months afterwards Sir Robert Peel conferred upon him one of the few pensions conceded to the claims of literature. The next year the same minister (who always when he visited London showed him the kindest attention in Whitehall Gardens) informed him that he had been selected for the Laureateship, vacated by the death of Southey, 'as a tribute due to the first of living poets.' On coming to town upon this occasion he had the honour to be received in a very distinguished manner by her Majesty. Being invited to a Court ball, the perfect, manly tranquillity of his demeanour in the to him novel equipments of sword, bag-wig, &c., was observed with surprise by many who had been accustomed to smile over the old jocularities about philosophical pedlars and penitential smugglers.

While everything prospered without, evening was casting some of its long shadows over his happy home. His admirable sister became in 1832 a confirmed invalid, and he could never mention her afterwards without a change in his voice, which assumed a gentle and solemn tone. Her loving-kindness in health

health had known no bounds, and the sympathy she had ever felt for the sorrows of others was now rivalled by the patience with which she bore her own. The poet's only surviving daughter, Dora, was married in 1841 to an amiable and accomplished gentleman, Mr. Edward Quillinan; and her account of a little tour in Portugal with him showed the public that she had inherited no trivial measure of her aunt's tastes and talents. But here too the knell was not deep in the distance. She died in 1847, and her father wrote that the loss was inestimable, and the sorrow for life.*

That honourable life was not itself to be much longer protracted. On the 7th of April, 1850, Wordsworth attained his eightieth year. He had been attacked a few days before with inflammation of the chest. The acute symptoms gave way to medical treatment, but, unable to rally from the shock, he was now quietly sinking from the after weakness. On the 20th he was asked by his eldest son (the Reverend John Wordsworth) if he would receive the sacrament, and he replied 'That is just what I want.' Two days later his notice was attracted by the noise of his niece drawing aside his curtain, and he inquired 'Is that Dora?' His memory was receding into its ancient strongholds, and it was amid the visionary reproduction of his happiest hours that he was about to pass into a world where his dream would be more than realised. He expired almost imperceptibly at 12 o'clock on the 23rd of April, and on the 27th he was buried by the side of his children in Grasmere churchyard. From his earliest youth he had never written one solitary line which could jar upon the mind if remembered at his grave.

Wordsworth was about five feet ten inches in height. His figure was not imposing, but his countenance had a strikingly intellectual expression. It did not, as frequently happens, derive this character from the eyes, for they were wanting in lustre—in fact, through life more or less diseased. His cheeks, moreover, hung loose, his chin was both small and retreating, and his mouth was neither handsome, nor, strange to say, in any degree suggestive of the refined qualities that belonged to him. But all was redeemed by the noble expanse of forehead, and a nose worthy of a Trajan or an Antonine. In Chantrey's bust the lower part of the face is embellished with a delicacy of skill which no other modern sculptor could have approached. Perhaps the best pictorial likeness of his prime is that introduced into Haydon's early but masterly piece, the Saviour's Entry into Jerusalem—and undoubtedly a head of him, taken long

* Mr. Quillinan also is now dead. He was the author of some very elegant verses, and probably the first Portuguese scholar in this country.

afterwards by the same artist, is the most satisfactory representation of his venerable age. His manners were those of a plain, unaffected English gentleman—easy, but always with a background of dignity. His animal spirits throughout his vigorous years were unusually high, and communicated to his movements and conversation a vivacity which would not be suspected from the tone of his poetry. Even when his jovial time was gone by, a cordial laugh—a ‘genuine grunting laugh,’ as one friend is not afraid to call it—evinced his appreciation of fun. He has protested in some well-known sonnets that he preferred silence to personalities, and talked of *Una* and *Desdemona*—not of his neighbours. He might write thus in a moralising mood, but in practice the social influence prevailed, and he took his share in the ordinary gossip about persons as well as things. His works of themselves would indicate the fact. Such an immense collection of versified traits and incidents, mostly drawn, by his own confession, from the surrounding inhabitants, could only have been collected by a mind on the alert to hear all that went on. But he had another vein. He liked to unfold his thoughts in solemn dissertations, which were not unfrequently monotonous and heavy. The homage of admiring disciples invites and almost compels the habit, which naturally grows to be carried on out of school. Jeffrey, after meeting him at dinner in 1831, reports that he seemed the very reverse of *Lakish* or poetical—a hard, sensible, worldly kind of man. This is to be received merely for a testimony of Wordsworth’s tact. He would have considered sentiment thrown away upon the author of the *crushing* Article, and he would be gratified to show that the recluse poet could meet the shrewd and adroit critic and jurist on his own ground. He often, indeed, revealed, during his little holidays of London life, a command of conversational dexterity for which there was not much opening at the Lakes. He would now and then return wit for wit with the greatest masters in the art; and if his lot had been cast in the focus of society, and he had cultivated the talent, he might have joined, perhaps, to his better fame the traditionary reputation of a sayer of good things. To add that he was conspicuous among the doers of good deeds, that he was in every relation of life one of the most kind and generous as well as one of the most upright and prudent of men, is only to repeat what is known as widely as his name.

Wordsworth’s poetry has passed through two phases of criticism—in the first of which his defects were chiefly noted, and in the second his merits. Already we have arrived at the third

era, when the majority of readers are just to both. It will not be questioned that he was a great and original writer; and perhaps there will not be many to dispute that no poet who soared so high ever sank so low, or interposed so large a proportion of the commonplace among his worthier verse. Of the double end at which he aimed, he sometimes thought he had succeeded best in one, and sometimes in the other. He told Mr. Justice Coleridge, in 1836, that, if he was to have any name hereafter, he founded the hope upon his truthful representation of the workings of the heart among the lower orders; and in 1849 he wrote to Professor Reed that what he chiefly valued was the spirituality with which he had attempted to invest the material universe, and the moral relations under which he had exhibited its ordinary appearances.

He narrates, as we have seen, in *The Prelude* how he came to select his heroes from humble life. In the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* he assigned for his reason that the essential passions nowhere exist with such strength and purity as among peasants, and that in their case the emotion has the additional recommendation of being incorporated with the beautiful forms of Nature. The entire position is open to contradiction; and, admitting it to be true, the inference that the passions of the poor must therefore be more interesting than those of their superiors would be refuted by the recollection that Hamlet, Lear, and Macbeth are kings. But there was no harm in his limiting his range, if he had not imagined that everything within the select domain which had once enlisted his own feelings must have a perpetual value for the public at large. Alice Fell, weeping bitterly because she had made a few more rents in her cloak, would have excited the compassion of any kindly person who had witnessed the scene; but it was not worth while to put into a bottle the tears which were shed for sorrows so slight and transitory. His doctrine that the business of a poet is to educe an interest where none is apparent, engaged him in efforts to squeeze moisture out of dust. We are entirely persuaded, indeed, that if he had allowed his mind to work more freely, and had not been for ever forcing it out of its bent in obedience to rules, he would have found in his personal emotions a surer index of what would interest the world. The main trivialities are attended almost invariably by paltry accessories which, far from being necessary to the development of his design, are in every way a clog upon it. A strong instance, and yet very little stronger than a hundred besides, occurs in all the early versions of *The Thorn*:—

‘And

‘ And to the left, *three yards beyond*,
You see a little muddy pond
Of water never dry;
I’ve measured it from side to side,
’Tis three feet long, and two feet wide.’

In the sequel no use whatever is made of these accurate measurements: they are introduced for their own intrinsic interest, and answer no other purpose.

It might be supposed that, descending to the humblest details of the lowest personages, his portraits would be transcripts of nature. This, however, is seldom the case. He describes feelings with accuracy and minuteness, but they are not the feelings of the poor. As he made his Wanderer the sentimental sort of pedler he fancied he should have been himself, so on all other occasions he attended less to what was likely to be thought by his characters than to what *he* should have thought in the same circumstances. His very principles of composition were opposed to dramatic truth. His aim being to exalt and colour everything from his own imagination, the individuality of traits and incidents is apt to be lost in the reconstruction. Hence, too, another of his peculiarities — that he is seldom or never carried away by his sympathies. Instead of identifying himself with the sorrows of his agents, and receiving their hearts into his own, he appears to stand apart, and to consider them as subjects for poetic and philosophic display. It is a blot even upon the masterly history of Margaret, in *The Excursion*, that her woes are set forth with a stoical calmness. In general, the want of fervour in our poet produces lukewarmness in his reader; but he has told his tale in this instance with such pathetic power, that his contemplative composure has a painful effect, from the mind missing the assuaging influence of genial pity. Most of his happiest poetry upon character is contained in *The Excursion*. In the *Ballads* the human traits are usually insignificant, and the poetry is in the sweet reflections they elicit.

But we agree with Wordsworth in his latest opinion, and think that the portions in which he treats of man are inferior to those in which he deals with nature. The latter have a two-fold claim to pre-eminence, as being best in themselves and by far the most original. Other poets have excelled him in the vividness of their descriptions and in the power of conveying the emotions which the actual scene creates in the beholder, but the glory of Wordsworth is to have brought the mind into a deeper, livelier, and more intelligent sympathy with the inanimate world.

‘ To

‘ To every natural form, rock, fruit, or flower,
Even the loose stones that cover the highway,
I gave a moral life: I saw them feel,
Or linked them to some feeling.’

Every lover of his works can learn from them to do the same, and the conferring an additional sense could hardly open a wider avenue for the purest pleasure. A vast amount of poetry, which is finer, as verse, than many of the effusions of Wordsworth, is on this account far beneath them in the permanent effects on the heart and understanding. There are myriads in the condition of Peter Bell :—

‘ A primrose by a river’s brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more’—

and the strains which succeed in making it something more—which teach the power of nature, and develop all its resources—have a merit and a use superior to the excellence of mere literary execution. It was with some such meaning that Sir James Mackintosh said to Madame de Stäel, ‘ Wordsworth is not a great poet, but he is the greatest man among poets.’ In turning negligently over the leaves of his volumes, the eye is most impressed by his numerous abortive attempts; but no one ever fairly drank in the spirit of his musings upon nature without acknowledging that he had infused a soul into the body of the universe.

The Sonnets are a distinct department of his works. Wordsworth, who borrowed little, takes more from Milton than from any one else. He has frequently imitated the turn of sentences, and adopted many phrases; but the best use he made of him was to frame his sonnets upon Milton’s model. He has never attained to the austere grandeur of the sublime imprecation upon the persecuting Piedmontese. The instrument in his hands partakes more of the character of the lute than the trumpet, and in his most successful specimens he is not much behind his master in sweetness and simplicity. But as simplicity easily degenerates into poverty, Wordsworth has not avoided his besetting failing in his sonnets. No idea was too insignificant for the honour, and, notwithstanding the consummate beauty of many of these pieces, a large number of them are insipid to the last degree. It is not an unusual defect in the best for the end to be inferior to the beginning and middle. The thought was exhausted before the space was filled.

The Sonnets are among the smoothest of Wordsworth’s compositions. In *Guilt and Sorrow*, and a few of his minor productions, his rhymed verse is melodious, but his ear was not exacting,
and

and his poems on the whole are deficient in harmony. Like Coleridge, from whom he had probably acquired the habit, he recited verse in a chanting fashion, which would have given tune to prose. Coleridge, with his perfect ear and his love of luxury of sound, employed it to render music more musical; but, by smoothing over asperities, and imparting increased volume to a slender strain, it led Wordsworth to rest satisfied with faulty metre. Worse than the want of sweetness was his fondness for the jingle of double rhymes. There are more of them, we believe, in his works than are to be found in all the poetry of his predecessors put together, and they disturb some of his most graceful conceptions by a painful similitude to the cadence of singsong ditties.

There is nothing for which Wordsworth has been more frequently censured than his want of finish of style—and there was no charge that he was more eager to repel. He said that he yielded to none in love for his art—that he worked at it with reverence, affection, and industry—and that he never left off labouring a line till he had brought it up to his notions of excellence. The great pains he took does not admit of a doubt; the sole question is, to what extent his efforts were successful. He has some of the most magical lines and stanzas which are to be met with in the whole body of literature; and ideas which seemed almost to defy expression are not unfrequently conveyed in the simplest, clearest, and happiest phrases. But these beauties only enhance regret for his inordinate quantity of feeble verse. The principal reason of the defect was his insufficient command of language. He confesses, as we have mentioned before, that he found it difficult to express himself in prose; and his letters are a conclusive proof how rarely nervous, idiomatic English dropped naturally from his pen. He has shown in entire poems, as well as in particular passages, that he could force chaste and polished diction into his service—but it did not come readily; and either his skill was often baffled or even his patience failed. His limited resources are especially conspicuous in his continual introduction of mean expletives for the sake of cking out the metre or providing a rhyme.

‘On a fair prospect some have looked,
And felt, *as I have heard them say*,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away!’

The ‘*I have heard them say*,’ which enfeebles this charming stanza, is the more displeasing that the poet is speaking in his own person, and obviously from his own experience. The
examples

examples are set so thick that it would be as easy to adduce five hundred as one, and, indeed, the very form of speech we have quoted, varied to 'They will say,' and 'You'd have said,' occurs again and again. The habit of reiterating the same phrase in two or three successive lines, which amounts in him to an offensive mannerism, was another resource to supply the comparative scantiness of his vocabulary. A solitary specimen will illustrate the usage, but it is its constant recurrence which renders it repulsive.

'For joy he cannot hold the bridle,
For joy his head and heels are idle,
He's idle all for very joy.'

Some of the minor pieces, as *The Thorn*, are half made up of the changes rung upon a surplusage of colloquial common-places. Though he termed the frequent inversions in the works of brother poets a want of respect for the reader, his own are incessant, and of the most barbarous kind. It seems as if their wanting the sanction of custom had led him to fancy that they were not inversions at all. That none of these blemishes proceeded from haste is the strongest evidence of his imperfect mastery over diction, and that they were not faults of impetuosity is also the cause that they are seldom accompanied by the vigour and animation which atone for so many slips of fiery composers.

Wordsworth professed that his chief ambition had been to write in pure, intelligible English. His sonnets seldom depart from this standard, and, though the language of the ballads is often far enough from classic, it is abundantly clear. In his blank-verse, however, he often indulged in the oppressive magniloquence of his worst prose, and he is then among the least perspicuous of poets. His obscurity arises in part from the vagueness of his doctrines, but more from the darkness of the lantern in which he buries his light.

It is constantly asserted that he effected a reform in the language of poetry, that he found the public bigoted to a vicious and flowery diction which seemed to mean a great deal and really meant nothing, and that he led them back to sense and simplicity. The claim appears to us to be a fanciful assumption, refuted by the facts of literary history. Feebler poetasters were no doubt read when Wordsworth began to write than would now command an audience, however small, but they had no real hold upon the public, and Cowper was the only *popular* bard of the day. His masculine and unadorned English was relished in every cultivated circle in the land, and Wordsworth was the child, and not the father of a reaction, which, after all, has been greatly exaggerated. Goldsmith was the most celebrated of Cowper's
immediate

immediate predecessors, and it will not be pretended that *The Deserted Village* and *The Traveller* are among the specimens of inane phraseology. Burns had died before Wordsworth attracted notice; the wonderful Peasant's performances were admired by none more than by Wordsworth himself: were they not already far more popular than the Lake-poet's have ever been—or ever will be?—and were they, in any respect or degree, tinged with the absurdities of the Hayley school? When we come forward we find that the men of the generation were Scott, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Crabbe, and one or two others. Wordsworth himself was little read in comparison, and, if he had anything to do with weaning the public from their vitiated predilections, it must have been through his influence on these more popular poets, whose works represented the reigning taste of the time. But nothing is more certain than that not a single one of them had formed his style upon that of the *Lyrical Ballads* or *The Excursion*. Lord Byron, during his residence in Switzerland, was imbued through Shelley with some of Wordsworth's characteristic feeling for Nature, which may be palpably traced in the third canto of *Childe Harold* composed at the period. The style of the noble poet, however, had been fixed long before, and displayed in more than one immortal production. Wordsworth, in fact, always spoke of Byron's language with unmeasured reprehension, and said that a critical review of it ought to be written to guard others from imitating it. He was equally emphatic in his censure of Scott—and between the diction of Moore and that of the Lake bard, there was no more resemblance than between water and perfume. Campbell, far from condescending to glean from the effusions of Grasmere and Rydal, was among their uncompromising opponents.

Whatever influence Wordsworth may have exercised on poetic style, be it great or small, was by deviating in practice from the principles of composition for which he contended. Both his theory, and the poems which illustrate it, continue to this hour to be all but universally condemned. He resolved to write as the lower orders talked; and though where the poor are the speakers it would be in accordance with strict dramatic propriety, the system would not be tolerated in serious poetry. The example of Shakspeare dispenses with argument. His characters are acknowledged to be nature itself, but their language in his Tragedies is not that which is spoken by ordinary men. It is the richly metaphorical style of Shakspeare himself, which could never have been general unless in a world of transcendent poets. Yet the discrepancy pleases instead of offending, because all the characters display the passions which are proper to their situation,

tion, and with just so much greater power and effect as Shakspeare's poetry was above common prose. Wordsworth's rule, however, did not stop at the wording of dialogues. He maintained that the colloquial language of rustics was the most philosophical and enduring which the Dictionary affords, and the fittest for verse of every description. Any one who mixes with the common people can decide for himself whether their conversation is wont to exhibit more propriety of language than the sayings of a Johnson or the speeches of a Burke. If it were really the case, it would follow that literary cultivation is an evil, and that we ought to learn English of our ploughboys, and not of our Shakspeares and Miltons. But there can be no risk in asserting that the vocabulary of rustics is rude and meagre, and their discourse negligent, diffuse, and weak. The vulgarisms, which are the most racy, vigorous, and characteristic part of their speech, Wordsworth admitted must be dropped, and either he must have substituted equivalent expressions, when the language ceases to be that of the poor, or he must have put up with a stock of words which, after all these deductions, would have been scarcely more copious than that of a South Sea savage. When his finest verse is brought to the test of his principle, they agree no better than light and darkness. Here is his way of describing the effects of the pealing organ in King's College Chapel, with its 'self-poised roof, scooped into ten thousand cells :—

‘ But from the arms of silence—list ! O list !
The music bursteth into second life ;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
With sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife.’

This is to write like a splendid poet, but it is not to write as rustics talk.

A second canon laid down by Wordsworth was, that poetic diction is, or ought to be, in all respects the same with the language of prose ; and as prose has a wide range and numbers among its triumphs such luxuriant eloquence as that of Jeremy Taylor, the principle, if just, would be no less available for the advocates of ornamented verse than for the defence of the homely style of the Lyrical Ballads. But the proposition is certainly too broadly stated, and, though the argument holds good for the adversary, because the phraseology which is not too rich for prose can never be considered too tawdry for poetry, yet it will not warrant the conclusions of Wordsworth that poetry should never rise above prose, or disdain to descend to its lowest level. The great mass of the English tongue is common ground, but there are images which would sound affected out of poetry, and, still
more

more frequently, there are combinations of words which would appear mean in verse. Wordsworth's works, notwithstanding his horror of poetic phraseology, present examples in the first kind as well as the second.

‘ Evening now unbinds the fetters
Fashioned by the glowing light,’

would be a fantastic mode of saying, in any description of prose, that the coolness of evening restored the activity suspended by the sultriness of the day—and we question whether the person exists who honestly believes that the stanza which follows is sufficiently dignified for what is, in design at least, a sentimental poem:—

‘ And Susan’s growing worse and worse,
And Betty’s in a sad *quandary*;
And then there’s nobody to say
If she must go, or she must stay!
—She’s in a sad *quandary*.’

Such was the nature of the innovation for which Wordsworth struggled. In the species of diction where he had no precursor he is never likely to have any successor, and the compositions of his that promise to live exhibit a style of which the antiquity is the best security that it will never grow obsolete. No generation has been so prolific in distinguished poets as his own, and, dissenting from the prediction that posterity will allot him the highest place in the brotherhood, we yet cannot question that he will keep the sufficiently eminent station which the world has long since assigned him amidst that illustrious group.

ART. IX.—*The Financial Statements of the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, M.P., delivered in the House of Commons on Friday, 3rd December, 1852. Piper & Co.*

THIS Number of our Journal was nearly due before the late Chancellor of the Exchequer produced his ‘Financial Statement.’ However therefore we might dissent from a very large proportion of the views therein indicated as to a variety of subjects, we at once perceived that it would be impossible for us to go immediately into the general detail of our objections without an inconvenient delay of our publication: and we might the more readily submit to what we felt to be beyond our choice, as the more properly *financial* topics were discussed with
ability

ability both in the long debate that followed the ministerial exposition and simultaneously by the most influential of the daily newspapers. It so happens, however, that neither speakers in the House nor writers out of doors enlarged on one particular class of subjects—and that in our own opinion the most important—which the ‘Statement’ had embraced; and under these circumstances, it seemed to us that we could not, without an absolute dereliction of our own recorded principles, and a neglect of what we consider the best interests of the country, allow it to be supposed even for a moment that we acquiesced in either the propositions or the reasoning of Mr. Disraeli as to several points of our *Maritime administration and policy*. Accordingly, we hastened to prepare a review of that portion of his speech, on the chance of its being published in time to suggest some modification, or at least a reconsideration, of matters which we thought had been dealt with too hastily, and on very imperfect information. With that view, the greater part of the following pages was already in type before the fall of the Government. The more striking *political* consequences of the wholesale defeat of the Budget have, indeed, thrown into the background all its details, and will have deprived our criticisms of any *immediate* interest they might otherwise have had; but they do not, as it appears to us, and as we hope our readers will think, render less necessary some *protest* against its being hereafter assumed that the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer was on those subjects expressing the matured and deliberate sentiments of the Conservative party. On the contrary, we believe that his statements were heard by the majority of the independent members of that party in the House of Commons with as much surprise and dissent as we, and every Conservative out of doors that we have happened to meet, felt at reading them. We therefore adhere to our original design, with the addition only of a very few general observations on the new crisis in public affairs which the Budget has, if not produced, at least accelerated.

If any of our readers might have forgotten, the Peelite journalists have, since the Cabinet catastrophe, taken pains enough to refresh their memories as to the earnestness with which, in the closing article of our September number, we deprecated the premature, and, as we thought, unnecessary and impolitic experiment, of a *budget before Christmas*. With a flourishing exchequer, an actual surplus, and the prospect of a still better one at the close of the financial year, we did not conceive it at all probable that the graver and more experienced members of the late Cabinet would sanction so great a departure, not only from
parliamentary

parliamentary precedent and the common sense of the case, but from the obvious policy of the circumstances in which that cabinet was *peculiarly* placed.

We were prepared, we then said, to see the motley Opposition endeavouring to concoct some vague insult to the Government on which all their discordant sections could have united; and we were equally prepared for seeing that any such factious combination would give the Ministers a great advantage, and would probably have turned the scale in their favour; and with this view—which we are still convinced was the true one—we took the liberty of expressing what we believe was the general wish and hope of the Conservative party, that the Ministers would not volunteer to play the game of their adversaries, and spontaneously, not merely afford, but create, an occasion in which the latter might fairly, and with no disapprobation of the country at large, combine to resist. The result has unfortunately proved that our judgment was correct and our fears prophetic. Of all questions, a budget was the most perilous for such an experiment, and, above all, a budget involving a great variety of antagonist interests, on each of which the stanchest member of the Conservative party might naturally have special views of his own, and would probably have to consult those of a local constituency. It has, we believe, seldom if ever happened that a budget has been passed in its original integrity. In adjusting its details, we always expect objections, alterations, and compromises,—it is the nature of the case, and it is for that reason that they are discussed in committee. It is therefore that a budget (unless where it rests altogether on some great principle—the income-tax, for instance, or the corn-laws) is as unsatisfactory a form for testing the feelings of either the House or the country as can be imagined. *This* budget had not even the excuse of opening any such new principle as called for so special an appeal to Parliament. It was in substance, after all, as *common-place* a budget as ever was propounded. The speech by which it was introduced was indeed sufficiently original; of the budget itself, however, the three main features were no more than *halving* two existing taxes, *doubling* another, and *extending* a fourth—a mere shuffling of the same cards; but this *very simple* process was executed with such a *curiosa infelicitas*, that it combined all the opponents of the Ministry, while not one of their supporters could, or, at least, did, venture to adopt it as a whole.*

On a full reconsideration of the whole case, we willingly

* The two most powerful supporters of the Government, Sir Edward Bulwer and Mr. Cayley, would, in fact, have annihilated the Budget, by the repeal of the *whole* malt-tax.

acknowledge

acknowledge our entire belief that the Government adopted this unusual and unlucky course in a sincere though mistaken spirit of courage and good faith. They were anxious to ascertain their position, and were induced, for motives no doubt honourable and, in their own judgment, weighty, to adopt a vote on the budget as one of confidence. It is impossible to dispute the propriety of the object, but we still must regret that a clearer, a more appropriate, and even earlier occasion was not taken for that, no doubt, necessary trial of strength—for instance, by meeting Mr. Villiers's motion with the old parliamentary test of the *previous question*. That would have brought the question to its real issue—a vote of confidence in the good intentions of the Government; and on that question we have little doubt they would have had, as they deserved, a majority; but, if they had not had such a majority on that simple question, how could they hope for one on the more complicated and antagonistic details of a budget, concerning which their own supporters might be expected to feel such a variety of doubts and scruples? The tampering with Mr. Villiers's motion was considered by the House and the Country as a confession of weakness—the bringing forward the budget at so unusual a period of the session was a still more direct one. The battle, thus injudiciously provoked, was fought, and especially by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with distinguished gallantry and, on some detached points, with admirable skill; but, on the whole, the ground was ill chosen—the moment inopportune, and the upshot—what we ventured three months ago to forebode.

It is not with a view of claiming for ourselves any peculiar sagacity—God knows, it needed little to foresee the result—that we make these observations; but a regard to the true and permanent interests of the Conservative party, or at least of that section of it with whose countenance we have been so long honoured, obliges us to lay before our readers what we conceive to be the TRUTH of the case—not a merely retrospective, reproachful, and barren truth—but one calculated—intended at least—to serve as a beacon to guide us hereafter to a safer and more permanent anchorage. Honesty is the best policy, but next to it is Courage—without which, as Johnson wisely said, there is no security for honesty or any other virtue, moral or political.

In that spirit of sincerity, then, we are bound to say that, if we regretted the untimely introduction of the Budget, we still more strongly dissent from many of the principles of the speech by which it was introduced. No one, of whatever political creed, can now affect to doubt or disparage the many high parliamentary qualities of Mr. Disraeli. His resolute spirit has been
conspicuously

conspicuously displayed under very extraordinary difficulties. He has combined an indomitable perseverance with great fertility of resource. In opposition he has been and, if he does himself justice, he must again be most formidably influential: he may yet acquire whatever he needs for the discharge of the high functions of a minister. He has shown himself at once a brilliant orator and, what is still rarer, a powerful debater, but he has not, as yet, we think, earned the reputation of a Statesman. Of his Budget, properly so called, any minute examination on our part (even if we had time and room for it) would be now idle, and could tend to no practical result. We will only remark generally that its most judicious portions were so unfortunately linked with others of an opposite character as to defeat themselves. He might, for instance, have extended the House-tax without doubling it, and the Income-tax without hampering it with fresh exemptions and *distinctions*.

On one of his financial details, however, which is of more permanent importance, and of which the danger may not perhaps be passed, we think it right to repeat and record the objections we have heretofore made—we mean the *repeal of the Malt-Tax*—which, when formerly proposed, we denounced as a most injudicious and dangerous measure, but which may, we fear, have derived some additional countenance from Mr. Disraeli's proposition to reduce it by one-half. The reduction, we think, would not have fulfilled any of his intentions, and could only have served as an argument for its abolition. Our readers will find in our 79th volume, p. 265, the reasons of our protest against that proposition. We need not say more than that they appear to us to be stronger than ever. We understand and appreciate the motive of the proposition—the desire of doing something favourable, or at least conciliatory, to the landed interest—but even that it would not have done. The benefit to the land would have been at best very partial—in our fixed opinion, next to nothing—but at all events wholly insignificant compared with the loss of *two millions and a half of revenue*, which must have been replaced by direct taxation. Nor would the measure have had even the partial success of gratifying the agricultural body. Barley is a comparatively small portion of our produce—but even the growers of barley, we believe, and certainly the country gentlemen and farmers in general, are now very well aware of what an infinitesimal share of any reduction of the duty on malt would find its way into *their* pockets.

But waiving these and other equally pregnant topics of the Statement, our present unwelcome business is with that particular class of subjects which had very little relation to what is usually called

called a *budget*, and upon which, as we have already intimated, we have the misfortune of differing from the late Chancellor of the Exchequer *toto cælo*,—we mean that portion of the speech which relates to various branches of our *Maritime Policy*.

It is far indeed from our intention to question the motives which induced the Cabinet to authorize the measures opened in this part of Mr. Disraeli's *programme*, and still less to make them responsible for the language in which it was produced. In their objects and intentions we entirely sympathise. They had heard so much of the losses of the Shipping Interest, and were so convinced of the national danger as well as the commercial injury produced by the repeal of the Navigation Laws, that they readily listened to the complaints of an injured class, and were anxious to make them whatever reparation could be afforded without trenching on the principles of the 'recent legislation' which they had pledged themselves to respect. The fact, however, as we confidently believe, is this:—that the only *real* grievance and danger consisted in the very *essence* of that 'recent legislation,' and that when the gentlemen of the Shipping Interest were *brought to book* (to use one of their own phrases) they could specify nothing that it was in the power of the Government to redress, save some petty grievances which, in the impossibility of obtaining any relief from the real pressure, they put forward with much show of importance and urgency; and the Government, willing to do all that was in their power, consented to undertake the cure of these alleged mischiefs, the true extent of which—probably from their natural desire to keep the details of the Budget secret to the last moment—they were unable to examine by wider inquiries and to test by any antagonist evidence. Their ingenious orator spoke, no doubt, from the *brief* of his informants, and, without, it may be supposed, having gone very sedulously into details which did not belong to his department, was probably not sorry to have a prospect of gratifying the Shipping Interest by what seem at first sight very moderate concessions—though, when more closely sifted, these moderate concessions will be found to involve very serious consequences.

We shall notice successively the different points in the words and in the order in which we find them in what is, we presume, an authorised copy of Mr. Disraeli's 'Statement;' and if we enter into more detail than the occasion may seem to call for, it is because in the present juncture of affairs it is not impossible that, under the imputed authority of a Conservative Administration, the same principles and the same measures may be hereafter reproduced.

In opening the general question of relief to the Shipping Interest, Mr. Disraeli said:—

‘As the recommendations we are about to make are founded, I think, on a very impartial and liberal consideration of the whole case, we believe that, if those recommendations are adopted by Parliament, we may fairly say that the just claims of the Shipping Interest will be satisfied, and that in our *future* legislation, so far as that interest is concerned, we shall not be disturbed by appeals of a *class nature*.’

We notice this exordium for the purpose of protesting against the invidious introduction of the word *class*, which has been growing into use or rather abuse ever since the Corn Laws were stigmatised as ‘*class* legislation.’ The word involves a principle—in finance a dangerous one, and as in the case before us an absurd one. Ships are a *class* of things *sui generis*—and how can *any* legislation upon ships, or on coaches, or railroads, or any other matter *sui generis*, be other than *sui generis*—a *class* legislation? You subject the ship, for the sake of its own safety, to *lighthouse dues*: you subject the carriage for the same reason to *turnpike tolls*. You have *county-rates* for roads and bridges to facilitate and improve *land-travelling*: you must have *shipping-rates* for pilotage, ballasting, buoys, lights, &c., to facilitate and improve *navigation*. All this is equally *class* taxation, because the objects to be attained belong to the special classes. What are the duties on *licences*, *game-certificates*, *hair-powder*, *armorial bearings*, &c.? Nay, what are the various *exemptions* from taxation, but *class* legislation? Are *they* all to be abrogated? We shall come to details presently; here we only insist on the abuse, as we think it, of the term *class*. Those who abjure the fallacious tenets of a school had better not adopt its deceptive phrases. But this, throughout his speech, Mr. Disraeli seems but too much inclined to do.

Coming, then, to the details of his relief from ‘*class* legislation,’ he proceeds to treat of *Light Dues*:—

‘With respect to the *light dues*, we have examined the subject, and it is our opinion that in a great degree the complaints of the Shipping Interest are founded in fact. It certainly seems *quite indefensible* that, irrespective of the dues which they pay for the advantage of lighthouses, which are amply and properly supplied in this country, they should be paying in the form of dues a large sum of money, which is, in fact, the interest paid to the Trinity House for the purchase of private lights, which were *improvidently granted by the Crown or by the Parliament* many years ago.—(*Hear, hear!*) As far as that portion of the light dues, which consists of the interest paid on sums advanced by the Trinity House for the purchase of these private lights, it seems to us *inde-*
defensible,

fensible, when the principle of unrestricted competition is established, that the Shipping Interest of this country should be paying a tax not for the lights supplied for their benefit (because for them they pay sufficiently), but in order that improvident grants of former Sovereigns and Parliaments should be counteracted by a peculiar tax raised from them, and in respect to which they get no return whatever.—(Hear !)

We are afraid that any one, and above all a Minister of the Crown, who talks of the ‘ indefensible and improvident ’ imposts of Sovereigns and Governments is in these days but too certain of being greeted with a *hear, hear !* Such epithets would be in any case unseemly, but here they want any palliation on the score of fact or justice. The grants alluded to were neither ‘ improvident nor indefensible ’—but strongly the reverse. Early in the last century, when there was no general system of lighthouses, some individuals who happened to be the owners of points of the coast peculiarly dangerous to navigation, erected at their own private cost certain lighthouses—works undertaken, no doubt, in the first instance, with a view to private profit, but which were also a great public benefit. The Sovereign and Parliaments of the day gave to these meritorious enterprises the encouragement they required and deserved, just as they have in our own days granted privileges to private speculations which involve consequential public benefits, such as bridges, canals, railroads, and the like.* A retrospective theorist may regret that King James and his Parliament did not make the *New River* for the supply of London, but he will scarcely call the charter to Sir Hugh Middleton ‘ improvident and indefensible ; ’ nor will any Chancellor of the Exchequer be now disposed to buy up the interests of the New River Company and all the other companies that have grown up by its example, in order to afford the inhabitants of the metropolis an absolutely *gratuitous* supply of water. These *Private Lights* were, like the New River, a doubtful speculation, and at first, like it, not a very productive one ; but in process of time the increase of trade and shipping made them extremely profitable, and then they began to be complained of, just as people now complain of the prices of water. It was urged, as against the private lights, first, that the profits were not only inordinate, but troublesome to the Shipping Interest in their collection ; and secondly, that for many reasons both of economy and better administration, they ought to be in the same hands as the public lighthouses, which, after their instructive and beneficial example, had grown up on all sides of them. Lord

* Of the six great bridges of our metropolis, *four* were and *three* still are toll bridges ; so are the dozen bridges between London and Windsor.

Melbourne's and Lord John Russell's Governments, feeling that these objections were reasonable, set about remedying them, and on the wise principle of combining justice with policy, they purchased out the private proprietors, and absorbed the *private* lighthouses into the general system, charging to the general system—not the former vexatious rates, but only—and that for a limited time—the *interest* of the sum that in compliance with the wishes of the Shipping Interest had been employed in the desired transfer. That purchase-money (incurred between 1836 and 1841) amounted altogether to about 1,250,000*l.*; but by the economy and activity of the Trinity House this sum is already reduced to 108,000*l.* (not *one-fourth* of the value of *one* of the private lights)—and will be speedily paid off altogether. What could be fairer? Let us add, in order to prevent misrepresentation of our opinions, that we fully not merely concede, but insist that no higher *permanent* rate of dues should be levied than will defray the efficient and liberal charges of the general establishment. But we especially object to any approach to the principle (implied in Mr. Disraeli's argument) of charging any such special expenditure on the revenues of the country at large—of burthening those who pay for lighting the streets of our towns and cities with the additional and incongruous expense of lighting the Channel and the North Sea.

Mr. Disraeli proceeds to announce some other measures of the same kind, which seem to us very questionable both in fact and in argument:—

'We would relieve the Shipping Interest from the contribution to the *charities of a Corporation* which, however laudable they may be, ought not to be maintained under present circumstances by taxing a British ship.'

The words '*charities of a Corporation*' seem to have been invidiously suggested to Mr. Disraeli as if they were something with which the Shipping Interest has no peculiar concern—whereas the '*Corporation*'—the Trinity-House—is only the representative and agent of the Shipping Interests, to which all its *charities* are exclusively applied. They are no other than superannuations, compensations for injuries, or rewards for special exertions, to worn-out merchant seamen, pilots, boatmen, and the like, or pensions to their widows and orphans—objects which 'former sovereigns and governments' thought it both politic and humane to promote, and which, we believe, have most beneficially influenced the progress of British shipping. We admit that the detail of these *charities* should be jealously watched, but on what principle can it be alleged that,
honestly

honestly applied, they are not a duty for which the Shipping Interest is as much bound to provide as any parish for its poor? A pilot is lost in endeavouring to save a ship on the Goodwin—has his widow no claim on the Shipping Interest? or when a man is disabled in saving a wreck, or even worn out in long and arduous service—has he himself no claim on the Shipping Interest in the service of which he has expended his strength and all the working days of his perilous life? The highest rate of pension to an old destitute master of a merchantman is 6s.—to a mate, 4s. 6d.—to a seaman, 3s.—all per *month*!—and no one can receive this worse-than-workhouse pittance who is not seventy years old, or disabled from work. Be as rigid as you please in the examination of each case, but can it be denied that these are *charities* for which the Shipping Interest is, in all justice and policy, bound to provide? Nor do we see how they could be more justly or economically managed than by the Trinity House.

We next come to what are called *Passing Tolls*:—

‘We think also that all that which is levied from the Shipping Interest under the name of *Passing Tolls* is a *vexation*, a *grievance*, and a *burden* to which the shipping of this country, under present circumstances, ought not to be subjected.—(*Hear, hear!*) And, therefore, we would relieve the Shipping Interest from all *passing tolls*.—(*Hear, hear!*)’

From all that has been said about the hardship of paying for *passing tolls*, that is, tolls to certain harbours which the ship has *passed* and not entered, who would believe that these harbours are only *four*? The case is this: for a hundred miles on either side of the mouth of the Thames there is no natural harbour for a ship of any tonnage. To diminish this great evil, four *harbours of refuge*—two to the north, Whitby and Bridlington, and two to the south, Ramsgate and Dover—were constructed at a great expense,—not as ports of trade, but as places of *refuge*, where vessels bound to or from the Thames may find shelter in those emergencies of which every season affords such awful instances. These harbours are, we admit, of little avail to the general trade in fine weather, but of inestimable value in the frequent hour of danger. In the terrible weather which has been raging while we write, and which has strewn our shores with such disastrous wrecks, we learn that a merchant-fleet of not less than 300 sail (!) have taken refuge in Ramsgate alone, besides numerous other vessels that, unable to find room in the harbour, have anchored in the Downs, as near to it as they could, for the sake of assistance in anchors, cable, and boat-help, which are not elsewhere

elsewhere within reach. Ships in ordinary weather would have only *passed* these harbours; but can it be contended that they are not a *benefit* which the ships, for whose special safety they are provided and are maintained, are justly bound to pay for? Would a householder be justified in refusing to pay his Midsummer rate for the parish fire-engine, on the score that his own house had not been on fire since last winter? But again; are not these passing tolls a kind of *insurance* pro tanto on the whole voyage? and we believe that if these *ports of refuge* did not exist, the shipowners would find the insurance of their ships in the North Sea, or round the Forelands, a very different matter. We say nothing of what we believe to be the *illusory* nature of the boon. On the free-trade principle, the diminution, whatever it may be, ought to reach the public in the lowering of freight; the ship-owner would gain nothing, and the public something infinitely small. We could, we believe, establish the utter insignificance of *all* these propositions as measures of *relief* in any quarter, but that is no immediate concern of ours; we are only dealing with principles of which we dread the pernicious consequences.

- We next come to the boon offered to the Shipping Interest under the head of *Pilotage* :—

‘ I will not enter into the question of the anomalies of our system of Pilotage. The House, I am sure, knows well that a Thames pilot can steer a ship to a Cinque port, but may not steer it back. Another pilot connected with another *corporation* performs the duty of returning; and, of course, the Shipping Interest *having to employ two men to perform a duty which one man could discharge*, the expense is proportionately increased.’

The boon is not distinctly announced—but a committee of inquiry is promised, with an intimation that a former committee on the subject was in what we suppose we must now call the *bad* old times, and that the new committee would be

‘ animated by those views, with respect to *commercial affairs especially, which probably had not so great an influence some years ago.*’

‘ The Conservative and Protectionist parties will not fail to observe this, scarcely veiled, compliment to ‘ recent legislation.’ We cannot venture to deny Mr. Disraeli’s suggestion that Mr. Pitt, and Lord Liverpool, and the Duke of Wellington, the three last Wardens of the Cinque Ports during a space of now sixty years, were ‘ animated by views of commercial affairs ’ different from those of Mr. Disraeli; but we shall show that they probably understood the matter a little better. Mr. Disraeli has not even understood the complaint of his own grievance-monger.

‘ A Thames

‘A Thames pilot,’ it seems, ‘may steer a ship to one of the Cinque-ports, but not back; the pilot of another *corporation* must bring her back, and the Shipping Interests will have to *employ two men at a double expense*, when *one* would suffice.’ The fact is, that if a Thames pilot took a vessel to a Cinque or *any other* port, he would not, even if the regulation complained of did not exist, bring her back at the *one charge*—the voyages would still be distinct adventures, and the same man would have to be paid *for each* separate voyage. So vanishes at once the supposed boon to the Shipping Interest, which would have to pay for both voyages, as it does now, and probably *more*; for besides paying for the two voyages, the owner would have to maintain the original pilot during the interval, which might be considerable, between the two trips. What the grievance-monger probably meant to state to the Chancellor of the Exchequer was an imaginary case, so improbable, and—if it could have happened—so insignificant, that we are almost ashamed to occupy half-a-dozen lines in guessing at it. It only shows how hard put he must have been to find a grievance when he produced this absurdity. The complaint perhaps was, that if a London owner had a favourite pilot entrusted to take one of his ships—say to Cowes—who should there *happen* to meet another of the same owner’s ships homeward bound, the favourite pilot could not bring her back. True; but if he could, nothing would be saved to his employer. The two voyages would be equally and distinctly paid for; but the favourite pilot would be paid for one, and a Cowes pilot for the other. The shipowner’s charge would be just the same. Thus this great *national question* is reduced to the accidental rivalry of two individual pilots. This is simply ridiculous; but Mr. Disraeli’s comment upon it involves a much graver difficulty and, we may add, public danger. The case is put only one way—from the Thames *out and home*: such a case must be exceedingly rare. But much more frequent—is indeed of *hourly* occurrence—is the case of ships *coming* down the North Sea, or up Channel *into* the Thames. For their use every port, from Lerwick to Harwich, and from Cork to Dover, has a body of local pilots, acquainted with the whole channel, who take up, in their several districts, the duty of pilotage. If, according to Mr. Disraeli’s argument, these local people are to be displaced by Thames pilots—if they are not to have the exclusive privilege of supplying the demands occurring within their own districts, what is to become of the whole race of pilots beyond the mouth of the Thames: the finest, hardiest, most intelligent, and most useful class of mariners on the face of the waters—not merely discouraged, but annihilated? Let us take the very in-

stance

stance of these poor Cinque Port pilots whom Mr. Disraeli would thus displace. In the 18th Section of the General Pilot Act we find—

‘A sufficient number of the pilots of the Cinque Ports, not less than *eighteen* at any time, and *in unremitting succession from time to time by day and night*, shall constantly ply at sea or be afloat between the South Foreland and Dungeness to take charge of ships and vessels coming from the westward, and shall not allow any ship having a signal for a pilot flying, without attempting to board.’

Eighteen full-manned pilot-boats, at the least, always at sea and in *constant succession* day and night, within a space of thirty miles—these are the people and this is the service which Mr. Disraeli proposes to annihilate on the imaginary grievance of some imaginary Thames pilot. But his whole view of the case is a radical mistake. Pilotage is a *specialty*, depending on local knowledge and constant practice—instead of endeavouring to *generalize* the employment, and employ *one man instead of two*, all the great public interests, as well as that of the shipowners, require that the service should be *localized*, and *two men employed in preference to one*. The principle announced by Mr. Disraeli would, in the most favourable case, not save a penny to the shipowner; and if it had the remotest chance of being even attempted, would be, by the extinction of *local* pilotage, of the greatest peril to the commerce, and eventually to the safety of the country. Such is the danger of inaccurate or interested information on a great practical subject.*

Mr. Disraeli next proposes to relieve the Shipping Interests from what he calls *Admiralty Grievances*—a phrase which he certainly did not learn from any of his naval colleagues, but by which he designates grievances which trade is supposed to suffer from certain *exclusive privileges* given to the royal navy. He has the goodness to mitigate the censure implied in this statement of *grievances* by the following compliments—which we think will hardly be swallowed as sugarplums:—

‘*Salvage.*—

‘I think we ought not, however, for a moment to indulge in a feeling that the royal navy is to be charged with reprehensible conduct in this matter.—(*Hear, hear!*) I have no doubt myself, from all I can observe and learn from inquiry, that the conduct of the officers of the royal navy, *especially of LATE YEARS*, is distinguished by a generous sym-

* The only improvement we can imagine in the present system would be to place the Cinque Port pilotage under the direction of the Trinity House; but even to that we know that the Duke of Wellington was decidedly opposed, as doing no practical good, and as likely to diminish the direct *surveillance* over and encouragement of the local pilots.

pathy with all classes of their countrymen, which cannot be too highly praised.—(*Hear, hear!*) I have no doubt that in the navy, as well as in all departments of life, *much more humanizing tendencies are exerting their influence than there did twenty-five, or forty, or fifty years ago.*—(*Hear!*) But *the system remains*, notwithstanding *the increased civilization of man*, and in its operation it will be found that instances will occur when the *oppression is considerable.*—(*Hear!*)’

This is no doubt very complimentary to the increased civilization of mankind *in all the departments of life* within the last fifty years, which has placed Mr. Disraeli in the position formerly occupied by such uncivilized or imperfectly civilized men as Mr. Pitt, Mr. Addington, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Perceval, and Mr. Canning! For the present race of naval officers we have the greatest respect, and for some individually the greatest regard, admiration, and affection; but we cannot indorse, and they, we think, will not accept this compliment at the expense of such men as Lord Howe, Lord St. Vincent, Lord Duncan, Lord Nelson, Lord Collingwood, Lord Bridport, Lord Hood, Lord Keith, Lord Gambier, Lord Exmouth, Lord Saumarez, Sir Roger Curtis, Sir William Young, Sir Sidney Smith, Sir John Duckworth, Sir John Warren, Sir Samuel Hood, Sir Richard Keates, Sir Thomas Thompson, Sir Harry Neale, Sir Graham Moore, and fifty others of that *ungenerous and uncivilized* age and class whose memories, names, and deeds are still fresh and dear to us—or of Sir Byam Martin and Sir George Cockburn, still happily preserved to us as specimens of the gallant seamen and accomplished gentlemen of those vituperated times! Most of the distinguished officers of the present day were bred in their school, and we will venture to say that there is not one of them who will accept as a compliment Mr. Disraeli’s distinction between them and their illustrious predecessors. Mr. Disraeli would probably reply to this remark that he meant to censure not the officers, but the system. To this we reply, that he need not in that case have, as we think, invidiously contrasted ‘officers of *late years*’ with those of a former day, and dwelt upon ‘the *increased generosity and civilization of man*’ as peculiarly exhibited in the Royal Navy—but let us concede to him that his tongue only was in fault, and that he only meant the *system*; we rejoin that this is what we most seriously complain of—the characters of the officers of the last two generations needed no other defence than is afforded by the mere enumeration of their names—but the inuendo on the *system* is more serious, because these vague reproaches tend to discredit a line of naval policy on which, as we believe, the very existence of this empire depends. Mr. Disraeli does not expressly mention *Impressment*, but his language is of the same complexion

complexion with that which has been used by those who have been very active of late in attacking that palladium of our national safety, and all this general allusion to the *uncivilized* and *oppressive* practices of thirty and fifty years ago, has a tendency—very alarming from the mouth of a minister—to countenance the prejudices which that other class of persons have endeavoured to create. We believe that there was no one who heard Mr. Disraeli's speech who did not believe that amongst the *grievances* of the mercantile navy he had *Impressment* 'looming' in his distant thought, and some even expected that he would conclude with an express proposition on that point.

We shall return to this vital question presently, but we will first observe on the minor grievances which he enumerated and proposes to remedy. They are called, he says, *Admiralty grievances*. We have never happened to hear the phrase, which would be a gross misnomer—for the matters, be they grievances or not, are enacted by *law*, and not of any mere *Admiralty* authority.

'I come now to those grievances which I have described as *Admiralty Grievances*.

'The House is aware that when a merchant ship finds herself on a foreign station, one of the crew, without any ceremony, quits the captain without any notice, and often without any cause, and immediately enlists in a ship belonging to the Royal navy that happens to be upon that station. At present he can, at a moment's notice, notwithstanding his engagement with his master, hoist his red shirt, enlist in the Royal ship that may be in the offing, and demand his wages, and the captain of the merchant ship not only loses one of his crew, but is called upon immediately to pay wages which are not due till arrival in port. This right and privilege acts very injuriously upon the discipline and general conduct of the merchant shipping.—(*Hear, hear!*)'

We are not at all surprised that Mr. Disraeli, on receiving such a statement, should pronounce it to be a grievance deserving serious consideration. But we think that a closer examination will materially alter the aspect of the question. The existing enactment on this subject is above 130 years old—the 2nd Geo. II., c. 3, an Act passed for the protection of both the Shipping Interest and the Merchant Seamen. This Act concludes with this Clause—

'§ 13. Provided, That nothing in this Act contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, to debar any seaman or mariner belonging to any merchant ship or vessel from entering, or being entered, into the service of his Majesty, his heirs and successors, on board any of his or their ships or vessels; nor shall such seaman or mariner, for such entry, forfeit the wages due to him during the term of his service in such merchant ship or vessel; nor shall such entry be deemed a desertion.'

This

This law gives no power to naval officers to *claim* any man, but only to *accept* their services, and provides that a man so entering shall not be considered a deserter, and shall therefore not forfeit his wages; from which it follows as a legal consequence, that the master is bound to pay as if the man had been ordinarily discharged. The Act was passed and has been in fact executed for *the benefit of the seamen*; it is a check on the conduct of the master, and almost the only check on his treatment of his crew. In foreign parts there could hardly be any other; and we think we may assert, that in point of fact few such cases occur, except when the sailor had complaints against the master, and sought for redress by appealing to the captain of the Royal ship. We have inquired of distinguished officers of the present day as to the extent of the practice in their experience. We transcribe the answer of one of the highest in rank, character, and experience.

‘The grievance is of little amount. I have certainly seen instances of merchant seamen hoisting the red shirt, and on inquiry I found that the men had, in most cases, just cause of complaint against the master for ill-treatment or the badness of provisions, but I never saw in my own ships, nor heard of any in the many squadrons in which I have served, of the masters being compelled to pay the men’s wages in *cash*—an *order* on the owners at home was invariably tendered and accepted. I have ever taken care, before I accepted a man, to see that it would not distress the merchant vessel—on the contrary, when I found merchant vessels short of men and none to be procured, they have been lent from her Majesty’s ship for the completion of the voyage. A case once occurred to me in India of a number of the crew of a large vessel, 1600 tons, with a valuable cargo, coming to enter, giving as their reason the severity with which they were treated. On inquiry I found the complaints were true, but considering the size and value of the ship, I was unwilling to remove them, and I thought it most prudent to lecture the officers of the merchant-ship on the impropriety of their punishments and to leave the men in her, but the Master *insisted* on my taking *three* of them, fearing their example might create a mutiny. I did so. They proved themselves worthy of being made *first-class petty officers*, and were paid off eventually—the most exemplary men I had in the ship.’

All our other inquiries have produced similar replies, and all treat the matter rather as a measure of police and protection both for the Masters and the men: that it is an acceptable resource towards keeping up the strength of the Queen’s ships on foreign stations is true, but this, in the state of good order and good health which generally prevails, happens to a very small extent; but in any case, such entries are voluntary; and we should be sorry to deprive either the Queen’s service of this accidental resource or the merchant seaman of the only kind of appeal or
refuge

refuge that he can have in foreign parts against ill treatment—it is virtually their *Habeas Corpus* in foreign countries. The maintaining the police of the sea, and the affording justice and protection to all entitled to claim them, is one of the first reasons why in time of peace we spread our flag all over the world: and if this appeal were cut off from the dissatisfied seaman, we should find that he would, as he now sometimes does when a royal ship is not at hand, desert to some foreign service, or, perhaps, eventually to an enemy.

Mr. Disraeli no doubt sees this, though perhaps not in its full light, for he does not propose to alter the main feature of the alleged grievance. ‘We propose that, if he avails himself of this privilege of enlisting in the Royal navy, he shall not receive his wages until the rest of the crew are paid off.’

Moonshine! What possible benefit can this be to the ship-owner?—what does it signify to him whether he is called upon to pay the wages when the *order* arrives in England or when his ship arrives? In frequent, perhaps in most cases, the ship will have arrived in England before the *order* given to the seaman; and even in the rare case of a payment in cash on the spot, the master could have no more difficulty about that small sum than he has for the numerous greater disbursements he must be in the habit of making at every port where he touches. The only possible boon, therefore, that this measure could be to the Shipping Interest is one that they would repudiate with indignation—the chance of never paying at all. For see what the position of the *seaman* would be. How is he, after he has left his merchant-ship, to know where and when she is to be paid?—He has, perhaps, entered at Rio a Queen’s ship on her way round Cape Horn—the merchant ship gets back to England in a couple of months, and her crew is paid off in the Thames. The Queen’s ship does not return for two or three years, and then is paid off at Plymouth,—how is the sailor to proceed to recover his wages? He must take a journey to London to look for the owners, of whom he knows, perhaps, not even the names; he must probably employ some agent to find them out, to prove his own identity, and to establish this, as it will then be, obsolete debt. And when all this is done, how much of the wages will remain to the poor unprotected seaman? Can any one doubt that this pretended boon would be wholly illusory to the Shipping Interest, and a source of grievous injustice and even ruin to the seaman?

But there is a further proposal on this point at which we look with still more alarm:—

‘We propose, further, that if by the royal navy availing itself of
this

this privilege any injury is done to the captains of merchant ships, the country must be prepared to compensate the captain for the injury he may thus receive.—(Hear, hear!)

We must first observe that the word *privilege* is another mistake. It is no privilege to the *Royal Navy*; and never was claimed or used as such. It is simply a privilege—and so Mr. Disraeli had just before called it—to the *merchant seaman*, conferred by the statute. No part of the affair rests on *Admiralty* or any other authority but the statute and its *common-law* consequences. How is it possible, then, to make the officers of the Navy responsible for the voluntary act of a seaman on whom the statute confers that privilege? If the man presents himself, and there happens to be a vacancy—a single vacancy in the complement of the Queen's ship—the Queen's officers have, in strict *legality*, no right to reject him—though they do, as we have shown, exercise a discretion in the matter, so far as to refuse to cripple the necessary strength of the merchant vessel; and there are, as we have also shown, instances in which the Queen's officers endeavour to reconcile differences, and to persuade the merchant seaman to remain in his ship.

And then as to the proposed remedy by *compensation* for consequential damages—consider what an incalculable and interminable series of litigation would be thus opened. How is what a merchant master or owner may call *injury* to be measured; where and when is the question to be tried; how are all the witnesses, *pro* and *con.*, to be collected from all quarters of the globe; and who is to suffer the penalty? The question would not even be, whether the seaman had a justifiable motive for quitting his ship, and the Queen's officer a justifiable reason for accepting him. No; but some eventual, generally doubtful and contested, question of *contingent and consequential injury*, in all the infinite variety of shapes that such problematical allegations may take. And on what principle of law or equity can either the naval officer be made *personally*, or the public Treasury *pecuniarily*, responsible for their simple acquiescence in the privilege granted to the merchant seaman by the statute? We confidently assert that any such incentive to litigation would be most mischievous, and that there could be no extrication from it but by the *total repeal* of that provision of the statute, and a positive prohibition of any merchant seaman's entering a Queen's ship under *any* circumstance. To this extremity Mr. Disraeli very properly declines to go, though it is, in truth, the only remedy for the alleged grievance. In fine, we believe that the advantages of the law and custom, as they at present exist, very much overbalance the alleged inconvenience, and we are
sure

sure that the proposed remedy would be found altogether unsatisfactory.

He next proceeds to state :—

‘ There is no doubt that in this country, *notwithstanding our boasted panegyric of the mercantile marine*, notwithstanding the readiness of orators at all times to descant upon the mercantile marine being the nursery of our navy, the mercantile marine has been *treated as an inferior service*—(*hear !*)—has not certainly, I may say without exaggeration, been treated in the spirit which becomes a commercial people. —(*Hear !*)’

We are sorry to see these provoking distinctions brought forward by such high authority. Such a protest against considering the mercantile navy *as an inferior service*—may obtain a thoughtless *Hear, hear!* but is the inference politic? is it conciliatory? is it just? The Merchant service is a most meritorious, important, and, we may say, vital portion of our national system, and has a right to be treated with equal fairness, in all respects, with the Royal Navy; and we may appeal, not to the ‘*boasted panegyrics of orators*,’ but to the statute-book, for the unceasing solicitude of the legislature for the protection and well-being of the merchant seamen; but Mr. Disraeli thinks them essentially injured and oppressed by being considered *an ‘inferior service;’* but why bring forward as a source of humiliation and discontent a fact that exists in the nature of things, and which no legislation can alter? Is it not so in all the conditions and occupations of mankind, that there is necessarily a class which, equally meritorious, equally, or perhaps in a great degree useful, is, and must be, considered as *inferior*? Are not the boys who drive the horses an inferior class to the skilful hands that guide the plough? are not workmen and artisans an inferior class to architects and engineers? Do not the Queen’s Guards look upon themselves as of a somewhat superior service to the train-bands? and so in all the ranks and conditions of life. We have dwelt on this expression as not only invidious in itself, but because the false principle that it inculcates seems to us to pervade all this portion of Mr. Disraeli’s speech, and to have misled his judgment. It is absolutely inconsistent either with the common sense of mankind, with the safety of the empire, or with the very nature of human society, to build any practical system of maritime legislation on an assumption that the mercantile service shall not be deemed *inferior* in duty, in distinction, and in political consideration, to the Royal Navy. And *cui bono*? Does Mr. Disraeli expect that such observations as these are to reverse the whole course of human opinions and feelings—to convince mankind that the *Battle of Trafalgar* was not
a superior

a superior service to a run to New York, and that it is not a higher distinction to have belonged to Nelson's '*Victory*' than to poor Tom Hood's '*Mary-Anne of Shields*'?

The next *Admiralty Grievance* which is proposed to be redressed is *Salvage*. This, as in the former case, is an invidious misnomer. The *Admiralty* has nothing to do with *Salvage*. It is not collected under their authority, nor in any way subject to their jurisdiction. It is a branch not only of our own most ancient statute-law, but of the law of nations. And it is singular enough that the only trace we find in the '*ADMIRALTY INSTRUCTIONS for Her Majesty's service at SEA*' is a provision,—not that the Queen's ships should receive salvage, but that they should pay it to merchant ships in case of assistance. But let that pass—the misnomer is of no consequence except as creating an injurious impression against the Royal Navy, which, in truth, has no other claim to salvage as against the mercantile navy, than the mercantile navy has against it.

But Mr. Disraeli has opened this topic with a repetition of grave insinuations against the old officers of the navy, sharpened rather than mitigated by a half compliment to the present race.

'But I have no doubt myself that in this affair of *Salvage*, if you contrast the conduct of the royal navy with what the conduct of the royal navy was many years ago, you will find that their conduct has been extremely improved, has been much more considerate, has been often distinguished by great generosity.—(*Hear, hear!*) But the fact remains, that at the present moment even there are instances of the effect of the system of salvage upon our mercantile marine, which I have before me now, but with which I will not trouble the House—if I were only speaking upon the question of salvage I would—which convince her Majesty's Government that the present system of salvage ought not to be encouraged, and therefore we are prepared to recommend that it should entirely cease.—(*Cries of "Hear, hear!"*)'

We cannot but wish that such grave imputations had been accompanied by one or two samples of the instances both of former and recent abuses. We should be very much surprised that there were any that could justify the entire abrogation of this ancient, and, in general, most reasonable principle. *Salvage* is the reward paid voluntarily, or, if contested, adjudicated by the proper tribunals, for the preservation of ships or goods in danger of being lost; and the amount ought to be, and is when legally adjudicated, proportioned to the value of the property saved, and to the danger, damage, or labour which the salvors may have incurred. There is no class of legal cases so various or so liable to conflicting estimates as salvage; it is a more frequent source of contest between merchantmen than between

between them and Queen's ships. We do not doubt that naval officers, like other men employed in such services, may have sometimes overrated the value of their services, but there have been always tribunals to decide such claims in the first instance, and if either party be dissatisfied, there is a superior court of appeal at which some eminent lawyer presides, assisted, when the case happens to involve naval technicalities, by two merchant-seamen assessors, and sometimes, we believe, by a jury. Nor would individual cases even of exorbitant demands, or, if we could suppose them, of unreasonable adjudications, justify the total abrogation of the system as regards the Royal Navy. We must therefore suppose that Mr. Disraeli proceeds on some more general principle—that principle probably is, that, as the Queen's ships are *found* and their officers and crews paid by the State, the assistance to ships or property in danger is a public duty, and as such not entitled to private remuneration.

Now we at once admit that a private salvor and a public officer in a Queen's ship are in very different circumstances—the private salvor has a right to charge, in addition to his personal risk or exertions, for his loss of time, and the risk or damage to his vessel—for these a public officer can have no claim; we should doubt that it ever was claimed; we more than doubt that any court of appeal ever allowed it. But for the *personal* exertions or risk of her Majesty's officers or men in performing services *not contemplated in their stipulated conditions of service*, and not more incumbent on them than on the rest of her Majesty's subjects, we cannot conceive why they should not be remunerated as any other of her Majesty's subjects would be.

We believe that the general law of salvage is of public policy, founded in justice and a due appreciation of human motives; and without any reflection on the individual man—whether a Deal pilot or a lieutenant of a guard-ship—we do not believe that the Shipping Interest will be in any degree benefited by the *total exclusion* of her Majesty's officers and men from the same right of appealing to the salvage courts that all the rest of the world possesses—the court always having the right and the duty of limiting the reward of the claimant to his *individual and personal* exertions. Mr. Disraeli has not stated any of the cases that have induced him to recommend so sweeping a repeal; but several instances have come to our recent knowledge which confirm us in a contrary opinion. A vessel struck the other day, in extremely bad weather, on one of the banks at the mouth of the Thames; her danger was visible from both shores; several boats from the Essex coast immediately put off—to save—no, we are sorry to say, but to plunder her—and they were doing so, when one of the
Queen's

Queen's coast-guard officers, stationed on the Kentish shore, observing through the storm that something extraordinary was passing, manned a boat, though he had no official obligation to do so, pushed off for the wreck, rescued her from the plunderers, saved the cargo and stores, and finally, as it was hoped, would save the ship. Would it be either justice or policy to debar that officer and his boat's crew from the salvage of the recovered vessel? But such is the only result that we can imagine of Mr. Disraeli's measure. Neither trusting our own memory, nor relying on our own opinion, we, here again, have had recourse to those of some distinguished officers—not men to whom it can be reproached that they belong to the *ungenerous, uncivilized, and obsolete* old school, as they have been lately employed in important commands, and to whom for that reason we preferred applying for their testimony. Here is one of the statements with which we have been favoured :—

‘ I have been much engaged in rescuing the crews and cargoes of merchant-vessels, and I will state two or three cases which show the principle on which salvage is granted, and how little it would benefit the shipping interest if it were abolished. In the first case in which I received salvage money the admiral on the station claimed to participate, as if it had been prize-money. We appealed to Sir William Scott, whose judgment entered at large into the character of salvage, and the rights of those entitled to share in it; and decided that salvage money was the reward of *personal exertion*—no one being entitled but those personally aiding and assisting. In another case a lieutenant and 100 men were despatched to assist the agent of Lloyd's in the recovery of a cargo wrecked at some distance from where the ship lay; many other officers and men of the ship thought they were entitled to share in the salvage money awarded by the underwriters. Here again recourse was had to a legal opinion, and it was given against them, as belonging only to the officers and men *actually engaged in the service*; which was a most hazardous one, and we actually lost one of the best men of the ship, who was washed overboard out of the wreck. I have even known instances in which owners and underwriters have offered rewards *beyond* the amount of the salvage, as a mark of their satisfaction at the services of the party employed. And I must add that, in all my service, I never saw an instance in which an unreasonable salvage was sought. I have known the amount questioned, but in all such cases (as far as my memory serves) the court decided in favour of the claimants.’

We have similar answers from other officers, equally experienced and distinguished, furnishing us with instances, varying of course in circumstances, but so similar as to the point in question to those stated in the foregoing extract, that we need not trouble our readers with their details.

There is also another and a still more important question involved

volved in this matter—namely, the good faith of the Government towards the seamen. If Mr. Disraeli's proposition be that the Queen's seamen may be expected to perform the *extra duty* of salvage without remuneration, we assert that any such principle is contrary to all law, as well as to all policy. So scrupulous have all Governments been not to claim from the Royal seamen *any* gratuitous extra duty, that in the standing 'Instructions for Her Majesty's Service at Sea,' from the earliest date we can trace them, a *special pay* is assigned to both officers and men for any works they may be accidentally required to do in any of the *dockyards*, or in *any of Her Majesty's ships but their own*! Is this ancient privilege and boon to be taken from the seamen, and if not, on what principle can their still older and still stronger claims of extra work done for private ships be abrogated? Is this a specimen of the conciliatory and 'civilized' measures promised by another portion of Mr. Disraeli's speech for rendering the Queen's service more popular?

On the whole, therefore, we must enter our protest—if such was Mr. Disraeli's intention—and we can gather no other from his expressions—against charging the officers and men of the Royal Navy with new responsibilities and more hazardous duties, wholly extraneous from their original engagements, and at the same time debarring them, and *them alone*, from the accidental and contingent rewards provided by law for their gallantry and humanity, which they, as well as *all the rest of mankind*, have enjoyed from the earliest times of maritime history.

The next head of Mr. Disraeli's speech is *Anchorage*.

'*I need say very little on the subject of Anchorage. That is a regulation that, like salvage, depends, I believe, entirely upon the Admiralty; and the Admiralty are prepared to say that all vexations of that kind shall also be concluded (hear, hear); and from henceforth, if our propositions are favourably received, no merchant's vessel will be disturbed in its anchorage by the superior claim of a ship belonging to the Royal Navy.—(Hear, hear.)*'

All this is a mistake. Mr. Disraeli says '*it is a regulation that, like salvage, depends entirely on the Admiralty.*' We have just shown that the *Admiralty* has no more to do with *salvage* than with *sewage*. And what is the grievance strangely epitomised by the term '*anchorage*?' We gather from the word *disturb* in the last lines of the paragraph that he alludes to a supposed right in the royal ships of detruing a merchant vessel from her anchorage. Now we never heard of any such right being claimed, and therefore we do not understand how the *favourable reception* of the House of Commons can be needed to extinguish a right that does not exist. The
Queen's

Queen's ship has, as far as we know, no right of anchorage that does not equally exist in the merchantman. There is, in truth, no *right* in the case; both take up the anchorages most convenient to them, but if danger should arise to either from too great a proximity, the smaller vessel will naturally get out of the way of the heavier body, as a tilbury will get out of the way of a brewer's dray, or a hackney cab avoid collision with an *omnibus*. If an Indiaman of 1600 tons should accidentally or from necessity give what is called a *foul berth* to a coasting sloop, the little coaster will shift to another, and the bigger vessel, if only for her own sake, will generally help her, if necessary, to do so. Questions of anchorage, when they arise, are, in general, decided by the local authorities, not by any special law or privilege, but by the customs of the sea and the circumstances of the case. We have no doubt that practically it may sometimes happen that a merchantman finds it prudent or necessary to shift her berth to avoid collision with a Queen's ship, but such instances are so rare that one officer whom we have consulted never saw an instance of it in his long service; and another calls the complaint 'equally unjust and frivolous.' But we go a step further. There is, we repeat, no absolute *right* in the matter; but there can be no doubt that there ought to be, and that there is, whenever the case occurs, such a *practice*, and that a Queen's ship would be entitled to precedence on such an occasion for reasons so many and so obvious that we need not specify them; but what will our readers think of this having been represented to Mr. Disraeli as an *Admiralty grievance*, when we tell them that the only interference of the Admiralty in the matter has been to prevent any abuse? In the ADMIRALTY INSTRUCTIONS for the general conduct of the Naval Service, we find this article:—

'Ch. V. § 39. Whenever the Captain of one of H.M. ships shall have occasion to anchor, he is to be *extremely careful* to place the ship in a safe berth, and so as not to *endanger* ANY OTHER SHIP which may be already anchored.'

When Mr. Disraeli spoke of the readiness of the Admiralty to abolish the alleged grievance, *if* Parliament should receive the proposition favourably, he could hardly have been aware that the Admiralty had already done all that need be or *could* be done in such a matter. And this is the stranger as there were two experienced sea officers in the Cabinet to whom this article of the Naval Instructions must be familiar. This looks as if Mr. Disraeli's information was from some private source, and that neither the Cabinet at large nor even the first Lord of the Admiralty was consulted on the subject of this '*Admiralty grievance*.'

The next division is entitled—*The manning the Mercantile Navy.*

‘Sir, there is a subject of paramount importance connected with the shipping interest to which I must now refer; and that is the *restrictions* which at present exist upon manning the merchant navy.—(*Hear, hear!*) In the opinion of her Majesty’s Government *they are restrictions which, in principle, are indefensible.*—(*Hear, hear!*) They are very doubtful whether, even in practice, they are beneficial.—(*Hear, hear!*) *They think that the time has arrived, or cannot be long postponed, when those restrictions must entirely cease.*—(*Hear, hear!*)’

Here again, we have to guess what are the grievance denounced or the remedy intended, and if we misunderstand them the fault is not ours. We know of no such *restrictions*—save the provision that the crew of a British ship shall consist of at least *two-thirds* British seamen. If that be the grievance which the late Ministry thought *indefensible*, it is another point of our wide difference from them. We admit at once that the restriction is an offset of our old navigation-laws, which ‘recent legislation’ had, as yet, spared; and that if Mr. Disraeli were Sir Robert Peel or Lord John Russell, he might feel a natural wish to carry out the disastrous principle; but why, professing to regret, though still bound to maintain, ‘recent legislation,’ he should think it necessary to push it still further than even his reckless predecessors ventured to do, we cannot imagine. What should we think of a surgeon who, because a patient had lost his right arm, should in conformity with ‘*the recent amputation*’ propose to cut off his left? The Peelite policy most mischievously, as Mr. Disraeli thinks or thought, admitted foreign shipping into our domestic trade; Mr. Disraeli would complete the mischief by admitting foreign seamen. If he had advanced such a proposition as an argument *ad absurdum* against the extension of a fatal error, we could have understood it; but that he should spontaneously adopt it as a measure of mercantile policy seems unaccountable. We admit indeed that the relief contemplated by this change would not be, like all the others we have been dealing with, illusory to the ship-owner. We know that *Danes, Swedes, and Germans* are to be had to navigate our ships at a cheaper rate than our native seamen, and that they would be so employed probably in large numbers, and of course to the immediate profit of the shipowners; and we dare say that it was some gentlemen especially connected with North-Sea interests that *cheered* the proposition so frequently and so loudly; but is the country, anxious as it just now appears about our naval defences, disposed to echo those *cheers*? We hear every day serious complaints that the Atlantic trade is draining
off

off our British seamen to America, and that they are only to be retained by the necessity in which the shipowners find themselves of competing with the American wages ; but here is a proposition for doubling the evil and encouraging deserters to America by substituting for them the cheaper article from Denmark and Sweden—in short, burning the candle at both ends. If this was really the project of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, then we are constrained to say that his defeat is a national benefit. If he had any other meaning, we cannot but regret that a Minister with such decided views and such facility of expression did not more distinctly explain it.

This ominous announcement is, however, accompanied by another not less so :—

‘ We cannot consider the *question of manning the mercantile marine in an isolated manner* ; we must view it with reference to another subject of great importance—viz., the subject of manning the Royal navy. (*Hear.*) We trust that we, in due time, shall have to submit to the House measures which *will effect A VERY GREAT CHANGE in the system on which the Royal navy is manned.* (*Hear.*) The House may be persuaded that the time cannot *much longer be postponed when that question must be met.* Nothing can be more unsatisfactory, I would almost say more irrational, than the system upon which the *Royal navy is manned* (*hear*)—the system which *dismisses the seasoned seaman* (*loud cries of “Hear, hear”*) *when he is most qualified to do his duty to his country.* (*Renewed cries of “Hear, hear.”*) *There is NO REASON WHATEVER that we should apply to the Royal navy other principles than those that we apply to the SISTER service.* (*Hear, hear.*) Indeed, there is every reason why we should render the Royal navy the most efficient service in the world. (*Hear.*) The attention of Her Majesty’s Government is anxiously directed to this question. We are awaiting now the report of a committee sitting upon this great subject.’

Here is what seems to us a great and alarming confusion of apocryphal fact and unsound principle. We begin with the latter because it pervades the whole statement, and is, as appears by the ‘*renewed cheering,*’ plausible enough to require the earliest correction. ‘*There is no reason whatever,*’ Mr. Disraeli says, ‘for applying to manning the *Navy*, any other system than is employed in the sister service—the *Army.*’ Now we say, at once, there is *every reason* ! The services are *sisters* only in their end and object—the public defence—but they are, in every circumstance of their composition, their training, the scenes of their services, the specialties of their duties, and the habits of their lives, as *dissimilar* as a boat and a barrack—as the main-top and a troop-horse, or, in short, as sea and land. The army recruit is nine times out of ten an agricultural labourer or a truant artisan, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six, wholly ignorant of any particle of the profes-
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sion in which he enters, who must of necessity be drilled, that is, schooled, to acquire the rudiments of his new business, and to get rid of all his former habits, even to his air and his gait—to the motion of his limbs and the posture of his body: when, after a year or two's education, you have at last made him a SOLDIER, it is common sense as well as good policy to *keep* the costly instrument you have thus created in regular work and constant employ *as long* as it is capable of its duty.

What is the case of the SAILOR?

In a majority of cases the sea has been his first trade. What countless urchins of nine or ten, and even of seven or eight, are to be seen paddling about in all the ports of the kingdom! Watch the fishing-boats rounding the pier-head of any harbour in England, and you will see them swarming with what in any other business would be looked upon as almost children—

‘*seaboys*

In *cradle* of the rude imperious surge,’
as Shakspeare—that greatest observer of nature, who writes volumes with a touch—emphatically calls them.

There is a pleasing illustration of this fact and of the public feeling upon it. We have all seen and admired the print from that picture in which the Queen's good taste has had the Prince of Wales delineated as a ‘*sailor-boy*.’ It is graceful and popular, because it is natural and probable. What should we have said of it if a child of that age had been masqueraded as a *fusilier* or a *dragoon*?

Even those whose childhood has not been spent on the waters take to the sea so early that it becomes their natural element and their only trade; generally beginning in a fishing smack or coaster—a rude but profitable school, where the youth is not taught details of gait, dress, and deportment, but committed to a vital struggle with the elements, which requires animal courage, bodily strength, and technical dexterity beyond any other business of mankind. The bodily powers of the seaman are in constant and illimitable exercise, and his technical dexterity, on which depends not merely his livelihood, but his life and that of all his shipmates, is to be applied to such an infinity of minute and complicated matters as no man could ever master if he did not begin to learn them earlier by many years than any man is received into the army. It is this peculiarity—this idiosyncrasy of the sailor's character, that has hitherto been, and ought to be, the first element of all regulation and legislation about them, and nothing but a total forgetfulness of these distinguishing circumstances could have induced Mr. Disraeli to make such an assertion as that there was ‘*no reason whatever*’ why the Navy should be *manned* on any different principle from the Army.

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From this false principle he naturally proceeds to false corollaries. Why pay off *ships* when no one thinks of paying off a *regiment*? One might as well ask why one changes one's shirt and never one's skin? A ship is a fabric, and a weak and perishable one. The material Ship, if not periodically cleared, stripped, overhauled, and examined, even to the most hidden plank or trenail, would be in danger of foundering; but a Regiment is a kind of incorporeal hereditament which never wears out. How many Boynes, Blenheims, and Cullodens have perished, while the Coldstreams and the Blues are as fresh and fit for service as ever they were! And what would be thought of a proposition of *turning over* a company of the *Foot Guards* to the *Lancers*, or of *Highlanders* into the *Artillery*? We admit that the technical absurdity would be greater, and Mr. Disraeli would, no doubt, disclaim it; but as regards the feelings of the men it is really a test of the principle he has advanced that 'there is *no reason whatever* for any difference of system between the two *sister* services;' and the practical application of it which Mr. Disraeli avows and advocates leads to the same conclusion. Why, he will ask, if it be necessary to change the ship, why also change the ship's company, and above all, why do so after such short service as three years? Instead of *no reason whatever*, we think we can produce many and cogent, nay, imperative ones. Let us suppose the sailors to be entered for twenty years, liable to be *turned over*, as may be thought advisable, from ship to ship—are the *captain* and the whole body of *officers* to be also permanently incorporated and attached to the same ship's company as in a *regiment*? We leave to any naval officer, or to any observer of the working of the naval service, whether that, or anything like it, is possible, or would be, as regards either the officers or the men; tolerable. On the other hand, if a ship's company, after coming home from a foreign station, were to see all their *officers* relieved while they were turned over to another ship for that or another foreign station, is it in nature—above all, is it in a sailor's nature—that anything should result but disaffection and danger? We use the words *disaffection* and *danger* designedly, and they will suggest to every considerate mind another most important difference that Mr. Disraeli seems to have left out of his account between a *ship* and a *regiment*.

But let us examine the actual practice and the actual mischief as reprobated by the Minister and confirmed by the *cheers* of his auditors. Ships' companies are, it seems, paid off and dispersed 'just when they have become most capable of serving their country'—that is, *in time of peace* men are entered for a service of only three years, or till their ship is paid

paid off, which is not expected to exceed that time to any serious degree. This practice, however, is established neither by law nor written regulation. It is not even a compact, but an *understanding*, amounting, we admit, to a virtual compact, but applying only to a *time of peace*—*war-service* is a wholly different case, to which we shall refer presently. Let us see, then, whether in *time of peace* there is *no reason whatever* for a practice as old as the Royal navy? We postpone for a moment the question of the *precise* period for which it is expedient that a ship's company should be kept together. Let us first examine the principle. Mr. Disraeli's assertion, that the man thus prematurely paid off is *lost to the country*, is founded in his original misapprehension of the seaman's habits and character as they exist in nature, and as we have just sketched them. He is *never* lost to the country. The seaman thus paid off generally indulges in a short relaxation, during which we admit that he is lost to the country, and too often to himself, but which is a natural, perhaps a necessary, consequence of the hardship and celibacy of his life at sea; but after that interval he, invariably and inevitably, does one or other of two things—he either re-enters for the Royal navy—or returns to the school whence he came—the merchant service; where, instead of being *lost to the country*, he is perhaps improving, certainly not diminishing his power of serving it, whenever a season of war-danger may oblige the country to require his services. We have used the phrase '*perhaps improving*,' because in one respect the merchant service is a better practical *school* of thorough seamanship than even the Royal navy. The royal ship is full manned—*over manned* as far as seamanship is concerned—she is provided with appointed classes of petty officers and seamen, and even artificers for every imaginable duty. In a well-ordered ship there is, as we have heard a noble and gallant officer say, 'a place for everything, and everything in its place, and an appointed man for every place and thing.' But on board the merchant-ship—always sparingly and generally very scantily manned—*Jack* there must needs be *Jack of all trades*. Every man must do everything, and *one* becomes charged with duties which in a Queen's ship would be distributed to a dozen. So that if, after indulging himself, as he may think it, in a trading voyage or two, *Jack* should return to the Royal service, he does so at least as efficient in point of seamanship as he had left it.

But whether he temporarily or wholly quits the Royal service, his place is soon supplied, and these periodical payings-off create a larger cultivation and more constant succession of
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that precious article—a thorough-bred man-of-war's man. Suppose of a ship's company 100 decline to re-enter, they must be replaced from the original nursery, and the shorter the period the greater will be the proportion of these choice men thus *circulated*, as it were, through the military and mercantile navies. Suppose 500 men entered for life—say 21 years; at the end of that period you would have to discharge 500 worn-out men, fit for nothing but Greenwich Hospital, and to enter 500 new, and according to Mr. Disraeli's hypothesis, untrained ones; but—suppose the 500 had been paid off every third year, you would have added, in a regular succession of health and strength, 3000 or 3500 experienced men to the *general stock*, and more than quintupled in that respect our maritime resources. It is upon that *general stock*, and not merely on the number of men who may be serving in the *Royal navy* at any given day, that the permanent power and ultimate safety of the country must depend. The mercantile navy is not merely the *Nursery*, but also the *Reserve* of the Royal navy—the *Standing Navy*, we may call it, of the empire—of which in peace the Royal navy in commission is but a volunteer detachment—just as the fifteen or twenty line-of-battle-ships now at sea are but the advanced guard of the hundred line-of-battle ships which lie in our interior harbours, like, as Sir Francis Head said, '*lions asleep*,' ready to be roused at the first cry of public danger, and to be manned (as all experience shows) without the process of a ballot, in a quarter of the time that it takes to collect even the rudiments of a land *militia*.

This brings us to the vital principle of the whole case. It is evidently on the supposed abrogation of this great national power of IMPRESSMENT that all these questions about *manning the navy* are raised, and the portion of Mr. Disraeli's speech which has given us* the most alarm, and which has prompted this endeavour to counteract its tendencies, is that it seems to countenance the idea that we ought, and that we *can*, find some substitute for that *ultima ratio* of national defence. We will not here repeat the unanswered, and, we are satisfied, unanswerable, arguments by which we have heretofore proved the legality, the justice, and, in fine, the imperious necessity of impressment, and have deprecated all meddling with this vital question. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' for, if *evil* it be, it is only the alternative of greater evils. We subjoin references to our former discussions of it,* and we most earnestly entreat all that may from their official or legislative duties or patriotic or professional feelings take an interest in the subject to turn to

* Quarterly Review, vol. lxxxi. pp. 571-576; vol. lxxxviii., pp. 300-309; the latter particularly discusses its relation to the defence of the country at the present time.
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those reasonings—the results, at least, of an impartial study of all that (to our knowledge) has been said or written on the question.

There is, however, one additional illustration furnished so opportunely by the present moment that it deserves more particular notice than the slight allusion we have just made to it—we mean the *Militia*. At the very time at which these prophetic complaints against the dormant principle of Impressment were thus, we must say, encouraged by the late Government, all parties in the State vied with each other in imposing upon us a *land-impressment*—a measure, we grant, of equal prudence and justice, and an exercise of that paramount right of society, *salus populi suprema lex*—but how, we ask, in its *principle* does the Militia Ballot differ from Naval Impressment? They stand exactly on the same ground of public safety: but how much greater is the individual hardship in the militia case! You take a man—by ballot—without any regard to his trade or calling or personal aptitude—a ploughman—a gardener—an artisan—a shopkeeper—anybody—to make a soldier of him—you take him from his home, his family, and from the means of maintaining his family, and for a number of years, and you do it *now*, on the mere apprehension of a future, perhaps a distant, danger. And all this is done not only with the unanimous applause of statesmen, but, we are glad to say, with the ready acquiescence of the whole Country. Now see what Impressment is:—A seaman is exempted from the militia ballot, because he is deemed by law liable to do similar service at sea, but his ordinary life is not interrupted, his service is not anticipated, he pursues his trade till the last moment, till the actual and imperious danger arrives, and then he is not taken from either his trade or his home—he only changes one ship for another, and we may truly say—*sua si bona norint*—a harder service for a lighter—but, at all events—for one of the same character, and accordant with all the acquirements and habits of his life. We are utterly at a loss to see what reasonable answer can be made to this comparison and contrast. We conclude with an historical fact—one out of many that might be adduced. In 1790, 16,000 seamen only were voted for the service of the year. On the 5th of *May*, Mr. Pitt brought down the King's message announcing an expected rupture with Spain. On the same day press-warrants were issued, and with such effect that, within the month of *June*, sixteen sail of the line were ready under Admiral Barrington, and towards the close of *July* Lord Howe sailed from Torbay with *thirty-one* sail of the line, *nine* of them three-deckers! The sudden development of this great force decided the quarrel: Spain submitted. Our extra ships were paid off

off within a few months, the 20,000 additional hands were discharged to follow their ordinary occupations, and before the close of the year the force in commission was reduced to 19,000 seamen! Here was a combination of force, celerity, economy, and success, which no other system ever could or can produce!

The sum of our opinion is this, that these new questions about MANNING THE NAVY are idle, unnecessary, and mischievous—that the present *system* is as perfect as any human institution of the kind is ever likely to be—that it has for it law, reason, and policy—that it has had centuries of success—that at this hour—in spite of a temporary difficulty occasioned by the sudden demand for merchant tonnage and, of course, crews for California and Australia—H.M.'s ships are manned with sufficient facility—that the paid-off men re-enter more readily, and that her Majesty's officers have a wider choice and exercise it more fastidiously than at former times, when not half the same number of men were required. Such we are informed is our present condition; and as to the future, there is no reason whatsoever to doubt that, on any new emergency, we could send fifty sail of the line to sea as expeditiously and with the same glorious prospects as on any former occasion.

Mr. Disraeli tells us that the Government have had a Committee sitting on this subject. We were sorry to hear it: the very appointment of such a committee is a kind of surrender—a confession that something is wrong, and made by those who ought rather—if they found public opinion running so strongly in a wrong direction as to require public inquiry—to have met it boldly as Ministers of the Crown, and endeavoured to correct it by their official and parliamentary authority. The Cabinet and the Board of Admiralty ought to be the only *committees* in which such *fundamental* principles should be discussed; subaltern committees and commissions are everywhere only crutches for those who feel themselves too weak to walk alone.

The *period* of peace service is a different question. The practice has hitherto been three years—a limit probably suggested in old times as that during which a ship might be safely reckoned on as needing no considerable repair nor extensive examination; and some experienced officers still adhere to that opinion; but there can be little doubt that the science of construction has improved, that the practice of *coppering*, and the establishment of so many colonial dockyards, have considerably lengthened the time in which a ship may be reasonably expected to keep the sea: on *that* ground, therefore, the ship's service might, we think, be safely extended. We have heretofore expressed our opinion that three years may be too short a period,

period, and that it might perhaps be extended to four, and in some special cases to five—but we speak with some degree of doubt. Two advantages of a longer period seem obvious—the diminution of the very considerable expense, trouble, and damage of dismantling a ship in complete order—reducing her to a hulk, then next day beginning to fit out another in her stead. That however is a mere question of dockyard economy, on the extent of which we have heard that the practical authorities are by no means agreed.

The second *primâ facie* advantage of a longer period is that which we presume Mr. Disraeli must have had in his eye when he lamented that a ship's company was paid off just as she had attained her most perfect state—this is true, in most cases, as to the *ship's company*; they are, or ought to be, at the end of three years in a most efficient state, but, as we have just said, it may not be so of the *ship*. She is certainly the worse for the wear, and whatever average time may be safely taken for the efficiency of the *ship*, that period cannot be exceeded for the service of the *men*; for it would never do, as part of a general system, to subject the same crew to fit out another ship—the work of all that they most dislike—so much so that the greatest delay now felt in manning our ships is, that the men hold off till they are nearly fitted.

Nor do we think the keeping together a good ship's company of so much importance as may not unnaturally be assumed by a theorist. Are we sure that it would continue equally good in temper and spirit if its service were to be prolonged? Is the term of three years of *such a life* as sailors lead, and of *absence from wife and children*, too short?—do even the officers find it so? Let it be recollected that the whole ship's company, officers and men, keep watch every day and night in the year, one-half relieving the other in successive watches; but so that they have each no more than four hours and eight hours *alternately* in bed, to say nothing of accidental disturbances—that there can be neither absence nor relaxation—that for months, perhaps for the whole period of service, they never set their foot ashore—and that the only variety in their existence is some additional trouble: what would the *sister service* say to this?* The dire necessities of war may force us to continue the hardships of the sailor's life longer than, if there were any option, we ought, but we compensate them for this additional length of service by pay and pension; but in time of peace we hesitate about any considerable extension of their service without the

* The Troops on foreign service are no doubt subject to something of the same kind of domestic privation, though to nothing like the same extent as the Navy.

option of an interval. We have said that we see no objection to the extension from three years to four, because in truth it is of no great importance either way; it will add but little to the seaman's period of service, or infringe on his habits, while it must, we think, tend to economy in the dockyards, without impairing the trustworthiness of the ship. There is another most important consideration involved in this question of time—how, without a quick succession and circulation, are the number and quality of officers fit to serve afloat to be maintained? This is already felt to be a serious difficulty; what will it be if we diminish the opportunities of service by lengthening its period?

As to the dispersing a smart ship's company—we must recollect that they *must*, sooner or later, be separated, and that it is much better done *too soon* than *too late*; if they really are smart, *cheerful*, and not *over-wearied* men-of-war's men, they will soon carry their good spirit and discipline into some other of Her Majesty's ships. We have taken the trouble of inquiring, as a practical test, the numbers of *re-entered* men in a ship lately commissioned and now about to put to sea, and we find that of a complement of a little more than 150, 112 are old men-of-war's men, and only 43 new entries—we confess that, *on general principles*, we had rather (though, no doubt, the Captain would not) that there had been a larger proportion of *new entries*; and, to conclude this topic, we may add that for peace service a good officer ought to have a new ship's company, such as now commonly enter the service, in perfect efficiency at the end of three months—not perhaps so smart, so dandy, but in excellent working order.

The only point on which a doubt might arise is as to proficiency in *gunnery*, which is a *specialty* not to be acquired in the merchant service, and which we think deserves, and may even require, a distinct system and a limited protraction of the services of men trained to that particular object. But here again, we must remark that anything that a man can learn may be learned in *three years'* schooling, and after that time their acquirements are perhaps better distributed amongst new ships' companies. What should we think of keeping an Etonian at school or an Oxonian at college four or five years longer than usual, only because they had already mastered all the objects of their study?

On the whole of this question we are of opinion that the present period of three years for peace-service is generally satisfactory; that its extension to four years would save something in dockyard expenses, and probably not be complained of by the men, nor, *perhaps*, by the officers. But *that* we think is the greatest extent to which the present system can be safely altered; except that—

as

as we proposed two years ago (*Q. R.*, vol. lxxxviii. p. 313-4)—a limited number, say 5000 men, might be entered for five, or even seven years, and specially trained and instructed in gunnery and some higher parts of seamanship, in order to their being distributed, on the breaking out of a war, through the newly raised ships' companies as petty officers, and those who should have been found the best marksmen, as captains of guns.

This system, or something like it—and *its extension to a special corps of steam engineers*—seem to be rendered expedient, if not necessary, by the new species of warfare with which we are threatened; and it may be adopted rather in aid than in diminution of the two great principles on which we think our naval power is founded—a *moderately quick succession of NEW hands in time of PEACE, and an absolute claim on ALL hands in the event of WAR!*

Such are the observations which the ex-minister's method of dealing with one most important class of questions has driven us most reluctantly to lay before our readers. In the ordinary course of legislation, such propositions would have been submitted to the test of parliamentary discussion, where Mr. Disraeli might have qualified, or perhaps justified, the passages which, in the shape they have reached us, appear so objectionable; but under the circumstances in which we are now placed they seem to stand on record as the acknowledged principles of the Conservative party.* Against that inference we think ourselves entitled to protest, in justice to the illustrious statesmen of the last fifty or sixty years, in whose principles the Conservatives of our day were bred, to whose party it is their pride to belong, and whose administration on all the important points that we have enumerated, as well as their general policy, several remarkable expressions of Mr. Disraeli's speech seem to have been calculated studiously—we had almost said wantonly—to disparage. But we have had a yet higher motive. We believe the whole spirit of that speech, and many of the details, to be at variance with the best interests of the country. We believe it to be a strong incentive to that unhappy appetite for innovation and change in all our institutions which the *Reform Bill* had already excited, and which, instead of endeavouring to allay or moderate as a Conservative leader might have been expected to do, he has encouraged and eulogized, by telling us that it is time that those old practices—which he calls *griev-*

* The Times of the 1st January takes the whole of Mr. Disraeli's Statement *pro concessio*, and reasons as if it was to be adopted without opposition or exception. It is such an impression that we wish to counteract.

ances, but which we have shown he had very imperfectly considered—should be ‘submitted to *the feelings*’ of what he *significantly* terms ‘a modern House of Commons.’ No doubt every minister must consult the reason and even the feelings of the House of Commons which he addresses, but we will venture to assert that the old House of Commons showed a good deal more solicitude about the shipping interests than its ‘modern’ successors have done; nor can we help adding, in justice to modern Houses of Commons, our conviction that if any one of those alleged grievances had been real, they would not have been left for twenty years unredressed by the reformed Parliament. Whether the late division has at all impaired Mr. Disraeli’s deference for a *modern* House of Commons, we know not; but we confess that his speech has gone a good way toward reconciling *us* to that event—for we certainly do not expect to hear from any successor he may have, a *programme* of more disorganizing tendencies.

But we will do Mr. Disraeli more justice than he has done himself. We are satisfied that if he had not been appealing to ‘the *feelings* of a modern House of Commons’—had he been addressing the *reason* of an assembly less broken into factions, and of a less unsettled and innovating spirit, he would not have condescended to adopt the *ad captandum* tone and tenets of which we have been forced to exhibit some specimens—and the result would have been that his budget, when its proper season had arrived, would have been discussed as a budget should be, and as all former budgets have been, on its merits, and not taken as a battle-field for a grand *mêlée* of discordant opinions, pretensions, and principles.

As to the new Government which is announced while we are writing, we can say no more than that our confidence in them will be measured by their resistance to further revolution, whatever shape it may assume. The list includes some names not only generally respectable, but for which this Journal has often professed individual regard and confidence, and others for whom we have always had a very contrary feeling. We might, in other circumstances, have thought ourselves justified in expressing our surprise at, and distrust of, such a discordance of opinions united by the mere amalgam of *place*; but this objection, so far as it applies to the mere formation of the Government, we feel that we are at this moment precluded from urging, for assuredly it was the late Ministry that, by its resolution to stand or fall by the Budget—and such a Budget!—mainly contributed to consolidate the various oppositions. We have no doubt—indeed, there is abundant evidence—that there was already a
secret

secret understanding, a virtual coalition, which was only waiting an ostensible occasion to act in open concert. We foresaw and foretold it, and, as far as our humble voice might reach, endeavoured to avert it. But it was anticipated by the unhappy impatience of the Ministry. Their opponents, instead of being put to the shifts of finding a pretence, were invited—nothing loth—to a trial of strength. They were victorious—and we cannot, under the usually admitted latitude of *political* morality, complain that the combined victors should divide the common spoils. So much we are bound in justice to say of the *primâ facie* composition of the new Ministry, though we are, we confess, at a loss to foresee how, in the interior of their cabinet, they are to reconcile their antecedent principles with a unity of ministerial measures.

If it was impolitic in the late ministers to afford their antagonists the opportunity of coalescing, it was, we think, more so in that portion of the new administration that calls itself Conservative to accept it. Their doing so has placed them in what the French call a false position. From the time—now near three years since—that it became evident that Lord John Russell's Government had not a leg of its own to stand on, they should, we think, have looked towards a re-union with the great Conservative party, to which, by feelings, connexions, and principles, they naturally belonged, and from which they had separated on a question of which, in truth, all that really remained was a mere verbal dispute whether it was only dormant or absolutely defunct—the result being for all present and practical purposes just the same. Instead of this they have approached by degrees, and at length allied themselves with those, in conflict with whom and whose principles they had spent all the distinguished portion of their former political lives, and with whom they had, and even now have, as far as we can see, nothing in common but the accident of having been both out of place. What reasonable expectation can we have of their stability? As *an existing Government*, chosen by the Crown in the legitimate exercise of its authority, it is entitled to a fair, and even indulgent trial; but our readers know that we have long since doubted, almost despaired, of the possibility of any effective Government to be administered subject to '*the feelings of a modern House of Commons*'—and it is obvious that a ministry constructed on the temporary concert of three, or indeed four, distinct and widely differing parties, is in a position of very peculiar difficulty, embarrassment, and, we must add, of suspicion. We confess that we do not see how it is to obtain sufficient numerical strength in the House of Commons without such a sacrifice of individual character as would deprive it

it of all moral support ; and we must regret that a more homogeneous combination of all the political elements that are or profess to be Conservative, had not afforded the country a better prospect of extrication from the discredit and danger of *Governments on sufferance*.

We are as strongly as ever convinced that the great Conservative party, comprising a large majority in the Lords, nearly half the House of Commons, and fully, we believe, three-fourths of the property and intelligence of the United Kingdom, is really our sheet-anchor against the current and the storm of revolution. It has failed, indeed, to maintain itself in power, but more, we believe, from want of Parliamentary tact and authority than even of the Parliamentary strength which a short lapse of time might probably have improved, for it really possessed the approbation and goodwill, if not the confidence, of the country at large. It is not denied that the *administrative* duties of the several departments were never better executed—all with zeal, courtesy, and candour, some with distinguished ability ; but it must be admitted that in Parliament they were inferior in discipline, tactics, power of debate, and personal influence to the veterans—the *vieille garde* of Lord Grey and Sir Robert—who were banded against them. Whether under better strategy—by bolder movements at first, or more *Fabian* caution at last—they might not have broken that formidable but incoherent array, can only be conjectured ; but, one thing is certain, that they now compose the most powerful Opposition that ever was assembled in the House of Commons, and that it is stronger, not merely in numbers, but essentially in character, authority, influence, and power in the country, than any two together of the three or four parties whose coalition has outnumbered it. They hold in their honest and independent hands the balance of the state, and they will, we are confident, be guided in the exercise of that great and delicate trust by the prospective policy sketched out for them by Lord Derby in his address to the Conservative members of both Houses at their meeting on the 20th of December :—

‘ He hoped that, if the new Government brought forward truly Conservative measures, it would receive, if he could not say the cordial, at least the sincere support of the Conservative party, uninfluenced by pique or resentment ; but if the Government about to be formed should not bring forward Conservative measures—if, influenced by the men with whom they were now associated, *they brought forward democratic measures, the great Conservative party should remember that, even out of office, they had immense influence in the country, and that they should use that influence to stop the downward course that the Government would be urged to pursue. Thus they would be enabled successfully to defend and preserve the INSTITUTIONS OF THIS GREAT COUNTRY.*’—*Standard*, Dec. 21.

In these general sentiments we humbly concur; but we must be allowed to regret, in the same spirit of frankness and freedom which we trust has always characterised the Quarterly Review, that there were two prominent and important points of Lord Derby's administration from which we are obliged to record our unqualified dissent. First, the want of statesmanlike reserve and of national dignity in the tone and style in which the recognition of the French Emperor was announced. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*; and on such an occasion it would have been natural to remember the remarkable instructions given by the first Buonaparte to Talleyrand for his deportment towards Lord Whitworth—'*Mettez vous y froid, altier et même un peu fier.*' The acquiescence in the choice of the *French people* should have been wholly, or at least as much as possible kept distinct from all *personal* allusions, and the most extravagant and despotic usurpation the world has ever seen should not have been treated in so encomiastic and *fraternizing* a style. Our second regret is, that the Government should have gone out—on what principle or even point we really know not—without having shown any sympathy with the feeling that was most prominent and decided at the late elections—the vindication and maintenance of the PROTESTANT CONSTITUTION; and that the *ostentatious violation of the law* by Dr. MacHale and his fellows has been not only sanctioned by impunity, but crowned with the very triumph which his audacity foretold.

* * * NOTE to No. 182—*Article on Dr. Hanna's Life of Chalmers.*

THE Rev. Dr. Leishman, minister of Govan, near Glasgow, complains that the account given in our September Number (p. 453) of some communications between a certain section of the Scotch clergy and the Government, towards the crisis of the Free-Kirk controversy, is inaccurate, and, as he thinks, injurious to his own character. We are well aware that Dr. Leishman merits entire respect, and do not for a moment doubt that the statement he objects to is incorrect as far as it concerns him individually. But we must inform Dr. Leishman that we merely endeavoured to condense in that passage the substance of *Dr. Hanna's* full and detailed statement of transactions with which we could not but suppose him to have been thoroughly acquainted at the date of their occurrence. Dr. Hanna's extensive and deliberate work had been for a considerable time before the world: we had never heard of any reclamation against that particular portion of his narrative; and we cannot now discover the possibility of extracting from it (see especially *Memoirs of Chalmers*, vol. iv. p. 302) any other sense than that which our article expressed. Dr. Leishman should have appealed to his brother divine—not to the reviewer.

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